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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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CLOSING WEEK: £1000 Recipe Competition

HELPING YOU

OVER SOCIAL HURDLES . . .

When the Kents arrive

The Australian Women's Weekly will serialise etiquette book

COMMENCING next week The Australian Women's Weekly will publish in serial form a book on "Etiquette" by Mrs. Massey Lyon, leading authority on English Court and social life.

This book will be an invaluable guide to both men and women, because of the many new problems of etiquette and social procedure that will face them when the Duke and Duchess of Kent assume their Vice-Regal duties here in November.

NO longer will you have to wonder: "What is the correct thing to do? What is the thing to be avoided?" when matters of etiquette are in question.

Mrs. Lyon's book deals with every social occasion. There is no phase of etiquette which is not clearly and simply set out.

Australian social life is world-famous because of its informality and democratic spirit.

But the presence of members of the Royal Family at Federal Government House will call for knowledge on points of formal etiquette which do not arise in the normal Australian round of hospitality and entertainment.

While it would be impossible and undesirable to change the democratic spirit of our social life it will be necessary to adopt many formalities and impressive rituals from English social custom.



PRESENTING flowers to the Duchess. This is one of the requirements at public functions of which girls will want some knowledge of procedure.

For that reason The Australian Women's Weekly secured the rights of the leading English authority—"Etiquette," by Mrs. Massey Lyon. Readers who save the weekly in-



A L MOST 500 pages —on every one some etiquette tips for you.

is graciously extended, although the Princess who was repeatedly asked her name when she attended a recent charity meeting must have been rather disconcerted.

"It is the position of the one who should know, and does not, which is the invidious one."

"Although 'etiquette' is as old as civilisation, the word itself is of comparatively modern origin, and it is not surprising to find it traced both to France and to Spain, the countries characterised respectively by the greatest grace and the most rigid adherence to rules."

"It is said that when the gardens of Versailles had been freshly laid out under Louis XIV the Scottish head gardener sought to protect the lawns from being trodden down by placing warning 'etiquets' or labels along their borders."

"Finding, however, that no attention was paid to them he went to the King of France himself, with the result that the King issued an order to all entering the gardens to 'keep within the etiquets.'"

Court Parties

THROUGH this book hostesses can learn what to do when entertaining Royalty, how to word their invitations, how to introduce their guests to the Duke and Duchess, how to seat their guests at dinner parties.

The first instalment of Mrs. Massey Lyon's book, to be published next week, will deal with Court presentations and Royal garden parties. It will describe how to apply for presentation, what preparations to make.

It will give a vivid picture of the whole ceremony, of the blaze of jewels and glorious frocks worn by debutantes and the titled women who sponsor them, and the graceful rhythm of hundreds of figures curtsying before their Sovereign.

Succeeding instalments will deal with:

Royal garden parties and other Court functions.

Entertaining Royalty.

Rules of precedence, modes of address, wearing of orders.

Solecisms in dress, speech, use of titles, etc.

Introductions, invitations and replies.

Calling and visiting cards.

Dances.

Other entertainments — races, theatre parties, etc.

Letter-writing.

Organising functions, meetings, etc.

Country house-parties, hunting and shooting.

Travelling.

Leaves.

Engagements and wedding preparations.

Weddings.

Christenings.

stalments will have free the latest and most up-to-date reference on social procedure.

DISCUSSING the arguments for and against conventions and formality, Mrs. Lyon says:

"The farther man advanced from the primitive solitary existence of the cave-dweller, the greater in number and in importance did the rules governing his behaviour become."

"Many of the customs of courtesy common to-day are the direct legacy of earlier times."

"A man raises his hat to a woman because his ancestors in armor raised their visors; he removes his glove to shake hands because, when the battle of life was fought with weapons instead of words, a glove could conceal a knife or dagger, and he emphasised his friendliness by drawing off the deep gauntleted covering of his hand."

"Certain orders or rules must obtain, or confusion would result every hour of the day. It is only the very young or ignorant who can dream of a state in which all the world does just what it likes, how it likes, and when it chooses. It could not exist for a week."

"If we take the ordinary happenings of every day—the meals one eats, the clothes one wears, the hours one keeps—some order or custom dictates them."

"If, then, we must be governed by some customs, why not by those which express the common standard of good breeding, which are in themselves the outcome of evolution in their particular sphere?"

Origin of Etiquette

THERE is a right and a wrong way of doing most things, even in such small matters as answering a letter or receiving a friend.

"But ignorance where nothing else would be expected is another thing, and matters not at all. We are only concerned with the sphere of life in which our lot is cast."

"No doubt the Queen thinks only kindly of the woman of humble birth who warmly shakes her hand when it

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Scholarship Winner

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Noel Nickson, of Melbourne, has won the Clarke Scholarship of Music at the Melbourne Conservatorium. The award entitles him to three years' free tuition at the Royal College of Music, London. For the scholarship examination Mr. Nickson played a violin concerto of his own composition. He intends, while in England, to study also at Dr. Malcolm Sargent's school for conductors.



Eminent Anthropologist

MRS. GREGORY BATESON, well known as Dr. Margaret Mead, anthropologist, who spent several weeks in Sydney recently on her way home to America, has been engaged on anthropological research in Bali for the last two years. Mrs. Bateson obtained her degree from Columbia University in 1929. Since 1926 she has been assistant curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History, New York.



Published New Book

DR. A. GRENFELL PRICE, of Adelaide, who left for America in February, has published a new book, "White Settlers in the Tropics."

Dr. Price, who is Master of St. Mark's College, Adelaide University, is a past president of the Royal Geographical Society of South Australia. He led the expedition to the Simpson Desert last year to investigate the remains of the supposed last camp of the Leichhardt exploration party.

Woman's amazing record of 140 proposals...

A persistent suitor who wouldn't take "No" for an answer

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our Special Representative in London.

How many times have you said "No" to a marriage proposal?

Frances Maddux, an American night-club singer, said "No" to Paul Reese, a musician, 139 times.

HE asked her to marry him daily by transatlantic telephone, radio-gram and cable, and proposal No. 140 brought Frances back from Europe to America when she answered "Yes" at last.

Now, after two and a half years' marriage, Paul has filed a divorce suit for desertion.

Maybe if the divorce comes off, he'll begin his proposing marathon all over again.

Most women can—and do—boast three or four marriage proposals before they choose their bridegrooms, but very few could boast of 140, especially from the same man.

The average marrying age for girls is 22 to 24.

And unless a girl has lived like a hermit or is sadly in need of some lessons in charm, a few young men must have paid her court "view matrimony" before she is 22 or 24 years old.

On the other hand, the longer a girl evades the bonds of matrimony the better record of proposals is she likely to build up.

But she will need to know a wider circle of young men than she did in her early twenties.

Manicurist Tells

VARIOUS aspects of proposals were discussed by society and business girls who were interested in the American singer's record.

It was generally agreed that next to film stars and actresses, girls who see many men during the day's work have a big advantage over the girl who works among other girls.

The manicurist, barmaid, telephone operator, and cafe receptionist, for instance, see hundreds of men in a day.

We asked a manicurist at a well-known men's hairdressing parlor if many of her customers wanted to marry her.

"Well," she admitted, "a lot of men do fall for us in this 'hands



"GOES wooing with flowers."

across the table' atmosphere. They certainly seem to like us to hold their hands, and I think we probably look rather fetching in our crisp white uniform.

"They get a little glamor combined with the ministering angel in uniform idea.

"Men of all ages ask us to marry them while we are busy filing their nails. I expect the fact that most men who can afford a regular manicure can also afford to marry explains why so many men seem to be susceptible to the manicurist's particular brand of charm."

"Proposals?" echoed a telephone operator, "my dear, I get as many proposals as I get wrong numbers.

"Possibly one of the reasons is that most telephonists are chosen because their voices are pleasant.

"Also it flatters a man that some unknown young woman is tugging herself up in a lot of wires to get his number for him."

"Very young men have very optimistic ideas about two living as

cheaply as one, and are inclined to propose marriage with reckless frequency to one particular girl or a series of beautiful damsels," said one Mayfair beauty.

"Once past the dangerous twenties, however, the young man becomes cautious. He sees past the roses round the front door of a cottage built for two, to the tradesmen presenting the household bills at the back door.

"So the average number of proposals made by young men is probably much lower above the age of 24 than below it."

"Woman Hater"

"If a system of scoring were drawn up for recording proposals it would be very complicated," said a business girl.

"A proposal from someone much sought-after, like Maurice Chevalier or Tyrone Power, for instance, would rate much higher than a proposal from the bashful boy next door.

"However golden his heart might be, the young man living uncomfortably in a bachelor flat would not be counted as highly as the young man living in luxury in his own home or his club.

"Not because, perih the thought, you are a mercenary young woman, but because there's always the possibility that the young man in the bachelor flat wants a cook and housekeeper, while the young man living in luxury may love you just for your own sweet self.

"The 'avowed woman hater' and the 'confirmed bachelor' well past thirty-five are worth high marks.

"If you're dazzled either of them into proposals, you deserve a special score, especially if you are courageous enough to cope with either of them in domestic bliss."

"THE general set-up of the proposal is important," one debutante remarked humorously. "A young man who kneels at your feet to ask you to marry him is obviously worth a higher estimation than the casual suitor who says 'how about getting married?' on the way home from the pictures.

"The young man who woos you with flowers, whether he picks them from his father's cherished garden plot or sends orchids from an expensive florist's, is worth more than the crafty swain who inquires discreetly if you are good at saving money."

"A YOUNG man who kneels at your feet to propose is obviously worth a higher estimation than the casual suitor..."

"Women surrounded by a special glamor—on the screen or stage—have a mean advantage over, say, the business girl," said a typist, commenting on the American singer's record.

"They build up a tremendous score of proposals quite unfairly. They should be made to cut down their score by at least half because men fall for glamor even more than women.

"While the glamor-struck male is gazing with adoration in the front row of the stalls he forgets that the star is probably a bad-tem-



FRANCES MADDUX,
who received 140 proposals of marriage from one man.

pered wretch and couldn't even boil an egg. But hearts and fortunes are laid at her feet just the same.

"There should be a specially-reduced scale of scoring for this sort of madness," she added.

A twenty-one-year-old girl who had just broken off her engagement presented another angle on the problem:

"It should be made compulsory for men to divulge the number of times they have proposed marriage," she said. "At present a man only divulges these figures when all his proposals have been made to the same woman.

"Yes, I asked Mary to marry me twenty times before she agreed to," he says with a fatuous, smug grin. "Such a man apparently thinks he has some special virtue—patience, dog-like devotion, perhaps.

"If a man has proposed a hundred times to one or a number of women and is still a bachelor he must have some failings you should be forewarned about, or else his virtues are so hidden that you will be intrigued enough to try to discover them."

Heiress is P.C. 96 at 56/- a week

By Air Mail from
Our London Office

Barbara Ure, tall, fair-haired daughter of a wealthy Scottish iron magnate, is patrolling the noisy streets south of the Thames as P.C. 96.

She gets 56/- a week as first-year recruit of the Metropolitan women police.

WHEN she is off duty she crosses the river to her luxury flat in fashionable South Kensington, where she is surrounded by titled neighbors.

Barbara Ure is ready day and night, even in her hours of leisure, to change into P.C. Ure, if an emergency call comes from her station inspector.

None of Miss Ure's neighbors knows that a policewoman lives in their midst. A visiting card on her door bears just the name "Ure" in pencil.

This Scots heiress, brought up in luxury, joined the Metropolitan Police Force because she was friendly with a school caretaker's daughter in Bonnybridge, Scotland, where the works of her father, Mr. George Albert Ure, iron-founder, cover

twenty-five acres and employ 1000 workpeople.

The caretaker's daughter, Sarah Wardrope, first became a masseuse, Barbara Ure followed her example.

Then Sarah joined the Metropolitan Police. Barbara astonished her family by doing the same.

Her brother, Mr. George Ure, director of the iron-foundry firm, said recently: "My sister had always an independent spirit. She wanted to be doing something useful, and tired of the ordinary round of country life.

"She is carrying out the ordinary duties of a policewoman, claiming no privileges."

Police Constable Barbara and Police Constable Sarah are believed to be the only Scotswomen serving in the Metropolitan Police Force.

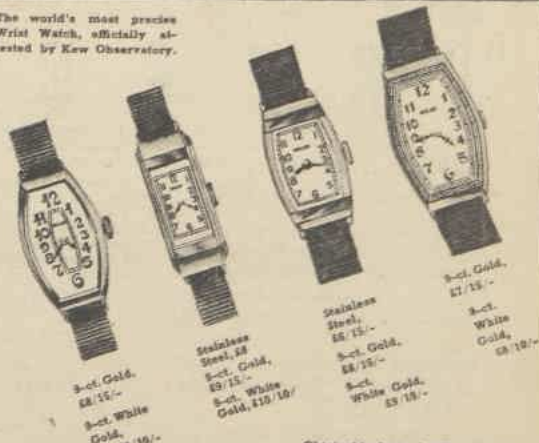
They have continued their friendship, which began when they were school friends in Scotland, on their beats in South London streets.

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GENEVA - LONDON - PARIS

HURRY, HURRY, for part of this £1000 for RECIPES

See entry coupons
at foot of page.

Post a recipe: it may win a prize

You have only till Easter to enter The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe competition.

To help those housewives who may postpone writing out their recipes until they have extra leisure during the holidays, it has been decided that any entries posted during Easter week-end will be eligible for the competition. But no entries will be accepted after April 12.

A FEW minutes' work may win you one of the rich money prizes. The grand champion prize is £500 cash for one recipe.

Think what a wide choice of spending this prize would give you!

You might take a luxury cruise, buy a motor car, refurnish your house, fit out your kitchen entirely with the most up-to-date equipment, buy yourself the fur coat that so far has only been a faraway dream.

All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, adding your name and address, attach the right coupon, according to which of the three sections your recipe belongs to, and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly.

You can send as many entries as you like. But there must be a coupon for every recipe sent in.

The recipe you enter may be one evolved by yourself, or a prized

family heirloom. There's every chance that it's worth £500 in this great contest.

The competition is open to any member of the family and to every reader, whether in the city or country.

In addition to the grand champion prize of £500, there are two prizes of £100 each, another of £50, and 250 consolation prizes of £1 each.

After the competition closes every entry will be examined by a committee of experts.

Every outstanding recipe will be tested in our own kitchens.

The conditions of the competition are simple, but read them carefully, as recipes which do not fulfil all conditions will be disqualified.

DON'T MAKE THESE MISTAKES

Don't omit your name and address.

Don't forget to add the coupon.

Don't put a No. 2 section coupon, say, on a No. 1 section recipe.

Don't send recipes that are not eligible for the competition.



YOU MAY buy yourself a fur coat like this—



—Or take a luxury cruise.

—Or refurnish your home.



Full Prize List

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE, £500

This prize will be awarded to the best recipe submitted in any of the three sections of the competition. It can be a recipe for a cake, pudding, or sweets dish, or for jam, jelly or preserves. The recipe which wins this prize is not eligible for any of the other prizes listed below.

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.
Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake—plain or fancy. Cost of ingredients should not exceed 5/- for a 2lb. cake.

2. DESSERTS — PUDDING, SWEETS DISH or PASTRIES

First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.
The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding, sweets dish or pastry is eligible.

3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVES

First Prize £50

50 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.
Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

Kitchenware, Too

In addition, the prize list has been augmented by goods, donated by the Stronglife Aluminium Co., Ltd., as follows:

Kitchen Set of 21 pieces, value £18/-, to main prize-winner.
Kitchen Set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner of Cake Section.
Kitchen Set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner of Dessert Section.
Kitchen Set of 8 pieces, value £5/-, to winner of Jam Section.

THE CONDITIONS

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

All who enter must be regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Recipes entered in any other current cooking competition will not be eligible for this competition.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Three coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes at Easter.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for consideration in the weekly prize awards.

Write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. State whether measurements are level or heaped spoonfuls, etc. Give weights exactly.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

Entries are sent at readers' own risk and The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept responsibility in the event of loss.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

You Must Use These Coupons

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
8/4/39.

3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
8/4/39.

2. DESSERTS, PUDDINGS, SWEETS, PASTRIES

Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
8/4/39.

Remember.—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. A coupon must be attached to each entry. Address entries: £1000 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. See full address at top of Page 3.

FOR 1939

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larger tyres (16x5.00); amazingly roomy luggage space and every convenience for your comfort—enclosed glove box, clock, ash trays, adjustable seat; easy quick-stopping brakes; safety glass all round; brilliant body finish with a wide choice of colours. Tasma, the car radio of quality, designed especially for Ford cars, optional at slight extra cost.

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Tudor Coupe Saloon	£280
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AT NEW REDUCED PRICES

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PH.712

Second Honeymoon

A complete short story grim with reality from troubled Spain

By...

FRANK
BUNCE

Illustrated
by
Wynne W.
DAVIES

JUST before hell broke loose around them, Gilbert Mason and his wife, Anne, had been waging one of those ferocious silent arguments that seem peculiar to the institution of matrimony.

He was telling her, soundlessly, with occasional meaningful fillips of the travel booklet in his hand, that they were not going on to Italy; that Brittany with its quaint fishing villages and lovely coastline was the place to finish a trip that already had become more than a little boring. And she was saying, likewise soundlessly, with determined concentration upon a pile of little road maps in her lap: "I haven't the faintest intention of going to some outlandish fishing village, and the sooner you take that in the better."

Outside, in the direction of a plaza which their hotel flanked, there began a sudden tumult; a roar of voices, a dim stutter of shots. Anne left off looking at the road maps long enough to try, unsuccessfully, to look out over the balcony without getting up.

"I wonder what all that noise is?" she said aloud.

"Oh, just someone shooting. These Spaniards are always shooting," he answered vaguely. With his mind in Brittany, he hadn't comprehended the significance of those shots.

She finished her study of the maps. She yawned and looked up at the ceiling until, bored with doing nothing, she decided to give open battle.

"The Barrs are going to be in Rome late in August," she said.

"Yes?" He was provocative, but wary. In all their quarrels she was the aggressor, feinting brilliantly, leading with impetuosity; he was a counter puncher, willing enough to mix it, but cautious, waiting for an opening.

"That letter this morning was from Flora. They're in Munich now, and having the most delightful time. She says their Rhine trip was gorgeous."

HE saw his opening. "Well, who suggested Spain, anyhow? I wanted to go to Brittany."

"No, you didn't," she said. "You didn't know where you wanted to go."

They broke ground a moment, taking breath, eyeing each other with impersonal curiosity, like boxers after a sharp rally, and he had a moment of wonder that they could bicker so over trifles. This trip each of them had hoped, without ever quite saying so, might help them to recapture something precious and bright they had shared on their first honeymoon excursion five years before. It had been a brief trite tour, to Paris, eight days, and they had been made to take it with Gilbert still shaky from a recent salary cut and not even sure he would have a job when he got back.

Yet this gesture at a second honeymoon, first class on a big liner to Cherbourg, their own car and travel-agency chauffeurs thereafter, had been a dismal failure. They knew each other too well now; neither had any more surprises for the other. Thrown into twenty-four-hour-a-day companionship, they got on each other's nerves.

The thought dismayed him. He had an impulse to say to her: "Look here now. It doesn't make so much difference whether we go to France or Italy, or stay right here in Barcelona, for that matter. It's something in ourselves that's wrong. We had arguments on our honeymoon, too — we had an argument about where we would go when we landed in Paris. Only, it was a different kind of argument. You insisted that we go and look for the Latin quarter because you knew that was what I wanted to do; and I held out for a taxi ride round the town, which was your idea. We ended by flipping a coin, and I don't

know now who won, and I'll bet you don't either. It was so unimportant. What's happened to us since then?"

He could not say it, for at that moment a bullet came through the window and embedded itself in the wall not very far from his head.

It took a little time for him to realize what it was. His ears had grown accustomed to the shouts, the flat crackle of guns outside; his mind had rejected them as of no consequence. But the thin screech of that bullet, its thud as it flattened shocked him into attentiveness. He looked incredulously at the hole the bullet had made; he got up and went to the balcony, and looked down into the street. In both directions, as far as he could see, were people rushing up and down, all yelling; though most of the shouting seemed to be coming from the direction of the plaza. He thought all the shooting was coming from there until he happened to look straight across the street to the tiled roofs of houses at about his eye level; and there he saw men with rifles, draped across ridges or tucked into odd corners of the house-tops. All these men, except one, were aiming down into the street; but that one man, who had found a comfortable, flat place on a roof just opposite the balcony, was looking over his rifle barrel straight at Mason.

"Why, he's shooting at me!" he thought, in amazement. The tall

wood shutters at the window were only partly open and ready to his hands; he jerked them shut just as the rifle spoke again, and a bullet knocked splinters into his face.

Anne spoke from just behind him. "What is it?" she asked. Her voice was steady, though her face had whitened in the sudden dimness of the room.

"Revolution, I imagine."

HE moved back into a corner, away from the window, taking her with him. He stood there a long time, not knowing quite what to do, and then he thought with relief of the revolver in his luggage. He had been proud of the extraordinary stratagems by which he had brought that revolver through the Customs, and inclined to boast of them; but with the gun found, and in his hand, he wondered whether it would be of any use to him after all. He remembered suddenly that he had never fired a gun.

The room darkened, as time went on, then was lighted brilliantly to all its corners simultaneously as a heavy explosion from somewhere close shook its walls. Mason ventured to the window, pushed the shutters out. He had forgotten the

sniper across the street, and was reminded only by a bright, sharp flash of light from a shadowed angle of the roof top, the report of a gun, and a bullet's slap at his ear. He closed the shutters hurriedly.

"That's funny," he said dazedly. "It's funny that he shoots at me." He had never been shot at before; he had never seen before a man like that one, with a fanatic's look of exultation, a fanatic's chant upon his lips.

Anne said quietly, when he returned to her: "What are we going to do?"

"Well, we've got to eat," he said lamely, at last. "We missed lunch, and it's dinner-time or after—I'll have something brought up."

He pressed the service bell. He could hear it ringing at the end of the corridor, clamorously for many minutes against the uproar from the plaza, but no one responded to it. "I'll go and see what's wrong," he said.

The corridor was inadequately lighted by one small bulb, the one kept burning all day. The other lights had not been turned on. He went warily down the wide passageway to the service desk. There was no one there, but in a little service

Anne said suddenly, clearly, "Don't argue with him, Gilbert."

pantry behind it was a tall man in white.

"Oh, hello," he said, seeing Mason. He pronounced the word, "hello," like an Englishman. "I suppose you've come for the same thing I have, but I'm afraid it's no use. There doesn't seem to be even a crust of bread."

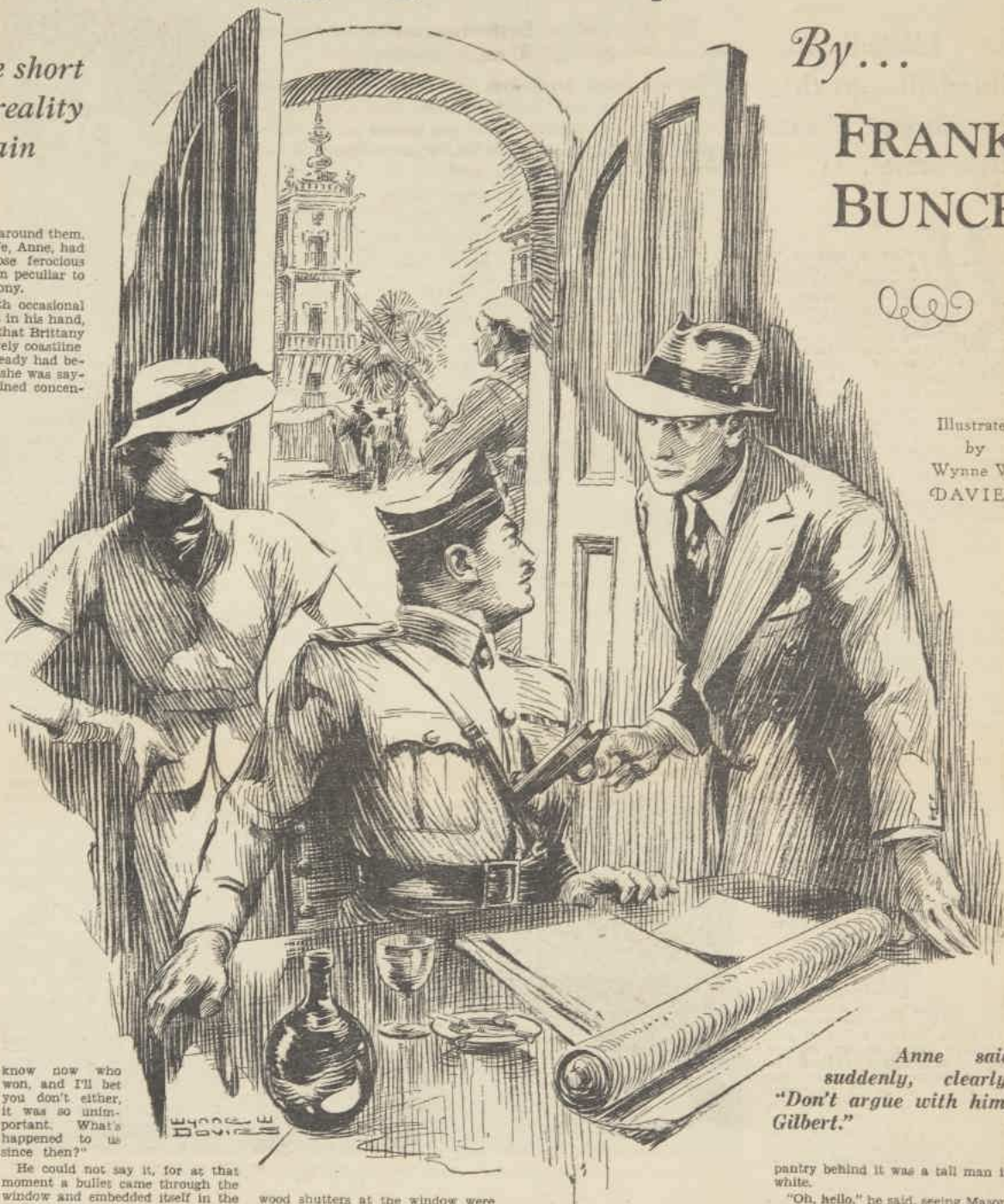
"Where is the reception clerk?" Mason asked.

"Cleared out, I fancy, along with the rest of the staff. The beggars probably know of some handy cellar where they can stay until this thing blows over; or they may be out helping to yell. Beastly business, hanging on like this. This is the fourth day of it."

"The fourth day?" Mason repeated in surprise. He and Anne had been in Barcelona two days, but they had heard nothing of any revolution before to-night.

"You wouldn't have known, unless you'd just happened to run into it. There was some stiff fighting at the docks yesterday. It's getting worse and it's spreading. No way out of town, and staying's not too healthy. Likely to be famine, or the whole place knocked apart about one's ears. Beastly business." The tall man completed his futile inspection of the pantry, then walked out of the room and out of Mason's life.

Please turn to Page 34



Heart-Broken Melody

Life's drama intensifies in this instalment of our new serial.

By
**Kathleen
NORRIS**

HONOR is engaged to Hugh, the wedding arranged for June, but her irresistible love for Paul causes conflict. Paul has an unloving wife who refuses to divorce him. Honor has to decide between him and Hugh, who has been appointed superintendent at a mountain mine, and her family favor Hugh, who is kind and safe.

Paul gives way to his longings and confesses his love for her, and knowing how hard it all is she tells her shocked family she will marry Paul when he is free. Time goes on and his wife is even more adamant, and Honor decides upon a drastic measure to set things right, and says she and Paul must part.

The conflict, however, is too agonising for them both, and after trying to submit they meet again, and Paul carefully outlines a plan for going abroad together, without marriage. Honor is frightened, joyful, and worried, but agrees to the desperate step. She makes her plans with fear and excitement, but at the last moment before going to the steamer Paul comes in misery to say he cannot ruin her young life in that fashion. Disappointed and startled she sees the bleakness ahead of her, and begs him to explain his changed outlook.

Characters outstanding in this story:

HONOR BROWNELL, fiancée of HUGH BRAINTREE.

ADELINE, Honor's sister.

TOM, brother to Honor and Adeline.

AUNT LUCIE, their guardian.

PAUL CARTWRIGHT, junior member of the firm of which

JUDGE COOPER is Paul's senior, and Honor's employer.

"**N**OTHING. Oh yes, something did happen this morning, and it has decided me as to where I shall be," Paul said. "They're giving us the Barnaby case—Judge Cooper had me on the telephone half an hour last night and Menankey telephoned this morning. But that isn't why—that has nothing to do with you and me! It only means I'll go at once to Milwaukee; I've lived there before; it's Marion's home town. It means hard work, and I need it. But it's not that," Paul rushed on, speaking breathlessly and quickly, still holding her hands though he and she had moved to the davenport and were seated, twisted about to face each other. "It's you, my dear, and I'm not going to hurt you. You're good, you're decent, you believe in goodness and decency. You asked me yesterday if some day this would 'come right.' I've thought of that—I've been thinking of nothing else. I couldn't sleep until dawn this morning, and then I knew what I had to do.

"I can't take you to London and Paris in that way, Honor. Heaven knows how I want you—more this instant perhaps than ever in my life. But no matter what happened afterwards, no matter if Marion died, or the boys died, we couldn't straighten it out. We'd belong to a certain group, my dear, and it isn't your group! You're not one of those hard women who drift about the Riviera talking about lucky numbers at the table, telling everyone who'll listen just what brutes their husbands were, just what eats the men they're living with once were married to! Clothes, and watching each other, never sure of their position—that isn't you, the finest, the truest woman I've ever known! And I'm not the type that lies about in his four, talking golf scores. Honor



Honor was back at the window, staring out blankly. The Europa was on her way.

We'd be unhappy, dear, and you'd blame yourself for it, and I'd know who was to blame."

"No, Paul, I'd always know!" she said, her drowned eyes still brave through the tears that were streaming down her face. "I'd always know that we decided on it together. I'm not afraid. If you—if you do this, what's left for me? Don't—don't throw me down."

He looked at her steadily for a long minute, cleared his throat as if he would speak, checked and was silent again.

"I'm not throwing you down," he said presently, in a low tone, looking away with a frown. "Don't say that!"

"But you are!" She had affected him and she knew it. "Paul, I've written them letters; I've done everything!" she began again eagerly. "Let's—take the chance. Let's chance it that I won't fail you and you won't fail me. People sometimes stop loving each other; I know that, but sometimes they don't! Perhaps we're the sort that won't! I'm not a fool, dear; I know it's a risk! But I'd trust you never to hurt me, never to do anything that I thought unfair, or didn't understand. And you know you could trust me!"

She stopped, trembling with eagerness, waiting for his reply. When she saw him smile—the smile that seemed to her the most wonderful expression that ever man's face wore in the world—she smiled, too, through her tears.

"You're twenty-three, Honor," he said slowly. "I'm thirty-seven. I was older than you are, three years older, when I was married. I had my wedding, my bride in her lovely-scented lacy things, my honeymoon. I'm not going to steal your youth from you just because I could set it against a background of travel and theatres and all the things that girls love! My dearest, that wouldn't be fair!"

HER eyes moved sombrely over his face.

"This— isn't fair," she said heavily.

"No, this isn't fair," he agreed quietly, holding her hands tightly, but keeping his narrowed eyes on space. "I've not been fair to you—right through. You were engaged to be married when this began; you'd never done anything your people didn't understand. Now—now it's all changed. But there's one thing I've not taken, Honor,

although you would have given it to me."

"But don't you see, that's the way men talk!" she burst in impatiently. "Men are always talking as if just that—belonging to one another—was the whole story. A woman may do anything, may stay in his very room, all night—fifty nights!—if she may just say afterwards to society, 'But you see, we never went the whole way!' That makes everything fine, of course," Honor went on slowly, in bitter irony. "She can vilify her husband, let the other man kiss her, buy her presents, be seen with her everywhere, she can hurt her children, and know that she's hurting her lover's wife, cruelly, desperately, but just as long as she stops short of the actual—the actual surrender, then she's pure!"

"Well, I'm not like that," Honor said, in a light breathless voice, her face very white, her breast moving stormily. "I'm different! I've given myself to you; I'm as much your wife as if we'd had this night on the Europa together, and a hundred more nights! Some day we'll be married, I don't care when, no service or ceremony would make me more yours! Ah, you must know that, Paul," she pleaded, changing

her tone suddenly, slipping to her knees beside him, her stained face and soaked eyelashes close to his own troubled face. "You know that! I'm not afraid. I'm not a high school baby of seventeen, to be 'led astray!' I know what I'm doing. Let's have this much of it, if we can't have it all."

His keen eyes were fixed on hers; she read aright the expression of his thoughtful, concerned face, and her voice dropped, her words dying away into silence. For a long minute they looked at each other without speaking, then Honor drew back, straightening her shoulders, got slowly to her feet, and walked to the window. Paul followed her, and they gazed out together at the dingy descending hills of the city, at the bay across which streamers of slow-moving fog were gathering, at the spring day that was suddenly dimmed and unkind. A tug, plunging into the general greyness, sent a billowing plume of black against the background of water; gulls circled and swooped restlessly over the Sunday emptiness of the warehouses along the water-front.

Honor spoke over her shoulder.

"You're afraid," she said sombrely.

"Yes," he answered after a second. "I'm afraid. I know myself. I know that this Barnaby case means a lot to me, and I'm afraid the kids do. They're growing up—they need a better break than Marion ever will give them! I'm afraid the club means something to me, and the golf club, and the fellows I meet there Sundays. I've been weighing it all—"

He hesitated, and she said bitterly:

"Weighing it against me."

"Not that exactly. You see, Honor," he was beginning, but she interrupted him.

Illustrated
by
VIRGIL

"Oh, please, Paul, please!" she protested, choking, and for a moment there was silence.

"You've humiliated me beyond anything that I ever thought anyone could," she began again presently. "I love you, and that's why you can hurt me. It's not fair. But don't try to explain it, to make it easy for me! That's—that's too much!" Again she was silent, and again he did not speak, and it was Honor who, after a moment, added wearily: "That's all, isn't it? You can go now, can't you?"

Paul hesitated, speaking apologetically, doubtfully.

"Will you forgive me, Honor?"

She shrugged, not turning her head. He walked a few feet away, came irresolutely back.

"Believe me, you're going to thank me some day, Honor."

She spoke slowly, thickly, after a silence.

"You couldn't care for me as I do for you—not one-tenth as much, and do this."

"Leave it at that, then," Paul answered briefly.

"What of my bags?"

"They're here. They're in my car, parked just down the street. I'll have Trainer bring them in."

Honor stood immovable, looking out. She seemed turned to stone. She heard him turn away; after a few moments heard sounds that she could interpret as the footsteps of the chauffeur, the thump of the heavy old black bag on the hall floor. And still she did not move. Then Paul was close to her again.

"I'm going now; I'm going down to Burlingame. Some night this week, probably Thursday or Friday, I'll leave for Milwaukee. This is good-bye, Honor."

She turned, rubbed shadowed eyes to his, spoke in a lifeless tone.

Please turn to Page 39

WITH INTENT

Complete
Short Story

by

Michael Arlen

Author of ...
These Charming People
Young Men In Love
The Green Hat etc.

As in most deep problems of life, there was a lady in the case.

IT was about four years after Mr. Cox had first thought of murdering Mr. Pyelaw that he finally made up his mind to do so.

Mr. Cox's reasons for wishing to commit such a crime were respectable, and he should not be judged too harshly. He saw in his partner, Mr. Pyelaw, a fount of spite and cruelty. And Mr. Cox disliked spite and cruelty with all his heart.

We should not, of course, set ourselves up as judges of our fellow-men. Mr. Cox did not presume to judge Mr. Pyelaw. But he took an exceedingly unfavorable view of him as a man in all his aspects, and he thought something should be done about it.

The two gentlemen were partners in a prosperous firm of Gentlemen's Outfitters and Tailors in the West End of London, founded by their fathers. Both men were bordering on middle life, and both lived in a pleasant western suburb of the town, where Mr. Cox conducted a comfortable bachelor establishment not far from the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Pyelaw lived.

It has already been said that Mr. Cox's reasons for wishing to murder Mr. Pyelaw were respectable. Indeed, what kept him back from committing the crime for so long was the fact that he was deeply in love with his partner's wife, who returned this unfortunate affection.

But Mr. Cox had never so much as once spoken of love to Violet Pyelaw, and she had never once treated him but as a good friend and her husband's partner. There was no slyness here, nothing even faintly exceptionable.

Mr. Cox was conscious of sin in loving another man's wife, but neither he nor she could help their thoughts. What they could do was to control their words and deeds, and this, like the good respectable people they were, they did.

Now this austere restraint on their part must be all the more admirable because of the open indifference and contempt with which Mr. Pyelaw treated his wife. George Pyelaw was a naturally sharp and bad-tempered man, and he could never control his temper. He was a dislikeable fellow altogether.

ANOTHER reason why Mr. Cox had for years thought his partner would be better out of the way was that in the firm of Cox & Pyelaw there was not a cutter, clerk, secretary, typist, or boy who had not at one time or other suffered from Mr. Pyelaw's vindictiveness and would not have sighed with relief at his retirement.

Now Mr. Cox was intensely proud of Cox & Pyelaw's high reputation and would have made every sacrifice to maintain its high position among its competitors. And it was in order to maintain this high position that he finally made up his mind to kill Mr. Pyelaw.

One day in July the firm's head cutter respectfully and affectionately informed Mr. Cox that he would shortly be resigning his position. Now Charles Oak had been with the firm for over 40 years—in fact, ever since its establishment by Cox's and Pyelaw's fathers, and his reputation as a cutter, particularly of trousers, was second to none among the well-dressed gentlemen in London. He was affectionately known as Old Choak among a wide and distinguished circle of customers.

In short, the names of Old Choak and Cox and Pyelaw were interchangeable. They stood equally for craft, quality and no nonsense. You would sometimes hear in a Lon-



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

"I didn't want to kill him," she said. "I didn't dream of killing him."

don club one man say to another after having viewed him critically. "Old Choak still on top of his form, I see."

Now but for Mr. Pyelaw's stupid vindictiveness, Old Choak—he was no more than fifty-five or six, really—would long since have been a partner in the firm. And it had long been Mr. Cox's dream that, should George Pyelaw ever retire, he and Mr. Oak together would carry on the business with that friendly co-operation of which the firm stood badly in need.

Thus the threatened resignation of the firm's treasured head cutter, owing to his incessant friction with Mr. Pyelaw, was an intolerable blow to the conscientious Mr. Cox. Many of the firm's best customers would inevitably follow Old Choak to any tailoring business in which he chose to buy a partnership.

Therefore Mr. Cox, unable to permit the gradual decline of Cox & Pyelaw from their high position as gentlemen's tailors, determined to put his partner out of the way for good and all.

Now while Chief Inspector Parbold had the name of being the best-turned-out official of the Criminal Investigation Department it would be an exaggeration to say that his suits had the distinction of a Davies, a Scholte or a Cox and Pyelaw. The Chief Inspector was well aware of this, and so it was with a certain amount of amused awe that he found he had to seek an interview with Mr. Cox of that eminent firm.

It was some seven months after his partner's sudden and tragic death, and Mr. Cox was living in temporary quarters not far from his place of business in Cork Street. The Chief Inspector explained that he had sought this interview at Mr. Cox's private residence because the visit of a man from Scotland Yard at a gentleman's place of business, no matter on how trifling a matter,

must always form a subject of comment.

"Well, Chief Inspector," said Willie Cox, still looking his surprise at the visit, "what can I do for you?"

"It is merely, sir, that Scotland Yard sometimes has to go on making routine inquiries long after an incident is closed. To fill up the records, so to speak. I am sorry to have to bother you with the matter at all, particularly as you must still be feeling deeply the loss of your late partner."

"It was a tragic business," said Mr. Cox, quietly.

"Yes, indeed. I understand the widow has been abroad since and has not yet returned to England. Could you give me her address, Mr. Cox?"

"But surely, Chief Inspector, you don't wish to trouble Mrs. Pyelaw. She is staying with my sister

few questions which we need answered before filling in our records for good and all.

"You had been staying for about a week with Mr. and Mrs. Pyelaw at their seaside cottage near Rottingdean. On the day in question, an unusually warm and oppressive one even for August, Mr. Pyelaw had been up to London on some business connected with your firm and had returned towards six o'clock in something of a temper."

"Well, not temper exactly, Chief Inspector. I think the records of the inquest will show that both his wife and I found him somewhat excitable, and we put this down more to the unusual heat than to anything else."

"Quite, Mr. Cox. It's of small importance, anyway. He had a stiff brandy and soda and then

did not hear or chose to ignore your cries.

"He continued swimming out, and you decided to do your best to follow him. You then noticed to your horror that he seemed to be in distress, and in trying to hurry towards him, you, like any other unpractised swimmer, winded yourself and could not reach him in time."

ALL that is quite clear, Mr. Cox, and we need no confirmation there. I note that the Coroner commended your courage and said you deserved every sympathy for having done all you could in the face of your friend's obstinacy. We can all agree with that.

"But there is one thing which did not come out at the inquest—I feel this is a very delicate subject, Mr. Cox, and I only hope you will realise that I am no more than an automaton doing my duty."

"I quite understand," said Mr. Cox. "What is it?"

"May I ask, sir, if there was at any time—previous to Mr. Pyelaw's death—any understanding of any sort between you and his wife? Just wait one moment, sir, before answering. I am not dreaming of insulting either you or the lady by suggesting that anything underhand was ever contemplated. But we are men of the world, Mr. Cox, and know that there are occasions in a man's life when, if a certain lady were free, he would find himself attracted to her by more than friendship."

Mr. Cox was rigid, but calm.

"I can't imagine the reasons for such a question, Inspector, but I can answer it quite frankly. There was never any hint of any understanding, either underhand or otherwise, between Mrs. Pyelaw and myself before my partner's death. There was a warm and confident friendship between us, but that is all."

Please turn to Page 16

Thought and Action

in Paris, and here is her address. But anything I can tell you to save you the trouble of writing to her, I will with pleasure."

"I quite understand, Mr. Cox. It is merely a routine matter of confirming certain details put in at the inquest. I have here some rough notes which I made to-day from the newspaper reports of last August."

"It would appear that there was at first some doubt in the Coroner's mind as to whether the late George Pyelaw committed suicide by drowning or was drowned by misadventure owing to being seized with abdominal cramp and sinking before you could reach him."

"The Coroner very properly instructed the jury to return 'Death by Misadventure,' as there was no evidence to support the suicide theory. Let me summarise some of the facts before asking you the

asked Mrs. Pyelaw to put back dinner for half an hour to an hour as he wanted to have a swim."

"You tried to dissuade him, Mr. Cox, knowing from your long association with him that a stiff brandy and soda on a nervous digestion such as his would not be good for him before a swim. However, Mr. Pyelaw was obstinate and not only insisted on having a swim, but on having another brandy and soda as well."

"You then sacrificed your own convenience, for you had been swimming twice that day already, and went with him down to the beach. Mr. George Pyelaw was a stronger swimmer than you and insisted on going some distance out—much too far, in your opinion. You shouted out to him to come back, particularly as you saw that the beach was deserted at that hour of the evening, but he either



Illustrated by VIRGIL

As the crowd emerged to the sunlight, Phoebe was silent, while Hugh steered her by.

The CLOSED DOOR

*The spirit
of Easter moves
gently in this tale
of everyday
conflict.*

COMPLETE SHORT STORY
by Neil Sandes

HUGH AND PHOEBE WAIKS' intimate friends were quite aware of their many failings, and had full knowledge of at least the outline of their story, which was not at all spectacular.

He was moody, over-sensitive, slightly egotistical, but, taken all round, a charming and likeable man. She was proud, quick with her tongue, but simple as a child to forgive and forget, to give and share and feel, though Hugh did not realise this. Her confoundingly generous nature, he had been heard to say, was almost overwhelming, and all that sentimentality in her made him feel raw all over with self-consciousness.

Hugh and his brother Ian were a good-looking pair. Ian was two years older than Hugh, but ten years his senior in balance, wisdom, and the loving kindness which too often in a man is called simpleness. Hugh's loving kindness came in gusts, when something pleased him, or, said Phoebe when facing up to facts, when he was getting his own way. But she loved her husband, and

that, she knew, dismissed all arguments against his selfishness and blindness for loving was a kind of spiritual bondage, almost a trap, in which she and her very human failings and emotions had almost beat themselves to death.

He was the idealist, wanting perfection, like most men, and she, the realist, had dealt with the practical issues all along. But, of course, he did not think so. "If you hadn't wanted to take a hand, you wouldn't have done it," he said to her on one occasion after a squabble, when she was worn out by her double job of dress-designer in a large firm and housewife at home.

The ignominious truth was that Hugh had crashed badly through his own gullibility. It was not very helpful to his pride to know that Phoebe, with the illogical, diabolical perception of the female, had said long ago: "I don't like him, Hugh. I wouldn't trust him. He flipped cigarette ash in the cat's face when it looked up at him." Which was so flimsy a reason for distrusting his partner in large ways that Hugh had laughed, later to laugh on the other side of his face, as Ian said it, when the partner's treachery was discovered and Hugh left to foot the bills. That was when Phoebe set her lips and after several bitter discussions went forth for fifteen days in succession and footsore and weary, finally achieved a temporary job in the firm where now she was

an established and valued cog. She had, said Ian, who knew her through and through, the kind of intelligence which can apply itself to anything, when once the incentive was developed.

It was Ian who saw the slow change in the bright-faced girl whose dark-haired attraction gave the effect of beauty. Phoebe had that broad-faced, vivid-lipped effect easily passing for loveliness when actually, in neglect, she would have been plain. Ian watched, his feelings indescribable, while the slow years rubbed away most of her spontaneous naturalness, and placed upon her a sort of artificial charm. Intelligence ordered her to make the best of herself. Intelligence told her to exert all her personal magnetism when fighting for financial life in a business world at first foreign to her, but intelligence failed when she did not know where to stop. Hugh's praise helped her, when in his good moods. "Leave it to Phoebe." "Phoebe's splendid; she'll find a way." "Trust Phoebe to manage it, somehow."

So, as her earnings increased, while Hugh wallowed more bitterly in his slough of despond, Phoebe started saving to pay the mortgage and interest, to pay off the little car, to hire a maid for the work while she herself was in town each day, and by keeping an eye on the home, Hugh, herself and her appearance, her job and all the best of the

world's current fashion journals, gradually built up before herself a kind of wall, she on one side, Hugh on the other.

She found it easy to open the door in that wall, for Hugh was forever moody and changeable, and she chose carefully the moment to turn the handle, even while knowing the door would slam later and he would go on brooding behind it—locked.

It took Hugh seven years to recover from his partner's treachery. Seven years of sliding down, and laboriously climbing up again, he scarcely aware that Phoebe's hand was in his, tugging him quietly all the time. Ian watched, and saw the inevitable result coming, as his brother found his feet again and started to make a modest income. It was too modest, as Phoebe still made twice as much. The house and furniture were hers, the car, the very linen and suits Hugh wore, because they were still in use even after he commenced to restore himself commercially. And he smarted as only the sensitive can when too self-centred to shake himself free of old traditions concerning marriage and the man providing while the woman looked nice and obeyed him.

To readjust to changing times was beyond him. Marriage, to him, was not a partnership in the modern sense. He wanted to feel splendid, though would not use those words, and Phoebe had stolen his thunder.

"By Heaven, Hugh," Ian said one day in a rare outburst of anger after he had cuttlingly made reference to Phoebe's self-assertiveness: "You're the blindest ass I know of."

She's spent nearly seven years forcing herself to work at two jobs like a galley slave, and you want her to be a meek and mild angel. Don't you know that meek and mild angels are takers . . . and you'd have been in a pretty mess if she'd been one of those."

"Mind your own business," Hugh snapped, casting a baleful glance at his brother. "I suppose she runs to you and tittle-fatties all the tales of my terrible behaviour. I wish she'd keep her tongue quiet."

"My dear fool," said Ian, his amiability returning as he saw the funny side of Hugh: "Do you, by any chance, imagine yourself invisible and soundless? I have eyes and ears and am a constant visitor here. I see for myself."

Phoebe was tired . . . tired through from bone to skin, and tired in her spirit as well. Somehow, recently, she could not resist digging at Hugh's former failure when he slapped out at her with reminders of her self-assertiveness, which she knew was self-defence. What else could she have done, to save the house and their home, but work in the job for which she had little talent? He had given in. How else could she fight for life in the business world, other than to wear a false personality, strong, confident, and capable, while all the time inside she longed for home, peace, the garden, and the simple things for which she had been designed! Somehow, when they argued lately, the situation had the power to bring out the very worst in herself.

Please turn to Page 20

FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 8, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



AUTUMN RACES...

● HERE'S A SEPTET (correct?) of suits which cunningly combine some of the new autumn tonings and quite the smartest of the new suit lines. Nice work (if you can get it!) for the Autumn Races.

● At the left of the page is a subdued camel hair vitalised with scarlet jacket lining and blouse. Next is a pagoda-blue woollen with exuberant skirt and prim swallow-tail coat.

● A riotous plaid peasant skirt, which adopts a brilliant green Gibson Girl jacket, makes the next snappy outfit. Hard by, a youthful angora sweater-top of pastel-blue adds enchantment to a flared skirt of Persian-blue.

● Next an audacious Guardsman-red jacket giving a shock of color to a black skirt. Next a "little girl" suit in plum angora.

● ABOVE: A free-swinging coat of Rodler plaid makes a brilliant splash of color over a smoky-clover jacket and blue-violet tweed skirt.

Rowe



For Court and Wedding:

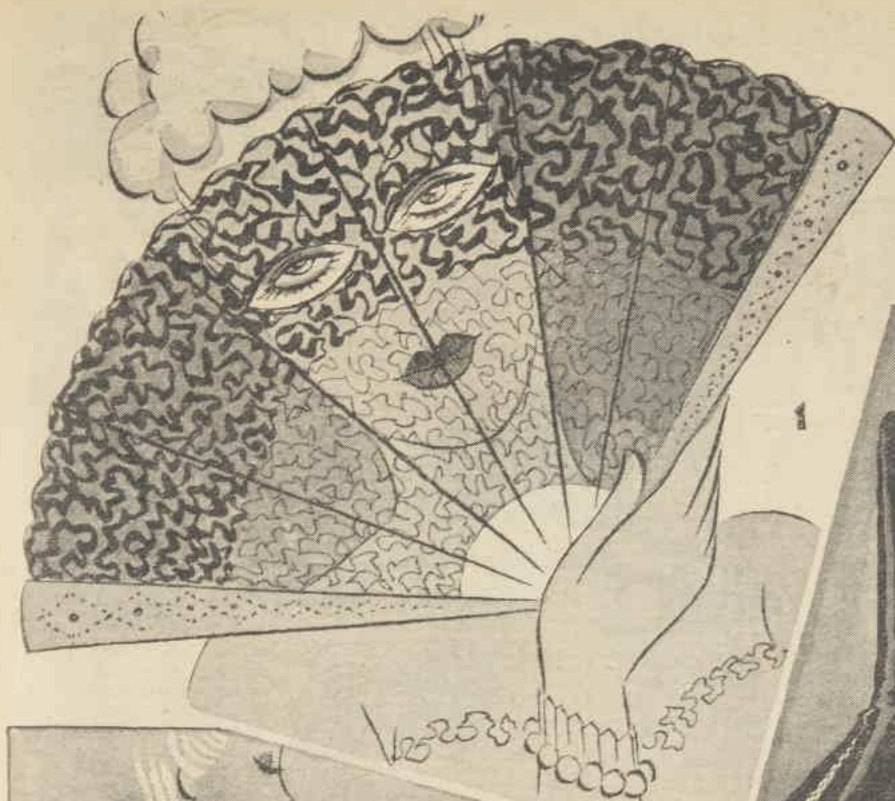
• THIS BEAUTIFUL portrait of Mrs. Vincent Fairfax was taken on her presentation at the first Court of the year. Her dress of parchment moire provided a strikingly successful example of both a bridal and presentation gown. She was married in it a few weeks previously, the honiton lace train then featuring as her wedding veil.

—Har Wrightson.

PARIS Snapshots . . .

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE

SKETCHED BY PETROV



1 BLACK LACE FANS are becoming part of every evening ensemble. Ardane, whose evening accessories are the last word in chic, is making one with holes for the eyes so that it can be held before the face like a mask without impeding the wearer's view.

2 BLACK SATIN GLOVES for daytime have important-looking gauntlets and net fingers, while gloves with black suede palms and tops in yellow or white crocheted are general wear with pin-stripe suits. Black lace gloves mostly of forearm length have finger-nails embroidered in puce-colored shiny beads, while others are decorated with sprays of brightly-colored flowers down the thumb and first finger.

3 WOOL TROUSERS for leisure hours are the latest Parisian fancy. They are either in plain soft colors like mauve, grey, deep beige, or betty-blue, or they are in tiny checks of navy and white or brown and white, and they are tailored in any soft uncrushable wool material.

With them are worn Russian jumpers, with full sleeves and high collars buttoning from one shoulder. They either tuck into a sash or fit neatly over the hips, and are loaded with barbaric jewellery—gold beads at the throat and heavy gold bracelets at the wrists.

4 LEAVES, gold and natural tinted, are the latest decoration for evening coiffures. They are just scattered here and there over the hair as though one had been out in the garden in an autumnal gale. Beautifully made of wax they are attached to flexible pins that fasten with equal ease into long or short hair.

STOP WEARING GLASSES



Before Eye Culture



After Eye Culture

Are your eyes causing you anxiety or worry from EYE-STRAIN, EYE HEADACHES, ASTIGMATISM, LONG SIGHT, WEAK SIGHT, SQUINT, OLD AGE SIGHT, EYES THAT CANNOT STAND GLARE, ETC.?

How would you like to be free of glasses for the remainder of your life for the cost of approximately one pair of glasses?

At last, by EYE CULTURE, it has been discovered that most people wearing glasses today NEED NOT. It has also been proved definitely by EYE CULTURE that those who fear that they will need glasses are FEARING NEEDLESSLY. It has been found that Glasses do not cure any eye weakness or defect—they merely relieve a condition, which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the fact that, as time goes on, THOSE WEARING GLASSES MUST FREQUENTLY CHANGE THEM AND GET STRONGER LENSES.

EYE CULTURE is Nature's own method of ridding those who are affected of eye troubles, making glasses to be dispensed with. It is based upon a most exacting scientific knowledge of the whole human system, as it is related to the eyes. By EYE CULTURE congestion and strain are eliminated, the eye muscles strengthened, and the eyes gradually restored to their normal condition. EYE CULTURE is a positively safe and harmless system for young and old alike. A short time daily

with EYE CULTURE can render glasses absolutely unnecessary, relief being experienced within an amazingly short time, followed by a definite improvement in the condition. EYE CULTURE is more than merely eye exercises. These reports tell how quickly and effectively eye sufferers get relief from EYE CULTURE. "I am very glad to inform you that from the very first week I commenced your EYE CULTURE treatment I had no further trouble with my eyes, besides feeling one hundred per cent. better in my general health. I have no difficulty in following the instructions so clearly set out in the course, and have done, and will do my best to interest others in this excellent and inexpensive treatment, and shall not hesitate to recommend others to you."—Mrs. F. Munnah, M.E.W. "I carried out fully the instructions given in your course of EYE CULTURE, and I found that I was able to immediately put aside my glasses which I used when reading, and I found that the strained feeling in my eyes which often bothered me left for good. . . . So I would say your course of EYE CULTURE is all you claim it to be."—Mrs. L. Ringaroy, Queensland. For particulars, call or send stamped addressed envelope for free booklet to

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* All the
Convenience
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* All the
Thrill
of smarter
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Balance by small
monthly payments.
Complete satisfaction
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refunded in full. Cre-
dit service available
throughout Common-
wealth.

WELDREST

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W.W.1

In London...Now!

HERE are some of the
latest London hats, sketched on the spot
by the famous English fashion artist, Robb.



● (1) A TINY PILLBOX carried to ex-
tremes, made in white pique with a
crown like a half-collapsed telescope.
Black Cre ribbon ties in a small bow
in front.



● (2) BLACK SATIN SAILOR embroidered all over
in tartan. A spotted yellow-and-red veil covers
the whole of the hat, then loops over the forehead
and drapes round the back of the head.



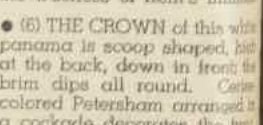
● (3) NEW VERSION of the mushroom shape.
The dark crown narrows towards the top, and is
trimmed high; the curving and flattening brim is
light on top, dark underneath.



● (4) THE "POSTILION"
shape is in coarse braided
straw, with a turn-up brim
and small high crown.
Trimmed with coarse veiling.



● (5) SMALL paper-light straw
in pale fuchsia. Game veil
is caught to each side of the
crown and trails in two long
ends. This hat is from Lady
the Duchess of Kent's milliner.



● (6) THE CROWN of this white
panama is scoop shaped, high
at the back, down in front; the
brim dips all round. Colored
Petersham arranged in a
cockade decorates the back.



● (7) White pana-
ma makes this
pink - pie-cum-tur-
ban by Erik, which
has a wide brim turned up at
round, threaded with a blue
and pink chiffon veil which
streams down one side.



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"THOSE WHO CROSS MY SHADOW HAVE
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3HA Hamilton	19th April, 1939	7.15 — 7.30 p.m.
3SR Shepparton	26th April, 1939	8.15 — 8.30 p.m.
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An Editorial

APRIL 8, 1939

RENT—OR FOOD?



another and more serious aspect.

Building pretty little villas row on row, or large and sun-splashed flats, does not constitute the end of the problem.

People do not live in slums from choice, but from necessity. The lower-paid workers and the unemployed seek the places with the cheapest rents.

If we remove them from their ugly dilapidated houses and charge them more rent for their new homes, we remove one evil and foster a bigger one.

A striking example of what can happen when only one side of the problem is taken into account is provided by Stockton-on-Tees, in England.

The council removed 152 families to modern dwellings as part of a slum clearance scheme. About 289 families were left in the slums.

The people who moved to the new suburb were called upon to pay increased rent of 4/6 a week, estimated at 10d a person.

Inevitably this extra money came out of the food bill and the death rate increased by 11 per cent.

Despite the disabilities of the people still living in the slum area they were considerably healthier than those who had moved to a villa sitting high on a hill-top.

So the loss of 10d a week to these people of Stockton-on-Tees meant the difference between living and dying, despite their new houses.

In Australia the position is not so desperate concerning slums, but we must see to it, when slums are eventually cleared away, that the homes provided for the people are not so excessively priced that they lower the living standard to the point of danger.

Such a form of slum clearance would only be a refinement of cruelty.

—THE EDITOR.

Lotte Lehmann—

Stoic
Singer
of the
Lonely
Heart

By

VIOLA SHACKELTON

FATE has rung down the curtain on the domestic happiness of Viennese soprano Lotte Lehmann, at present on an Australian tour.

When Madame Lehmann came to Australia for a concert tour two years ago her tall, handsome husband accompanied her everywhere, handling all the business affairs connected with her tour.

Now, at the height of her career as a singer, she must readjust her life to widowhood.

While Lotte Lehmann was singing on tour in America her husband died in New York.

The swift blow defeated plans the singer had made in her fight for her husband's life.

Madame Lehmann decided last year to give up her apartment in Vienna and her house in the Vienna Woods and build a mountain home in America, hoping that the mountain air would improve her husband's health.

Before she could build her house her husband died.

It was because she was worried about his illness that she broke down while singing on the stage at Covent Garden last year.

Her Sydney flat is filled with photographs of her husband—studio portraits of him, happy snapshots during their travels, and a romantic picture of him riding one of the magnificent white horses of the Spanish Riding School in Vienna.

Madame Lehmann was already famous throughout Europe when she married Otto Krause in 1926.

Cavalry Officer

"MY husband had been an Austrian cavalry officer," she said, "and he was a member of the Spanish Riding School, attached to the Emperor's Palace."

"When I met him he was a business man in Vienna. He gave this up and devoted his whole life to me and my career."

In readjusting her life, Madame Lehmann's gift for friendliness is helping her out. Her Sydney flat is a miniature salon.



LOTTE
LEHMANN

posed for this study (left) at her Sydney flat. She practises her singing daily—her husband's picture is on the piano. Other pictures of Dr. Krause adorn the walls. (Right) The Harbor appeals to the Viennese singer, Lotte Lehmann. She walks the foreshores daily, and has made friends with the boys who fish from the jetties.

—Women's Weekly photos.

Her little household is now a women's household—besides her German maid who travels with her, and her secretary, a German friend she has known for many years who now lives in Sydney acts as an additional secretary and accompanies her on her walks and other outings.

Many Austrian and German refugees—musicians whom she knew in Vienna—come to see her.

She has made friends with the small boys who fish from the jetty near her flat at Elizabeth Bay, and with all the dog-owners and dogs in neighboring houses.

"I shall still carry out my plan to make my home in America," Madame Lehmann said, "but it will be a smaller house and will be near New York."

"I have kept nothing from my home in Austria. Vienna is no longer the Vienna I knew, and I want to remove any remnant of it from my heart."

"My American home will have modern furniture. The fine old furniture in my apartment and my house was very beautiful and suited the lofty rooms, but it would not be suitable for a modern house."

"I do not know who has bought my house, or who is picking the roses in my rose garden."

"It was a unique garden. I always asked friends who wanted to send me flowers to send me rose plants instead of cut flowers."

"I plan the making of my new home as a new adventure, and I shall start a new rose garden there."



Loves Australians

"MY friends in America tease me because of my enthusiasm for Australia and Australians."

"I have given many 'love messages' to my audiences all over the world. Nowhere have they been so sincere as my messages of affection to Australian audiences."

"You will understand this quite easily. My last Australian tour gave me my last close companionship with my husband. Australia will always be very precious to me for that reason."

It was shortly after they left Australia that Madame Lehmann's husband became ill and he was an invalid from then till his death two months ago.

Madame Lehmann finds some solace in her grief in the fact that her step-children recently arrived in America from Vienna.

Her stepdaughter, Manon, is keeping house in Hollywood for the eldest son of the family, Hans, who is an aviator.

Ludwig, who plans to work in radio, and Peter, the youngest, who is very musical and who is a cinematograph photographer, are living in New York.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP





POULTRY FARMING can be a profitable lay-by

Tricks of the trade that everybody should know

I have been requested to write a short treatise on poultry farming.

As an ex-poultry farmer, I am in a position to review this industry from all angles but will restrict myself to the actual farming and will leave other details until a later date.

FIRSTLY, the farmer will decide upon the breed of fowls he intends to use. He has a wide range from which to choose, but I would suggest that he make a selection of the following:

Buff Orphans, Rhode Irish Reds, or White Leghorns.

The more exotic breeds, such as Spotted Whynots, are unreliable.

Personally, I prefer the White Leghorns.

It is desirable to keep the fowls out of the house if possible. If space is available, a shed should

be erected in the back yard and fitted with perches.

It is not necessary to measure fowls for their perches, as they have an astonishing facility for hanging on to a pole with their feet, and going to sleep.

If you have ever tried to do this yourself you will realise how difficult the feat is, but fowls seem to thrive on it.

As for nests, I think they are a waste of time. You could have the most elaborate nests, but the hens would lay their eggs under the house or in the dog's kennel just the same.

They can be trained to use the nests by giving them a sharp slap on the back when found laying elsewhere, but this takes time and patience.

A solution of the problem is to raise the house about eight feet off the ground. This saves a lot of grovelling on the hands and knees when collecting the eggs, or cackle-berries as they are called in the trade.

In the matter of feeding, the farmer has a wide choice. Bran mash is the usual thing in the proportion of two parts of bran to one of mash. Shell-grit is also necessary as roughage, but the shell must be selected with care.

It is possible to produce unbreakable eggs by using iron filings, but it is not a commercial proposition. People object to cooking their eggs in an expensive blast furnace.

Worth Studying

THE psychology of the hen is worth studying. The keen student will notice that when eggs are one and a penny a dozen the whole fowl-yard starts laying like mad. When eggs are two and elevenpence a dozen they seem to knock off laying.

This is one of the crosses the poultry farmer has to bear.

If the farm is situated near a main road much used by week-end motorists, all crook eggs which have been found after many months in unsuspected corners should be displayed on a roadside stall with a notice, "Straight From the Farm," attached to the stall.

By the time the motorist gets home it's too late to do much about it.

This is a profitable little side-line. A modern incubator is a necessity on all poultry farms, but great care must be taken with them. Eggs which have been baked a dark black and contain incinerated and cremated chickens lose a lot of their market value.

The incubator must be carefully watched. Patience is necessary. It is futile to go slicing the tops off the eggs just to see how things are going.

The newly-born chick must be kept warm. It is not necessary to knit a layette for it, but just shove it in the gas oven and turn the burners on full.

People have asked me which was

the better—poultry farming or dairy farming.

Well, you've got to milk a cow, but a hen does her own egg.

Mind you, there's a lot to be said for dairy farming. A lot of dairy farmers say it, too. I don't blame them much, although I never did approve of bad language.

I have never had much to do with cows. It is hard to know how a poultry farmer would get on with cows as a side-line. I will leave that aspect of the matter to someone else more fitted for the job. I am first and last a poultry expert.

Incidentally, I don't think a rooster is necessary on a poultry farm. He's going to be bumped off, anyhow, so why make his brief life miserable with a heap of hens all around him, day and night. I've seen roosters who were so hen-pecked that they went and laid their heads on the block and pleaded dumbly for the axe.

What pleasure do they get in life, apart from yelling out at sunrise and waking everybody in the neighborhood?

When I look in a shop window and see a rooster all plucked and tied, I think of me. Nobody wants to eat me, I'll admit, but I'm tied, and am I plucked? I'll say.

There is one great thing about poultry farming which appeals to me and should appeal to all other dyed-in-the-wool loafers. A poultry farmer doesn't have to get up in the middle of the night to milk. And then do it all over again at sunset.

No. He merely waves his hand towards the fowlhouse, with an imperious gesture, and says, "Lay!" He can then go and lie down and read a good book and leave the rest to the birds.

I have yet to work out some method of persuading the hens to lay their eggs straight into the egg boxes, and then all one would have to do would be to get someone to nail the lid down and take the things away and bring me back the money.

Poultry farming is all right for people who think it's all right, but I'll stick to my silk-worms.

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Dentists now RECOMMEND this method

Dentists everywhere are recommending 'Steradent' to their patients as the most modern, scientific way to clean false teeth.

Read these typical reports from two dentists after subjecting 'Steradent' to severe clinical tests:—

• "I really think in all my experience that 'Steradent' is the finest product I have used."

• "I feel at last that the Dental Profession has obtained the ideal denture cleaning agent."

'Steradent' harmlessly removes unsightly, inhuman stains on false teeth, plates and bridges. And the 'Steradent' method is so simple. Just fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Leave your false teeth in it while you dress or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. Every stain disappears. Plates regain their wholesome colour. Dirty discoloured teeth become beautifully clean, lustrous and natural-looking. Your plates feel so cool and fresh and comfortable. Every tiny crevice is cleaned, purified, sterilized. 'Steradent' is so much more thorough and efficient, and is guaranteed harmless.

'Steradent' is sold by all chemists. Price 2/-. Double size 3/6.

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2 Place your stained false teeth in the 'Steradent' solution. Leave them in while you dress or overnight.



3 Take them out and rinse thoroughly. All stains and film have vanished. Your dentures are as clean as new.

Why ever look or feel your Age

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. Her complexion is flawless—her figure still neat and trim—and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile Beans at bedtime each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and counteract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and healthy.



"I thank Bile Beans for the good they have done me. I used to feel awfully tired and low spirited. But Bile Beans made me bright and cheerful again, and we improved my general health that I feel years younger. I also find that Bile Beans nightly prevent excess fat formation and keep my figure normal." —Mrs. M. R. Sims.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance." —Miss I. Lockie.

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KEEP YOU HEALTHY & YOUTHFUL

★ Keep Your Figure Forever Young INSTANTLY REDUCE WAIST AND HIPS



Do not diet or deny yourself the good things of life to look slimmer, younger, and smarter—take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises to secure a slender, graceful figure.

Wear a NU-FORM FIGURE CONTROL CORSET. Reduce 2 inches in a week, 3 inches in 10 days. The moment you step into this beautiful garment it will give you straight, slender lines, thus enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately. Figure sag vanishes. Bulges are smoothed out—you actually reduce at waist, hips, and thighs, and you look and feel so much younger, so much smarter.

FIRM SUPPORT FOR YOUR FIGURE

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET gives natural balanced support. It aligns your hips and waist, and flattens your abdomen with positive cross-over frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action, reduces your waistline and beautifies your figure with every move you make. Tailor-made to solve YOUR figure problem, the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET is light and strong, yet perfectly flexible and comfortable. Every garment is supplied direct from the workrooms to the wearer, and is guaranteed to keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn.



REDUCE TOO FLESHY
HIPS AND THIGHS.

NOT MADE OF RUBBER

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET is entirely NOT made of rubber. To be so, therefore, no ugly figure bulge, no skin discomfort or soreness, and no objectionable odor. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET is tailor-made and carefully made of special corset materials to reduce and control the figure in absolute comfort and safety.

A PENDULOUS ABDOMEN interferes with the correct functioning of vital pelvic organs. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET corrects this danger and gives firm control and support.



ABOLISH WAISTLINE FAT AND
REAR BULGE.

Sent on 7 Days' FREE TRIAL

Prove, quickly and definitely, that the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure. Every corset supplied is NEW—direct from the workrooms to the wearer.

I want you to try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days at my expense. You'll be thrilled with the results. If not perfectly satisfied, you can return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Post the FREE coupon, NOW.

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Miss Florence Bradshaw,
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218-220 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.
Without cost or obligation, send me full particulars of the NU-FORM FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and your 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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—heartburn, bad breath, loss of appetite are nature's warnings that elimination is faulty. That is the time to take Calfig (California Syrup of Figs). Calfig is a harmless, pure fruit laxative that induces natural elimination and stimulates digestion. Calfig has been endorsed by doctors everywhere for over 50 years.

CALFIG
CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

NATURE'S OWN
LAXATIVE

With Intent

Continued from Page 7

"I MIGHT also add that my partner, who was not of an easy disposition, never had occasion to be at any time suspicious of his wife either as to her conduct or her thoughts."

"Thank you, Mr. Cox. I take it, then, that the fact that you and Mrs. Pyelaw are to get married shortly is due to an understanding only recently come to between you?"

"We shall not be married any-how for another five or six months—for at least a year after George's death. But I must say, Inspector, that I had thought that no one but Mrs. Pyelaw and myself knew of this intended marriage. Naturally, we have nothing to conceal, and I do not mind who knows."

It goes without saying that Mr. Cox spent an unpleasant night after the interview with the man from Scotland Yard. But, curiously enough, he actually had very little on his conscience. For he had not lifted his hand against his fellow-man, either in violence or with poison.

Everything that had been said at the inquest had been true—except the one small fact that Mr. Cox had not tried to dissuade his partner from taking the second brandy and soda. George's obstinacy had done the rest, as had been stated before the coroner. He had swum too far out. It is true that Mr. Cox had somewhat underrated his own ability as a swimmer, but after all, modesty is not a crime.

Mr. Cox could think of only one person in the world who would wish to make trouble for him and for Violet, and that was George's sister. George's sister shared her late brother's shortcomings to the full.

Mr. Cox, pondering on George's sister, flew over to Paris two days later. He was shocked at his Violet's appearance.

"Why have you come?" she asked sharply. "You didn't write me."

He stared at her in unhappy bewilderment. His Violet . . .

"But, dear, I wanted to see you. Isn't it natural? I thought you would be pleased . . ."

"You don't understand!" she cried hysterically. "I didn't want to see you—again. I was going to write to you—to-day, to-morrow—that we can't get married—ever."

She burst out into hysterical sobbing, but that was not what appalled Mr. Cox so much as the fact that she definitely shrank away from him as he tried to comfort her.

She sat rigid, but said quite calmly:

"Now sit down over there, Willie, and let us be sensible. I am being quite sensible now, you see. I am not going to marry you. Please don't interrupt, Willie. It is so very difficult to say this, though I have been thinking about it for weeks and weeks. I am bad, Willie—that is the trouble. I am bad all through—and so I can't marry you, because you are the justest and nicest man I ever met."

"You see, I am being quite sensible. Poor George did not die naturally from drowning. It wasn't a natural death. You remember that one of the reasons why he wanted that second brandy and soda was because he complained that that first stiff one I gave him had tasted beastly. I had put something in it."

Mr. Cox tried to keep calm. He saw Chief Inspector Parbold again, and again he heard the Chief Inspector's agreeable voice stating that he was making merely routine inquiries.

He said nothing, knowing she would go on.

She said: "The night before we'd had such a scene. About you—no, not about you and me, for what had there ever been between us until then but silence and love and silence and silence? About you and the business."

"He went on and on about how you and Old Choak were trying to force him out. I tried to tell him all the time that the suggested agreement was very favorable to him, and that he would have a better income when retired than you have from the business. I tried to tell him that you were being more than fair."

"He was mad with spite, Willie, and he said he would rather ruin the business than let Old Choak have the partnership. He went on and on . . ."

"So when he went up to London the next day and came back again in a temper, I knew I would have another scene that night. And I couldn't bear another. I couldn't bear it."

"I didn't want to kill him. I

didn't dream of killing him. I didn't know he was going to be so silly and obstinate as to go swimming when he asked for that first brandy and soda. I wanted to give myself a rest that night, that's all."

"So I crushed three tablets of aspirin and put them in that stiff brandy. I shouldn't have done it really, because I knew what effect even one tablet had on poor George. It was good for him if he was starting a cold, but in the ordinary way he was a bad subject for even the mildest drugs."

"And I gave him three, and then he went swimming . . ."

"Listen, dear Willie, let us be sensible people and face the facts as God has put them before us. I did not intend to murder George, but through my hot head I did. Nothing can get round that. Nothing. I can't make a profit out of his death, and so I can't marry you."

He said: "You have been tormenting yourself with this for months now, Violet. What has brought it to a head to-day?"

"Willie, I had a letter from Scotland Yard last night—from a Chief Inspector Something or Other—asking me to go there for an interview if possible as soon as it was convenient. So I am going, and I am going to tell them everything. George's sister will be pleased, anyway—she always hated me, and you too—"

She broke down at that, and Mr. Cox did his best to comfort her.

He flew back to London in a very disturbed state of mind, after having persuaded Violet to take no steps about going to see the Chief Inspector for a few days.

But Violet had not told him the whole truth. She had not wanted to hurt and bother him intolerably. She had not told him that Chief Inspector Parbold had flown over to see her personally the night before and that she had been persuaded, or rather forced, to give permission to a Home Office order for the disinterment of George's body.

Chief Inspector Parbold, in conference with Superintendent Crust about a week later, gave it as his considered opinion that he had seldom known a more confused or damnable case.

He said: "That sister of his, Miss Pyelaw, should have let well alone. Not really a jolly woman. She has got it in for the widow, and that's that."

"Well, Parbold, where are we now exactly?"

"Oh, that's easy. We start with a case of accidental drowning—and now we've got a murder seven months old. Nice work for the newspapers."

"So Cox did murder his partner then?"

"No, sir. But he thinks he did, and he came here and told me so at length. Very frank about it was poor Mr. Cox. He wanted to murder Pyelaw for years, because of this and that—and so when he saw him drowning he didn't do all he could to save him. And now old Joe Remorse is sitting on poor Cox's shoulder, and poor Cox is saying, 'I have sinned. Punish me.'"

"Well," said Superintendent Crust, "we are only police, not God. Not doing all you can do to prevent another bloke from drowning isn't murder."

"Exactly what I told our Mr. Cox, sir. And he seemed so very disappointed that I almost thought of arresting him just to make him happy."

"Then next day along comes the widow. You had to be sorry for her, sir. And for Mr. Cox. As nice and honest a woman as ever I saw, and made for happiness. She told me she was a murderess through and through, and she had murdered her husband with aspirin."

"With what?"

"Exactly, sir. A surprising case, or I'm Charlie Chaplin. Yes, she had put three tablets of aspirin in his brandy and soda, and that had finished him off while he was swimming, and so she wasn't fit to live and so on. It was a long story, sir, and I had to listen because she is a nice person and a good woman. As you know, sir, we policemen have to be father-confessors every now and then. So I sent her away with the comforting words that she wouldn't rank as one of history's great poisoners, and that maybe it wouldn't do Mr. Cox any harm for her to dine with him that night."

"Then where the devil are we now, Parbold?"

Please turn to Page 18

Wins Twelve Thousand Pounds Follows Astrologer's Advice

Following the advice given by Pundit Asrah, the noted Astrologer, five people recently won £12,000.

Mrs. Mabel Murphy, of Ascot, wrote to Pundit Asrah. Then, after getting his advice, she said: "I can hardly afford to send for tickets, but if I don't try I cannot expect to win. You say my lucky number should be 4, so I am asking for that number in all my lottery tickets." The ticket in which she shared £12,000 was numbered 42545.

Mr. F. Smith, of Marrickville, Miss A. Smith, of Springwood, Mrs. T. Goodfellow, of Tooraweenah, and Mr. R. Martin, of Hawthorne, also acted on Pundit Asrah's advice and won.

Readers who want to know their lucky days and numbers are invited to write to Pundit Asrah, whose astrological knowledge has already helped thousands. Send a postal note for 1/- and a stamped, addressed envelope with this paragraph, and the date, month, and year of birth, to Pundit Asrah, Desk NAW, 7, Box 586, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania. By return mail they will receive the days and numbers which, according to the stars, are lucky, also ten simple rules on "How to Be Lucky." Money will be refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied.



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NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



FATHER: And there, son, I have told you the story of your daddy and the Great War.
SON: Yes, Dad, but what did they need all the other soldiers for?

IRATE HUSBAND: Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are?
SHE: No!
HUSBAND: Then where did you get the idea from?



"Four doctors have given me up!"
"Why? Didn't you pay their bills?"



DINER: What is the fresh fish like?
WAITRESS: Lovely! I had some last Tuesday!

Is your husband
ASHAMED of your legs?

VARICOSE VEINS....
can be restored to normal.

ARE you one of those unfortunate or uncaring women who find the admiration in everyone's eyes suddenly change to disgust, when they notice ugly, swollen varicose veins on your legs?

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Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

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"If you don't stop playing that saxophone I'll go stone ker-r-rasy!"
"You're not doing so bad already. Why, lady, I stopped playing yesterday!"

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Mary woke about two in the morning.
"Tell me a story, Mummy," she pleaded.
"Huh, darling," said Mother, "Daddy will be in soon and he'll tell us both one."

SHE watched him gazing down at their first-born. Wonder, admiration, rapture, incredulity were reflected in his face.
"Tell me your thoughts, dearest," she remarked tenderly.
"Darned if I can see how anyone can make that cot for thirty bob!" he answered.

BACHELOR: But I understood that a wife was a great help to a man?
Benedict: So she is. She stands by him in all the trials and sorrows he would not have had if he had not married her.

"**WELL,** Miss," said the traffic policeman to the perfectly sweet motorist, "I suppose you know why I've stopped you?"
"Don't tell me," she replied, "let me guess. Yes, I know! You're lonely."

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Who wants to make the most of her opportunities

THE H. & R. Lady Secretary's course will fit you for a position in a field in which there is a great future for young women who desire to make the most of their opportunities. Typing and Stenography will always be essential to any office, but the career in business for ambitious girls to-day, is Lady Secretaryship. H. & R. can fit you for that career—can put you head and shoulders above the crowd.

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I am interested in Business. Please send me free copy of the 1939 Edition of The Guide to Business Careers.
Name Age
Address
Subject H&R/247





So lovely
Black lips may go the way of all fashions
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as certain as night must fall that the
lips of the world's loveliest are wearing
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Tattoo completes a pleasant circle: if
you're smart, you use it—if you use it,
you're smart! Tattoo brings the newest,
smoother, romantic shades—drawn from
the love-wise South Sea maidens. Their
secret is yours now! It's a stain instead
of a stain—cooling—a translucent dresi-
ng—deliciously lovely. It's today's fashion
and tomorrow's... indefinitely! and it
stays on definitely!

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THE WORLD'S BEST...MADE IN AUSTRALIA

"O H, that's easy,
sir. You couldn't want a simpler case.
Mr. Charles Oak, affectionately
known as Old Chook to every young
man in London now in bankruptcy
for having spent more on clothes
than he could afford, came along
this morning and confessed to the
arsenic. Gave it to Pyelaw that
very day after lunch in his black
coffee."

"I see," said Superintendent
Crust helplessly.

"Yes, sir. Very contrite about it
all, Old Chook was. Said he had
done it for the best, and so on,
because old Pyelaw was ruining the
business. Said he was sorry. Said
he wouldn't have confessed, but that
Mr. Cox—whom he loved as his
brother—had told him Scotland
Yard was after somebody about
Pyelaw's death. And so on."

"This affair is going to make a
lot of noise, Parbold. So now we
arrest Old Chook for the murder
of George Pyelaw?"

"I suppose so, sir. He is de-
tained, naturally. It seems an open-
and-shut case now, in spite of all
the confessions buzzing round one's
head."

"By the way, how did he get
the arsenic?"

"He's always had it, sir—a legacy
from his dear old dad."

"Oh, really, Parbold?"

"Exactly, sir. A surprising case."

Chief Inspector Parbold had not
been pulling the Superintendent's
leg. There wasn't a crony of Old
Chook's either in or out of the
firm who hadn't at some time heard
about, or actually seen the little
white bottle full of what looked
like bicarbonate of soda. It was
always carefully looked away, of
course, in a cupboard in Old
Chook's room, and Old Chook

would take it out now and again
with pride.

"My old dad," he would say, "was
a bit of a chemist in his day, and
what he knew about poisons would
startle some of your fancy doctors.
So he put this here stuff together,
just out of curiosity like, and then
tells me about it one day when
we are talking of poisons, see.
And then when he's dying he tells
me where it is, all safe and locked
up, and he tells me to be sure to
destroy it."

"But I never had the heart, see.
It's an insurance, see what I mean.
It's wrong to take your own life, we
agree on that. But what I say is,
suppose a doctor says to me to-
morrow, 'You, Charles Oak, have
an incurable disease in a virulent
form, and,' he says, 'you will shortly
die a protracted death in great
agony, and nothing,' he says, 'can be
done about it, so help you God,'
he says—well, I'd go home that
night and put a spoonful of this in
a nice hot grog and get it all over
with, see?"

Of course there was no pride in
Old Chook's voice as he solemnly
confessed to Chief Inspector Parbold
how he had committed the crime,
and then handed over the small
bottle of poison.

"Looks harmless enough," said the
Chief Inspector.

"Yes, sir," said Old Chook, with
faint return of pride in his old
dad's ability as a chemist.

"Well, you are dastardly, Mr. Oak.
They will make you quite comfort-
able here, even if you have to stay
the night. There will be some
more papers for you to sign pre-
sently—read them over, remember,
before you sign. Now take it easy,
Mr. Oak."

"Yes, sir," said Old Chook, trying
to gulp down his tears. "But I don't
know how I ever came to do such
a horrible thing. I really don't."

A few hours later Superintendent
Crust telephoned through to Chief
Inspector Parbold's office.

"How's that Pyelaw case shap-
ing?"

"Nicely, thank you. I have just
this moment had the report in
from the analyst about Exhibit A."

"Which is what?"

"Daddy's legacy, sir. The bottle
of arsenic. We might have guessed
it, of course."

"Guessed what, man?"

"Don't be cross with me, sir.
This case has given me a headache
already. It's bicarbonate of soda."

"Ah, I thought so. A puzzling
case, Parbold. But I've solved it."

"You've solved it, sir?"

"To the last dot, Parbold. The
solution presented itself to me only
a few minutes ago. Come along to
my office in half an hour, and see
that all the murderers are there, too
—all three of them."

When all the interested parties
in this unhappy case were seated in
the Superintendent's private room
at Scotland Yard, with Chief In-
spector Parbold sitting near his
chief, the Superintendent first of
all addressed the only lady in the
room.

"Mrs. Pyelaw," he said, "what I
have to say to you now is going, I
fear, to upset you a good deal."

"To begin with, I can tell you that
what is going to be said in this room
now need never pass any further so
far as the police are concerned. The
public know, of course, that the body
has been exhumed. All they need
know now, and all Miss Ann Pyelaw
need know, for the matter of that,
is that the body can be reinterred
without upsetting the findings of the
coroner's jury."

"THE late Mr.
Pyelaw's solicitor, who appears to
have been abroad on business for
some weeks past and therefore knew
nothing about the renewed interest in
his late client's death, until his
return yesterday, has addressed to
me this letter:

"Dear Superintendent Crust,
"Enclosed you will find a sealed
envelope addressed to me by my late
client, Mr. George Pyelaw. I need
hardly tell you that I know nothing
of its contents. It was handed to me
at my office at five o'clock in the
afternoon of the day on which he
was accidentally drowned."

"Now here is the enclosure, of
which I have broken the seal. On
the envelope is written, in the late
George Pyelaw's own handwriting,
'This letter to be handed unopened
to the police only if and when any
question arises but that the writer,

With Intent

Continued from Page 16

George Pyelaw, was accidentally
drowned while swimming on the
evening of August the 12th, 1926."

"The letter itself is addressed to
his own solicitor and begins:

"Dear John,
"The police will read this before
you do, but I don't know them, and
I do know you, so I am writing it to
you. After sending this letter to
you by special messenger I am going
down to our cottage near Rotting-
dean. I am going to have a brandy
and soda, and perhaps two, and then
I am going for a swim. And I am
not going to come back."

"Even if Willie Cox comes with
me, I am not going to come back,
for I am a stronger swimmer than
he is. But to make quite sure that
my resolution will not break down,
that I won't suddenly funk, I am
going to slip quite a good dose of
arsenic into the first brandy and
soda."

"I DON'T know
anything about how arsenic works,
but I fancy I'll have time to get
out into the water before it really
gets me. And then I hope to be
'accidentally drowned.'"

"Of course you know Old Chook
at the office. About a year ago in
a moment of confidence he told me
about some stuff he had very care-
fully looked away which looked like
bicarbonate of soda, but was really
a proof of his old dad's ability as
a chemist, for it was a highly com-
plicated poison with arsenic as its
main ingredient."

"To make it brief, I had no diffi-
culty in due course in emptying the
contents of his bottle into an
envelope, and substituting ordinary
bicarbonate instead."

"The reasons for my wanting to
commit suicide must surely be self-
evident to anyone who knows me
at all well. I have been disliked and
dislikeable ever since I was old
enough to see what impression I
was making on other people."

"For the last few years, in fact,
ever since I married Violet, it has
been getting worse. She is the kind-
est and gentlest woman in the world,
you would have thought that no even
remotely decent man would want to
hurt her unnecessarily—and yet I
have turned even her against me."

"Well, it's no good going on
about it. I know what Willie Cox
thinks about me. He feels that Cox
and Pyelaw will benefit by my retire-
ment, and I happen to know he is
right. He has done his best and no
man ever had a fairer partner. How
he has managed to put up with me
at all these last few years passes my
understanding. Dear me, had I been
in his position and he in mine I
should have been a murderer years
ago."

"Every now and then, though,
the clouds of spite have cleared
enough from my mind to let me have
a decent thought or two. For ex-
ample, I have sometimes hoped that
Willie and Violet would show some-
thing besides friendship for each
other, for it is obviously a man like
Willie who should be married to
Violet and not a man like me."

"I have dreamt of letting her
divorce me so that she could marry
Willie. But then Willie has always
seemed such a cold-blooded fish, and
Violet, in spite of all my nagging,
has never swerved in her devotion
to me."

"It's a damnable thing, John, to
feel that at bottom one's a decent
ordinary average man—but that one
is forever presenting oneself to
people who want to be affectionate
as a sour brute. But in my heart I
have appreciated all the people who
have wanted to like me and tried
so hard to put up with me. Par-
ticularly my dear Violet and Willie
and Old Chook. And so I have come
to this decision—that the only way
I can express my appreciation is to
cease bothering them."

"Of course I hope that no one
will ever see this letter and that I
shall just be 'accidentally drowned.'"

But my sister Ann's character is
very much like mine. And I fear
that, should Willie and Violet ever
wake up to the fact that they are
ideally suited to be man and wife,
Ann might just out of spite—as
alas, I should in her place—start
casting doubts as to the real cause
and manner of my death."

"I feel much better after having
written this. I have lived spitefully
in the house of mankind. I leave it
with reverence, and hopefulness."

"GEORGE PYELAW."

(Copyright.)

All characters in the serials and
short stories which appear in
The Australian Women's Weekly are
fictitious, and have no reference to
any living person.

Busy Mother of 5 "ALL SMILES"



LOOKING after her family of five
doesn't get this mother down!
She's first up, last to bed, and works
"like a Trojan" all day long. How
can she do it? Where does she get her
energy? She tells you herself.

"I first began taking Kruschen
Salts 3 or 4 years ago," she writes.
"Since that time, I have enjoyed
excellent health and spirits, in spite
of having to go through some trying
times."

"We all take Kruschen, and you
should see me mounting the stairs in
the morning with 5 cups of tea as a
tray—each with its little dose of
magic 'Kruschen'!"—(Mrs.) A.B.

You, too, can find
new zest in life!

Start tipping a pinch of Kruschen into
your tea, or into a glass of hot water.
First thing every morning. Within a
week, you'll have vim and vigor that
everyone will envy. Kruschen's new
You get that "Kruschen feeling" which
has brought joy to millions. Kruschen
Salts is available at Chemists and Stores
prices 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

Learn the secret of Kruschen, it's
"the little daily dose that does it."

KRUSCHEN

Eating Is No Pleasure If
FALSE TEETH
No Longer "Stay Put"



You cannot eat, talk or laugh with
real enjoyment, comfort or confi-
dence unless your dental plate is held
firmly in place at all times. It shaking
gums (the condition shown in the
illustration) have caused your plate to
become loose and wobbly, and
your dentist re-adapt it to your tissue
changes. And until your dentist does
this, sprinkle your plate daily with
FASTFITE, the original alkaline
(non-acid) powder, so that you can
eat and talk with greater confidence.
FASTFITE holds plates more firmly
and comfortably. Helps safeguard
your public appearance from embar-
rassment of a loose plate dropping,
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time. Mildly alkaline FASTFITE ac-
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of a loose plate or excessive acid
mouth. Does not sour. Checks gum
odor (denture breath). Get FASTFITE
today from any chemist.
and enjoy the ease and
confidence of a more firmly
held dental plate.

Any dental plate held tighter by
FASTFITE leads to better eating
enjoyment and dental pleasure.

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Just a Few Sips and—
Like a Flash—Relief!

Spend 2/3 today at any chemist
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CANADIOL MIXTURE** (triple ac-
tion)—take a couple of sips and you'll
sound all right long—your irritating
cough or bronchitis is under control.
Buckley's Canadiol, now available in
Australia—is by far the largest-sell-
ing cough medicine in all Britain—
cold Canada—one little sip and your
cough is quieted. Use 2 or 3 days and
you'll hear no more from that old
old hang-on cough that nothing
seems to help.

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CANADIOL
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A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of Page 3.

HELPING AGED

WITH excellent motives, most of us try in every possible way to force old people into a life of idleness.

In this kind?

With little to do, life becomes very dull and monotonous for them, and the feeling soon grows that they have outlived their usefulness and are unwelcome burdens.

But, if occupied, they still feel they are of some importance, and are interested and more contented.

Save them from hard work and worry, certainly, but let them do tasks which they are able to do, and even put yourself out to find them simple, congenial jobs. They'll bless you for it.

£1 for this letter to Miss R. McGrath, Box 57, Brookton, W.A.

LOST GLORY

THERE was a time when a woman's tresses were her crowning glory. Brushed to a glossy sheen, softly waved, they really enhanced her individuality and beauty.

But now women have their hair curled and rolled practically to one universal pattern—and a pattern which is not particularly beautiful.

Further, so as not to disturb her curls, the "smart" woman no longer brushes her hair, so that it is losing all its lustre.

I wish we could go back to the days when hair was not so much trouble, and was more becoming.

Mrs. M. C. Fitzsimmons, P.O., Tully, N. Qld.

BAR TO SUCCESS?

I HAVE often heard it said that marriage is a handicap to a man's success.

Many men, however, as history has proved, owe their success to their wives, who have encouraged and advised them. Two heads are better than one.

Further, success with no one to share it can never bring happiness. What do readers think?

Mrs. J. W. Davis, Box 31, Younga-bera, via Cairns, Qld.

GAMBLING HABIT

GAMBLING by women in the last decade has grown to alarming proportions.

I do not refer to the casual game of bridge, played for moderate stakes, which has become a feature of modern home entertainment, nor an occasional visit to the racetrack.

It is, however, a matter of grave concern to observe the large number of women who have become devotees of club bridge, playing for sums quite out of proportion to their husbands' incomes.

Both time and money which should be spent on homes, husbands and the care of their children are being wasted. It is time women came to their senses.

M. Cunco, 1 The Avenue, Ashfield, N.S.W.

HANDY MEN

WHY should there not be "handy-man's" classes for prospective bridegrooms? How much more smoothly the routine of a house would be run if the husband recognised that it is just as much his job to replace washers in taps, repair furniture, broken windows, and so forth, as it is the wife's to cook, mend, wash.

Some men do these things as a matter of course, others after much coaxing, and others never.

Fathers should train their sons to be good husbands in this respect, just as mothers should train their daughters to be good wives!

Mrs. E. Campbell, 14 Eulda St., Belmont, N.S.W.



Father Still the Tyrant in the Home?

YOUR allegation that father reigns supreme in most homes, Mrs. Harris (18/3/39), is rather sweeping.

There are more henpecked, unobtrusive husbands than dutiful wives to-day.

The modern home is run by a petticoat government.

Most married men are content to hide behind a newspaper rather than indulge in the petty tyrannies of which Mrs. Harris accuses them.

Mrs. L. Parsons, 22 Tyne St., Gilberton, Adelaide.

His Right

IT is true, as Mrs. Harris says, that in many homes father reigns supreme, and only his wishes receive consideration.

Although he is not as tyrannical as he was in former times, there are still many homes in which, regardless of anybody else's arrangements, father's will is obeyed.

Home life can only be happy when every member of the family receives fair and equal treatment.

Mrs. M. Ryan, Grose Vale, via Richmond, N.S.W.

Deserves Consideration

SURELY father's wishes in his own home should receive some consideration and, as head of the house, he has a right to exercise his authority. But I think that the stern parent portrayed by Mrs. Harris, is the exception rather than the rule to-day.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Parade, Alderley, Brisbane.

Easy Going

SURELY Mrs. Harris is too severe in her criticism. Generally father is far less exacting and much easier to please than mother, and it is a pleasure for his children to "humor" him on those rare occasions when he is a little difficult.

Mrs. C. F. Monckton, Hopeville, Drayton, Qld.

Children First

YOUR letter surprises me, Mrs. Harris, because it seems to me that father has very little authority in the family to-day.

Whereas in the good old days he used to be the centre of the family, now both parents take a back seat and it is the children who are consulted, suited, and pandered to.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Ronald St., Dandenong, Vic.

Family's Mainstay

MAN is entitled to be the centre of attention in his own home.

After all, it is he who works to keep it going. He is the mainstay, even if the children give some monetary assistance. Very few heads of the house get the consideration they deserve.

Mrs. Frank Meadows, Yarram House, Yarram, Vic.

Ideal Family Life

YES, despite the emancipation of women and the greater freedom of youth, man is still the tyrant in his home.

While he may no longer, as in the past, order the behaviour of the



Tyrannical—or henpecked?

members of his family, outside the home family life revolves around his pleasure and wishes. Meals, entertaining, and all the routine details of family life are planned to suit his convenience.

A family should be a community of people, living and working with one another on an equal basis.

K. Larwood, Kenneway St., Tummore, S.A.

Library Reading and Modern Literary Taste

"IS literary taste deteriorating?" asks Mrs. Hubbard (18/3/39), and cites as evidence in the affirmative the lack of discrimination shown in library reading.

You will always find numbers of people who read light, romantic novels, and who choose their reading by such things as the print, margin, wrapping, but these are in the minority to-day.

As a librarian, I have found that people are taking a more intelligent interest in their reading than they did, say, ten years ago. They eagerly follow book reviews, and we have long waiting lists for the best of the latest fiction.

They seem more interested in political and social movements, too, and books on such subjects are also greatly in demand.

Miss Thatcher, Glen Osmond Rd., Eastwood, S.A.

Books Expensive

MRS. HUBBARD, in condemning modern literary taste, says that books are cheap and easily procurable from libraries. I do not agree. Books are very dear, and the average worker cannot afford to buy them.

Many people find the library sub-

Feminine Inefficiency?

I'VE heard and read a great deal about girls being as efficient as men in office work. This is nonsense. The only thing girls are really efficient at is time-wasting.

Certainly they arrive at the office punctually at nine, but spend a good quarter of an hour making up their faces, a process which they repeat at intervals throughout the day.

They insist upon making their best friends among the office staff, and gossip regularly together, distracting the men employees, who otherwise would keep punctiliously to their desks.

Then they object to working back to make up for lost time, because they have appointments to keep!

Men win hands down for efficiency.

L. C. Cross, Ladbroke St., Burnie, Tas.

scriptions too expensive to keep up. In England, the subscription to the Carnegie Library is 3d a year. For this sum, readers may take two books at once, one work of fiction, and one non-fiction, and may change them every 24 hours if desired.

If our literary taste is to improve, books must be made cheaper, and library subscriptions reduced.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Youth Well Read

PEOPLE live at such a pace to-day that they like a light, easily-read book for occasional relaxation.

But they also enjoy a good literary work. The youth of to-day is surprisingly well read. You will find the gayest young man or girl thoroughly conversant with the latest literature, and willing to spare many an evening from idle pleasure for reading. Personally I think literary taste has improved. People study their reading much more to-day.

Mrs. Morrison, Robert St., Croydon, S.A.

Must Have Large Print

I DON'T think that literary taste is deteriorating.

People enjoy good literature, but nowadays have regard for their eyes. Large print should be used for all books.

I have heard many people regretfully reject a book because of the small print.

Mrs. J. Bury, 29 Adling St., Preston N18, Vic.

Are Housewives To-day Mediocre Cooks?

I AGREE with Miss Irons, who says that housewives do not make the most of the culinary art (18/3/39). Most of the meals served



Should spend more time on preparing meals.

in the home to-day are stodgy and unappetising.

Women are so busy fulfilling social engagements that they do not leave themselves enough time to make a good job of the meals they cook.

It requires time and trouble to cook a good meal, which is due to the head of the house—and the rest of the family.

P. L. Curtis, Hopkins St., Moonah, Tas.

Varied Menus

MISS A. A. P. Irons is rather sweeping when she complains that housewives to-day are mediocre cooks.

Menus are more varied and tempting now than they were in our grandmothers' time, when beef puddings and potato pies were considered excellent fare for a large family.

Mrs. Frank Pearson, 318 Latrobe Tre., Chilwell, South Geelong, Vic.

Show Greater Interest

I THINK that the cooking and serving of meals have improved in modern times.

Women are definitely more interested to-day than they were in former times in making a meal look as well as taste appetising. They are readier, too, to exchange their own recipes with one another, whereas our grandmothers kept them a jealous secret.

Mrs. Tarrant, Swanson St., Victoria Park, W.A.

Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

NEW ATTITUDE

HOW praiseworthy is the attitude of young parents of to-day towards their children's education.

Their plans are made when the child is quite young, and most of them are carried out, too, with no small self-sacrifice on the parents' part.

Their aim is that their child shall have a good start in life, and not have to start helping to fill the family coffers as soon as he is old enough.

Miss E. Chick, 28 Clarendon Pde., Kingsville W12, Vic.

FILM FICTION

MANY of our best films are based upon important historical events, but the stories are built up around happenings which have no relation to facts. Should not this deliberate misrepresentation be made quite clear to the hundreds of youthful spectators who perhaps have no means of checking up on the incidents?

Let us have historical pictures, but let us know where facts end and fiction begins.

Mrs. E. M. Kenyon, Dunn Street, Yeronga, Brisbane.

FAMILY FOLLY

I FEEL that members of families are too ready to criticise, too harsh in their judgment of each other.

Of course, it is good to get a frank opinion sometimes, but I do feel that some families do not pull together enough for their own happiness.

Miss Eva Grant, 64 Foley St., Kew E4, Vic.

LOST FREEDOM

IT is late, and I am very tired. I have just completed my studying for to-night.

As I sit here, I wonder whether all this study is worth while.

We give up our spare time to studying for our future professions, instead of enjoying ourselves while we are young.

Is the security we gain worth the freedom we lose?

Miss M. Bull, c/o Mrs. A. Flemming, 26 Lennox St., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

It isn't daily use that ruins the look of a hand-basin ... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

Washing your hands in it never yet made a hand-basin look old! It's harsh cleaning that does all the damage. When you scour with a harsh, gritty cleanser you scratch and break up the delicate surface of the porcelain. No wonder the lustre is lost and cleaning becomes harder. To protect the gleaming surface give it smooth-cleaning with Vim's soap-coated grains. You clean and polish with Vim.

VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!





If feet protest and complain with every step you take—if you feel you've got red-hot pokers in your shoes you can blame Stale Foot Acid! This dangerous Acid first forms in the pores. Your feet have 3000 of these pores to the square inch of skin. When these get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the dripping acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning feet are cooled and comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists, price 2/6 and 3/6 per packet.

RADOX



At Chemists and Stores
Sole Manufacturers
M. BETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGL.



MICHEL keeps lips soft—and young—and kissable. Its perfume is delicate and subtle—its creamy base prevents dryness and chapping and will make your mouth lovelier still. There is something about Michel every man likes, for although he may not know it, Michel emphasises your beauty. Its perfume deliberately lures and clings lovingly to your lips through dining, dancing and sport. Through rain and shine, Michel keeps your lips fresh and appealing. Once you try Michel you'll never use another lipstick. In the six lovely shades of Michel there is one just for you—Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry.



24 Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

THE gap between them—the wall between them—was growing higher and thicker, and the door . . . the door could no longer be opened.

"I don't like my life," she cried one night when Hugh was particularly furious over some deal which had gone wrong, and, of course, she received the brunt of his bitterness. "Do you imagine for one moment I enjoy tracking in daily to work like a slave at a . . ." Her voice choked in her throat: "I want love, and sweetness, tenderness, like any other normal woman."

"Who the devil could give love and tenderness to a walking gramophone," he retorted, while ripping off his collar. "But, of course, you find it easy to slambang me, don't you. Your respect for me is gone . . . wiped out because I failed, and you succeeded. Well, I did fail. So did countless others."

"Yes, they did, and I've often tried to convince you of that, but you were the only one hard-done-by in life, and said I was giving you false encouragement. You resented it. It hurt your egotism. You wanted to strut like a rooster in a farmyard, with me, an obedient and grateful hen, pecking the crumbs for you. It isn't that I'm so capable . . . if I am . . . that worries you, Hugh. It's just that your pride can't endure being reminded daily of your own lack of . . ." She did not use the word, for he had used double courage to climb out of depression, and courage again when facing his old friends with such an inferior job to face them with. Only his extreme sensitiveness had made him suffer. His friends had thought him grand to make the effort.

Her tongue, as he called it, had run away with her again. What was the use? No use trying any longer to mend things. And she was tired . . . tired to death, of it all. And he thought she enjoyed "wearing the trousers." If she laughed at that moment he would have thought her a lunatic. If she laughed she would never stop until she died, strangling of it. So

she bustled round the room and made a show of picking up his tossed-down clothing, which again he used as a job at his dependence.

Beside him in the dark she lay wide-awake, knowing she would suffer for it at work on the morrow, but unable to sleep. She wanted his arms round her as long ago, to hear him say: "Phoebe, what would I do without you! Never leave me, darling, never leave me." To laugh over frying bacon and eggs and make his coffee just as he liked it, then bath, take off her kimono and dress in a sleeveless linen to potter through the work. Then go out perhaps to lunch in town, change library books, buy things for the larder, return and have a tray of tea in the garden, then cook dinner and wait for him in a pretty frock with her dark hair shining. To see his face light up: "Gosh, it's good to be home." And to hear later: "How about a movie . . ." Then, later still, supper on the porch or by the fire.

But from eight-thirty to six she was working . . . with the reins of the house in her hands all the time, often telephoning Susie in the midst of a drawing to put the peas on early for chilling, for salad, or to leave a note for the baker telling him to change to wholemeal . . . Often going without lunch, snatching a quick cup of coffee while laden by parcels for the larder, or parcels of linen, a collar to freshen a frock, a length of ribbon or elastic, two new dish towels, a special kind of coffee, and tea Hugh liked.

It was amazing how long it took to buy a few necessities with a lunch hour melting. Hugh said: "You've got a servant, haven't you?" And in that he managed to register his disapproval of her paying for Susie's hire.

IT was useless, utterly useless. The wall was high, strong, and insurmountable, and the door between them was closed and locked.

She could no more try to find the key. Perhaps it was lost.

But when Easter came, that tender season of aching memories for long-gone things of love, home, and beauty! Her father had died at Easter. Little Jack, her small brother, had died at that time also, when she was twenty. She had married Hugh at Easter, and remembered the lilacs, chiffon and net like a mist about her head, and the almost intolerable feeling in her breast, as though it must burst with love, pride, purpose, and mingled gladness and awe. Laughter and tears and tenderness. Each year she dreaded, yet longed for Easter . . . and the bells in the cool damp air, neither summer nor winter, created a spell in her heart. The sound of the silence before the bells was not quite so sweet and tender as the silence after the sound had died away, a vacuum throbbing with echoes heard only in her mind. The rain was soft, the sea, quiet; the earth smelled of two seasons, and the flowers in the garden were rustling as if winter rain was already tarnishing the gilt and flame of summer blooming.

Sentimental, yes, but it was more than sentiment and what individual was human without his or her own kind of sentiment? She and Hugh had always made a kind of routine, taking them over Easter, until . . . recently. Now it was golf for him, pottering round in loneliness for her. It was more than she could bear. The lovely season of weeping skies and brooding earth was doing something to her. The past flocked round like beating wings; the future was a darkened cavern into which she did not dare to peep. Sometimes she had to—only to flinch and draw back. Hugh and herself separating. No, no, and yet . . . ? Others did, he said, when others were incompatible. But they were not; it had been proved by years of happy comradeship. Her mind flung back to the day when she was married . . . and out of that nostalgic memory emerged a vital need, to see the church again with Hugh beside her. It might, she thought vaguely in her rawness, do something to him . . . make him remember also. It might. You never know.

Feeling himself trapped in a feminine sentimentality he agreed, reluctantly, to go to the church, for he, as she, loved music, and perhaps he was a little contrite for the drowned look in her eyes as she asked, and the brave firmness of lips refusing to quiver in fear of annoying, of a "tongue" muted down to softness in fear of offending. They went, and sat through the service

The Closed Door

Continued from Page 8

with arms touching, yet never so far apart. He resented the play on his emotions. He was wooden, dogged, and sat without moving. The sermon was free of the commoner errors made by inexperienced clergymen; it was human, fine, moving, and the white head of the old man speaking caught the pale light from the roof.

Ghosts waited the aisle for Phoebe, ghosts of two young people rapt and deeply in love, stepping with heads high into the greatest adventure known to human hearts. She swallowed once or twice, not in sorrow for the present, but in grief for the days that had died. And as the crowd emerged to the sunlight she was silent, while Hugh steered her past groups of people in their good clothes, with furs and new hats predominant in courtesy to the slackening warmth of the milky-smooth air.

They were very quiet when driving home. She threw a look at his profile and it told her nothing. Hugh is dead, her mind cried all at once in shock; does this happen to others? The man I loved is dead. This is a disagreeable, surly and selfish stranger living in my house . . .

My house!

Ian came out that night, Hugh was back at his office, of which he had a key, to "catch up" on something not explained more explicitly. Escape from me, she thought heavily.

Ian was a softer, gentler edition of Hugh, but as tall, with the same grey eyes and brown hair ellipsed short at the temples. They had coffee on the porch with soundless rain feathering down on to the lilacs and the chrysanthemums. It hurt Phoebe to sense the beauty of air and perfume, and the closed door so cruelly locked. Nor did she know that Hugh, in the ugly stillness of a deserted city building, was grim and haggard, wrestling with his weaker self, the plans before him not so much as glanced at.

"Where have I failed, Ian?" Phoebe asked at last, half choked by her thoughts. "Was I wrong to-day, to give in to that longing to feel in touch with . . . perhaps you understand. I have no conventional religion and dogma means nothing to me, but . . . beauty has its own kind of peace, and perhaps, to-day, I thought it might give a little of it to him and to myself. Perhaps I was an idiot to lacerate myself with the memories dragged up like that. We . . . you remember we were married there. He hated the ceremony, of course. All real men do hate that sort of thing. But . . . Ian; where have I failed?"

"In succeeding," he answered, so briefly and quietly that she discovered his deep interest in her problem. He must have been thinking about it, quite a lot. She regarded him more closely in the thin light coming through the open sitting-room doors. The harbor water was not far away. She could smell the foggy scent that stole in streams of saltiness through the freshness of the silent rain. Phoebe frowned. "In succeeding," she echoed, but she knew what he implied.

"Hugh's a funny old chap," said his brother. "He always was, Phoebe. You're not the sort of female fool to govern your adult life by romanticism, and expect perfection . . ."

"Which he does," she interrupted.

Please turn to Page 22

FRAGRANT AS THE ORANGE BLOSSOM



Will she retain it when she's 40



LOTION CREME
Fragrant as the Orange Blossom. Ideal powder base. Preserves under tissue of the skin. The perfect beauty aid. Obtainable from all leading chemists and stores, in 2 sizes, 1/4 and 2/8.



LIQUID COLD CREAM
Ideal skin food for night use. Softens the skin during sleep. Should also be used for removal of makeup. Self in use size only—2 oz. bottle, 1/4.

With skin so flawless, its future beauty depends upon the loving care it now receives. Cherish your skin with FEMàLURE, an exquisitely perfumed lotion cream, specially made to reach and condition the under tissues that hold the secret of skin loveliness. It is a perfect powder base and should be used regularly after washing, housework or outdoor activities, because it replenishes the natural moisture that is constantly lost and thus keeps the skin soft—supple—exquisitely smooth.

At night, use its toilet partner FEMàLURE Liquid Cold Cream. It contains no wax, nothing to clog and enlarge pores and provides just that nightly care your skin requires.

FEMàLURE

* A LUXURY EVERY WOMAN CAN AFFORD

Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

GALLANT DECEPTION

I WAS a patient in a small country hospital and one day, looking out the window I noticed a strange figure, unmistakably that of a man, but dressed in a nurse's uniform, red cape and all, slouching across the backyard carrying a pail. He disappeared into a barn at the rear and presently I heard a queer falsetto voice crooning a melody.

Later I learned that the matron was on vacation, and her pet jersey cow would not allow a stranger to milk her. The result was that the "hand" had to struggle into a nurse's overall morning and night in order to approach her.

10/6 to Miss A. Rose, George St., Stepney, S.A.

FORGOTTEN WIFE

A TEN-MILE drive in a sulky to the nearest town on bad roads is tough enough, but when you forget your wife—look out!

I wanted to get to town early one morning. The wife and baby were coming for the outing, but as the baby seemed to be taking an extra lot of dressing I decided to harness the horse.

Without further thought, I put the horse in and drove out of the yard and on to town. On entering the first shop I remembered and blurted out in despair, "Gee, I've forgotten the wife."

2/6 to Geo. F. Smith, Goomburra, via Allora, Qld.

REAL HERO

RETURNING to Melbourne by car from Cowwarr, Gippsland, we were told that, owing to the flooding of the line, we would have to make a detour across country to pick up the Melbourne train.

On our journey we had to cross a bridge which was covered by several feet of water. To keep the engine warm a young man got out of the car and walked through the freezing water, holding his coat over the radiator.

That did the trick. We got across.

2/6 to Cassie Mitchell, Westbury St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

EMBARRASSING MOMENT

VISITING the local baths, I met a schoolteacher friend who had brought down a class of High School girls for a swim.

We were standing talking, when two girls came up. One of them asked the teacher a question, and at that moment I noticed that the other girl was heavily powdered and rouged. So did my friend. She took one look, and, pointing an accusing finger at her, said: "Go and wash that stuff off your face at once!"

There was an embarrassing silence, and then the schoolgirl said: "This is my auntie. She met me here at the baths."

2/6 to Mrs. T. Webb, Liverpool Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

ONLY SOME OF IT

WHEN a bride of two weeks I started to cook rice. I knew that sago swelled, so measured three-quarters of a pound of rice and carefully boiled and steamed it, according to cookery book instructions.

When I brought the pudding to the table, my husband said:

"Pretty big pudding, isn't it?"

"You should see what is left in the kitchen," I informed him.

2/6 to Mrs. McKemmish, Heller St., West Brunswick, Vic.

UNUSUAL FRIGHT

WHILE father and mother were away on holidays I looked after the place, and, returning early one night, saw a light in the house.

Rushing over to a neighbor's place I told him there were burglars in the house. He investigated, and when he returned he told me there were people in the house.

"But," he added, "they're your father and mother."

2/6 to Miss T. Wolfgramm, Hume St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Flung beneath hoofs of bolting horse

THE horse I was driving into town with my sister and two young children beside me was usually quiet and difficult to frighten.

But rounding a bend we drew level with a tent at the side of the road. The horse hesitated and looked at it, but when I flicked the reins he moved on. A second later, however, a sudden gust of wind made the tent-fly flap with a sharp crack.

This caused the horse to lunge violently and, dragged by the reins, I was flung out of the trap and landed with a breath-taking jolt under the animal's hoofs and in front of the wheels. One wheel passed over my arms at the elbows, fracturing one of them, and then over my knee and ankle.

I must have lost consciousness momentarily, for when I staggered to my feet I saw the terrified horse bolting down the road, about two hundred yards away, with the reins flying beneath his feet and my sister sitting helpless, clutching the two children.

Never will I forget those next few moments. I stood there helpless, watching, certain that I would never see my children again alive.

In front of the racing horse was a sharp bend, which I knew the sulky could not possibly negotiate, and as they came up to it the three of them were hurled out on to the bank, to lie in three heaps, apparently dead.

That was the last I remembered. When I regained consciousness I was in a neighbor's house, and on opening my eyes I saw my family gazing anxiously down at me.

Amazingly, I was the only one seriously injured. The others had been merely bruised by the fall.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. A. White, Stoker's, Tweed River, N.S.W.

Soaked in Soft Drink

PICNIC time and my husband, who kept a store in Bendigo, decided to open a soft drink and ice-cream stall at Ravenwood.

Loading up a van in which we harnessed a pony, we set out with our ten-months-old baby. There was no trouble until we were going down Big Hill, when the brakes could not keep the van from running down on the pony.

This made him reticent, and he lashed out. In a few seconds pieces of the van were flying in all directions.

Suddenly the van swerved and turned over and, with baby, I was pinned underneath.

Apart from a soaking with soft drink we were not seriously hurt and were rescued by my husband.

How we escaped death was a miracle.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Armstrong, Marong, Vic.

Saved by a Chain

WHILE employed as a porter on the railways it was my duty each evening to return with the last train on its way to the sheds and turn off the lights in each compartment.

There was a slot at the end of each carriage above the couplings, and one turn with a key would turn off all the lights.

As a rule I did this before the train left the station, but on this occasion it had started and I walked along the footboard and leaned out over the buffers to manipulate the key.

By this time the train had gathered momentum, and as I leant over I slipped and fell across the centre coupling between the carriages.

Fortunately I was able to grasp the draw hook of one of the carriages and prevent myself from falling down. I was assisted, too, by the fact that the rolling stock in those days had what were known as side chains. These hooked together between the cars in addition to the centre coupling, and one of them supported me, and saved my headlong fall to the rails.

I travelled along between the carriages for a mile and a half before the train stopped.

2/6 to A. F. Williams, Liberty St., Belmont, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy," we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column. Full address at top of Page 3.



"My grandmother's advice was—buy Horrockses Sheets"

Yes—even when I was married my grandmother advised me to buy Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases. In the years I've been keeping house, I've had time to prove that my grandmother was right, and I'm convinced that it pays to buy Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases today with the same good old-fashioned quality—with the same whiteness and durability of the Horrockses products in use 150 years ago.

The Name
is your assurance of
+ QUALITY
+ COMFORT
+ ECONOMY

You pay no more, so insist on

Horrockses
REGD.
SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES



"I was flung under the horse's hoofs."

Swimmer's Ruse

HOLIDAYING at Bowen, North Queensland, I went swimming with a friend, who, having swum from one end of the beach to the other, signalled to me to follow.

Just as I poised to dive I noticed a large shark just below the surface, and my friend, seeing me hesitate, gesticulated and laughed, thinking that I was scared to face the swim.

I kept pointing to the shark and shouting, but he could not hear me, and, realising that he would swim back to get me, I ran from the rock and fell over purposely, pretending to be hurt.

This had the desired effect. He ran round the beach, and when he reached me I explained the situation.

2/6 to C. N. Flynn, Bowen St., Annerley, Brisbane.

Painter's Plight

A PAINTER was busy on the outside of my aunt's home when suddenly there was a strange noise. Peering through a window my aunt saw that the painter was caught across the wrists by the electric wires, which came in under the verandah roof.

"Hold on, I'm coming," she called, forgetting that he could not let go.

Then, realising the seriousness of his plight, and remembering that she would get a shock herself if she touched him, she grabbed up a walking stick with a crook on it and, hooking his right arm, pulled him to the ground.

By this time he was unconscious, but he soon revived. Had he remained there another few seconds, however, nothing could have saved him.

2/6 to Hilary Holgate, St. Albans, Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

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Contents of Bale: (POST FREE).

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Getting Fat and Slack?

ARE YOUR LOOKS FADING AWAY?

Normal weight means normal health and activity. If you are getting fat and slack, the cause may be a congested state of your intestinal tract. Overweight people are much troubled with constipation, which, through the absorption of waste matter into the system, causes sick headache, biliousness, pimply skin, bad breath, unhealthy fat, and slackness.

Regain your bright and attractive appearance by banishing constipation with Pinkettes. Tiny, perfectly harmless, gentle yet absolutely effective, these famous laxative and liver pills exercise and strengthen the bowels, keep the food tract clean and active, stir the liver, and thus banish sick headache, bilious attacks, pimples, bad breath, and unsightly fat. Get a 1/3 bottle of Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores.

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Use 3-in-one oil on all working parts and see how much easier and smoother your sewing machine runs.

3-IN-ONE OIL
CLEANS
LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL
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Bright Brass from the right tin



To reveal a new richness in your brass, all you need is Brasso and a soft cloth. Surely and safely this quality polish gives a brilliant and lasting shine. Look for this tin.

Brasso
LIQUID METAL POLISH

A RECKITT'S PRODUCT—MADE IN AUSTRALIA

SAMPLES CAME FROM film stars' dresses

Novel gift to schoolgirl from
friend in America

Two dozen small pieces of dress material, which arrived by post for Pearl Jones, a seventeen-year-old Parramatta schoolgirl, have caused far more excitement than would ordinarily be caused by a few samples.

For the samples are pieces of the actual materials used for frocks worn by a number of Hollywood film stars in recent pictures.

SEWN together, the pieces would make a patchwork of not more than a square yard, but they represent a wardrobe of frocks worth thousands of pounds.

There are satins, lame, brocades, taffetas, wool cloth, printed linens, and even a small piece of white fur from Sonja Henie's latest skating dress.

The samples were sent to Pearl Jones by a pen friend, sixteen-year-old Dorothy Henley, of San Francisco, with whom she has been corresponding for nearly a year.

The original pieces were given to a friend of Dorothy's mother who works in the wardrobe department of a Hollywood studio. She made a present of them to Dorothy and, remembering her Australian friend, Dorothy cut them in halves and posted a set to her, keeping the other set for herself.

The samples include a piece of

apple-green brocade from a frock worn by Anna May Wong, gold lame patterned in vivid colors from Constance Bennett's evening frock which she wore in "Topper," linen embroidered in Mexican colors from Dolores del Rio's film wardrobe, a piece of grey crepe from a frock worn by Janet Gaynor in "The Young in Heart."

From Latest Films

OTHER samples in the collection are a piece of the turquoise-blue velvet worn by Norma Shearer as Marie Antoinette, thick white satin and gold brocade from Sonja Henie's skating suits, leaf-patterned pink taffeta which will be seen in one of Joan Crawford's evening gowns in "The Shining Hour," rust satin worn by Deanna Durbin, and rose satin from a frock of Joan Bennett's, navy taffeta from Billie Burke's latest screen frock, and a piece of the rich hem frill from Jane Withers' yellow taffeta party dress.

Nursery rhyme print worn by



PEARL JONES
with the samples
from film stars'
frocks sent to her
from America.

Dala Wood of "Our Gang," pink tulle from the dance frock worn by Bette Davis in "Three Sisters," brown velvet used for one of Claudette Colbert's latest creations, maize crepe worn by Patay Kelly and yellow crepe from a frock worn by Rosina Lawrence comprise the rest of Pearl's Hollywood collection. Pearl is an earnest student at

school, but, like thousands of other girls, she is also, in her spare time, an earnest student of the screen. Her favorite stars are Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Next in her estimation come Alice Fay, Clark Gable and Tyrone Power.

The Closed Door

Continued from Page 20

that into the real person you are beneath . . . and he's unconquerable."

"How . . . how do you know so much about me?" she asked on a breath.

How? He could have told her in four words: because I love you. But he loved his brother also, and robbing another man's home—even though Phoebe might have participated—was not in his philosophy.

"Well, you see, dear, I've been a third party in your problem, and the onlooker sees most of the game. In another tone he asked: "Just how much do you value this bungalow, Phoebe . . . the servant and the service she gives you, your nice clothes, your spending-money, your inevitable sense of taking part in the working-day world?"

She knew the question was not an idle one, so hesitated to reply in honesty: "I adore all that," she confessed, "and this house is ideal for me. I never did like big houses with rooms wasting. I've made everything in it just right."

"With Your money, remember."

"Yes, with my . . . What are you driving at, Ian? Tell me, however it hurts."

"Put it this way—which do you value most, all this, as represented by your success, or Hugh, and all that his . . . love represents?"

"I can't NEED you ask that?" she demanded.

HE smiled. "No, I needn't ask. Hugh, by the way, has been hankering for some time for a change in the country. Did you know? He has a car . . . your car. He's planning to buy one of his own. A car each is fatal to the happiness of any married couple situated as you are. He has his eye on a block of ground facing the sea down the coast . . . not too far for driving in daily. But his attitude is wrong. He wants it as a hide-out, an escape from you and your success . . . And I'm afraid he's making a bid for the purchase. Phoebe."

The beginning of the final end! Panic filled her. A blind hand reached out to seize Ian's fingers. His thumb moved to and fro over her soft knuckles.

"Phoebe," he asked in such a tone of subtlety that she stiffened to listen with care: "Phoebe—can't it be possible that an ordinary weak woman after nearly seven years going against the grain when trying to be a business woman, might be on the verge of a

break-down? You look thin . . . ill . . . tired and more. In fact, you look about due for a severe break-down." She was listening with her heart thudding.

"Of course, it would be darn bad luck to lose your job . . . to give up this house for a few years or more. But the rent would come in handy . . . in your private bank account. A cottage far from town would be hard work, and . . . But I've been thinking you're due for a break-down. In fact, old thing, I believe you've come to an end of your business career . . . what?"

She sat rigid; no return to work after Easter. A slow, difficult readjustment, a sacrifice of all the nice things she had earned and paid for, no more smart clothes, Susie to go, the bungalow to let to strangers, and . . . "Yes," she said with her heart thumping, "I . . . do feel ill and tired."

It was true; it was true as death, and there were all kinds of death, all kinds of break-down. Eastertime . . . it was Eastertime. She could never be alone again at Eastertime.

And as this conviction solidified to what was almost a purpose, she felt that it must be right—undeniably right. The very spirit of the quiet season entered her thoughts. "Sacrifice," she heard her mind say. "Sacrifice—A sacrifice of worldly things for the greater things of the soul and heart. Of course, it was right. There was nobody who would or could deny it—if they understood."

"I'll send Dr. Hart round to look at you," said Ian, rising and lifting her to her feet with both hands in hers. He kissed her softly on one cheek and for a moment she closed her eyes as if peace had fallen on her spirit. "Anything I can do, Phoebe, I will . . . you know that."

Yes, she knew that. A very softened, eased, and thoughtful young woman, tears on her lashes, went tiredly into her bedroom and closed the door.

THE following Easter found two people digging in a violet bed at Hugh's new cottage, not very ornamental as yet, nor was the garden very forward in its effort to become a garden. But the young trees would soon throw shade, and Phoebe had managed, out of Hugh's modest income, to make the interior quite charming. She had on a cotton frock with large bright flowers in the pattern, and her dark head was bare to the pale sunlight.

THE smell of soft rain clung round the gums surrounding their plot, and the sea was quiet a hundred feet away. Ian was coming down to spend Friday, Saturday, and Sunday with them, and at any moment his car might turn into the half-formed driveway. The bungalow was let, an arrangement suiting Hugh, who said that by the time rates, taxes, interest and the remaining mortgage was paid off, she'd have little left of the rent. Which was true.

Ian's car skidded round the bend where the seagrass made tufts on the dunes, and soon he was with them by the verandah where deck-chairs stood. One of Phoebe's earth-stained hands held a small red-handled fork; she tossed it down to take Ian's fingers into her own; "Ian . . . now Easter is just perfect." She moved away, followed by his quiet glance and Hugh's crooked smile.

Hugh looked after her shrewdly: "I knew she could never stick it out in town. That job was killing her. I warned her a hundred times . . . Well, stubborn women stick things out until they break, just to be stubborn, I suppose. I suppose, really, it was pride, or egotism, or sensitivity or some such rot . . . Anyhow, when she had that smash-up I jolly well took charge. That bungalow meant nothing to her, after all. What's that . . . ?" he called, as Phoebe had something about the door to the front of the cottage. She seemed to be struggling with the lock.

"Press with your knee," Hugh shouted across the garden, "the darn door is open . . ." Then, to his brother: "Phoebe's about the most incapable chump I've ever met. The darn door was open all the time."

Ian smiled: "Perhaps . . ." he said, taking out his cigarette case and watching the cottage with narrowed eyes. "Perhaps it was, old man. However, I'm inclined to think it was shut."

Hugh did not hear him. He was standing, chest out, inflating his lungs with the mild rainy air full of the scent of growing things and the sea. "Jove, eh," he said, expelling a deep breath, "this is the life. Why the devil don't you marry and settle down like me?"

Ian made no answer. He was busy with a flickering match.

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ALl characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



Brush wool pullover,
gold, wine, clover,
aqua, navy. 7/11

Easter sportsters

Bosque cordigon in
navy, gold, beige,
tasha. At 14/11

Chenille-rib pullover,
fawn, ecru, wine,
navy, emerald. 12/11

Multi-coloured pull-
over plain sleeves.
3W. to OS. 18/11

A light-hearted young hat with a sporting crown that twists into any shape at all. Hosts of the new Autumn colours. 10/11

Farmer's

BURSTS INTO PRINT
With SMART HOLIDAY IDEAS

If Easter's wet you can still tramp serenely unruffled through a miry Showground. First a lightweight oil silk raincoat—in sage, red, green, brown, black. Folds into an envelope small enough for handbag. 29/6 Then a pair of rainboots from Canada... zipper style, in black or brown. 14/9

Rainboots, Third Floor. Raincoats, Ground Floor.



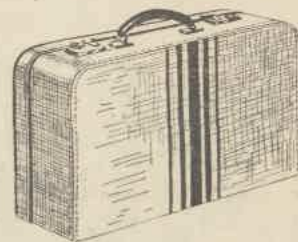
Correct, Crisp, brilliant finish to the left-hand pocket of your tailored suit... of sheer, sheer linen, spotted, striped and flowered in all the colours you've ever seen a hankie in—and more. Hand-rolled hems, and sizes small or large. 1/6 and 1/11

Hankies, Ground Floor.

Lightest of Luggage for Easter week-enders... 65 only English soft-top blouse cases reduced. Grey featherweight and waterproof canvas, striped in blue, and neatly lined.

Sizes	18"	20"	22"
Usually	22/6	27/6	29/6
Special	15/6	17/6	19/6

Travel Goods, Lower Ground



Easter Indispensables for your glowing, all-weather tramping... "Town Strollers", the sturdy-but-not-solid shoes which are lighter, more flexible than welts. Have yours in either black or brown calf. All-leather cuban heels, 1/2's, 2-7. 15/9

Footwear, Third Floor.

Keen winds, cool rains are wonderfully invigorating, but to a delicate skin—unkind. For winter complexion care, the gentle film of Parke-Davis Sunburn Cream is a godsend to hikers, motorists, golfers—all who love our doors. Perfect powder base. 2/6

Pharmacy, Ground Floor.



Spice for Suits in special-value, tailored blouses, sparkling with the freshest, most vital of the new season's colours, crisply stitched and beautifully fitted. Made in the latest over-your-skirt style with a prim little collar. S.W. and W., 10/11, O.S., 12/6

Blouses, Ground Floor



TASTE FUDORE... Will you have "Rum and Butter" or "Dunester" Toffee? "Old English" or "Ye Olden Treacle Hamburgs"? "Ye Olden Mixed Fruit Drops" or butter drops? All in exclusive Parkinson's English sweets. 1/3. 1 lb., 2/6.



Confectionery, Ground Floor.

THOUSANDS NOW RELY UPON . . .
Coverspot to conceal PIMPLES,
 FRECKLES and UGLY SKIN BLEMISHES



SEE HOW QUICKLY AND EASILY YOU
 CAN CONCEAL ANY SKIN BLEMISH!

In a few seconds
 COVERSPOOT
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 others, so com-
 pletely that no one
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Simply rub COVERSPOOT over the
 blemish just like an ordinary face-
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COVERSPOT IS IDEAL FOR ALL
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 known sunburn and freckles—makes
 powder cling hours longer.

★ Coverspot saves you from embarrassment.
 Four shades—Sooty, Dark Sooty,
 Rachelle, Natorelle. Two sizes—Economy
 jar 4/6. Handy purse size 2/6. Wise women
 keep the 2/6 size in handbag for immediate
 use when sudden pimples, spots, etc., ap-
 pear.

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 SAFE... HYGIENIC... CANNOT HARM THE FINEST SKIN

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 LOUD SPEAKER!

In
The Shadow of
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The Greatest
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2 Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. 2
 G 7.15 p.m. G
 B Commencing April 10 B
 Next Monday

FOUND WEALTH BUT lost happiness

STORY OF GAY EUROPEAN HONEYMOON
 THAT ENDED IN TRAGEDY

Can sudden wealth bring happiness to people when it
 lifts them from a simple working-class background into
 the dizzy heights of a leisured social life?

This is the theme of "They Wanted To Live," sequel to Cecil
 Roberts' best-seller, "Victoria Four Thirty."

JIM BROWN was a railway
 porter at Victoria Station,
 London.

He wheeled luggage to the
 Continental trains for kings,
 artists, world-famous and
 other celebrities, and dreamed
 that one day he would take
 his sweetheart, Lizzie Parrish,
 a very pretty waitress, on a
 European honeymoon.

If you read "Victoria Four-
 Thirty" you have
 already made
 Jim's acquaint-
 ance.

In Cecil Rob-
 erts' latest book
 Jim's dream is
 fulfilled. He wins
 a football pool
 and he and Lizzie
 go off to Europe.

Money makes little difference to
 the sensible, balanced Jim; but
 Lizzie, who believes that aristocratic
 blood flows in her veins in spite of
 her humble upbringing, dreams of
 a permanent escape from their
 working-class environment.

In the brief journey that takes
 them from London to Paris, Jim
 becomes "James" and pretty Lizzie
 becomes "beautiful Betty."

"I hate mean streets and poor
 people, and bad food, and haggling
 over the pennies," says Betty. . . .
 "If we play our cards well there's
 no knowing where we shall end."

To which Jim's reaction is, "You'll
 only make yourself miserable by
 trying to turn me into something
 I'm not. That's what's the matter
 with most people to-day. They've
 lost their anchors, and they want
 folks to think they're liners when
 they're only tramps."

James and Betty are not depend-
 ent on guide books during their
 European honeymoon.

Through a chance meeting in a
 Paris cafe they are escorted to
 Vienna and Budapest by a delightful
 eccentric, Henry Waddle, founder
 and organizer of an international
 campaign to encourage folk-dancing.

Mr. Waddle's faith in dancing is
 so strong that he believes if people
 of different races danced together
 there would be no need for arma-
 ments or the League of Nations.

Mr. Waddle shows them a Vienna
 unknown to the average tourist, and
 enlists their aid in "kidnapping"
 out of Nazi-occupied Austria the
 adopted baby of a famous Jewish
 conductor who has fled to Budapest.

Swept Off Their Feet

IN Budapest the unsophisticated
 young honeymooners are swept
 off their feet by the charm of the
 last gay capital of Europe.

They are carried into a whirl of
 fashionable hotels and night clubs
 with Hungarian counts and princes.

They are guests in a castle
 in the Hungarian Plain, where
 they see the feudal life of the
 villages, the gay color of the
 costumes of peasants and
 plainmen.

More worldly women than Betty
 have succumbed to the charm of
 faultless manners, floral tributes,
 extravagant compliments, and black-
 eyed young men kissing their hands.

While Betty adapts herself to their
 new background, Jim is unhappy.

"He was aware of the awful bore-
 dom of doing whatever one liked,
 of getting up when one pleased, of
 having no discipline imposed by
 necessity."

"The strange thing was that Betty
 excelled in all this. If he con-
 fessed that he was beginning to
 think fondly of a discarded porter's
 cap, and to miss the bustle of the

Continental Express leaving Vic-
 toria, she would think him mad."

"Betty spoke of poverty as re-
 volting. She expressed a dislike of
 'common' people. Yet she had won-
 derful qualities. She was far more
 intelligent than he would ever be,
 she had taste and courage in reach-
 ing out for what she wanted. But
 she had no deep enjoyment in any-
 thing existing in her own world. She
 wanted life to be a fairy-tale in which
 she was discovered as a princess in
 disguise."

"What would happen when she
 suddenly found that
 Cinderella generally
 remained Cinderella
 and never got to the
 ball, that the kitchen
 and not the ballroom
 was the place for the
 working-man's wife?"

"When you've
 money you've got
 more worries than
 when you've not,"
 Jim says later.

"There's something about money
 that gets a stranglehold on you. It
 changes you, it makes you afraid of
 something that will happen for the
 worst. It changes other people, in
 the way they behave to you, and
 what they want of you. I used to
 laugh when my old mother called it
 the root of all evil. She was right!"



CECIL ROBERTS, author of
 "They Wanted To Live."

The gay honeymoon of young Mr.
 and Mrs. Brown ends in tragedy.
 Count Zarin was the most persis-
 tent, most devastating of the little
 court that gathered round Betty.

When Jim returns to London he
 returns alone.

A telegram from Henry Waddle
 takes him to Prague, where Betty
 is in hospital, wounded in a border
 affray between Hungary and Ruth-
 enia.

In this crisis the beautiful Betty
 of social ambitions becomes the
 pretty little waitress again.

"Jim, darling, I love you. For-
 give me, Lizzie," is the dying mes-
 sage she scrawls to her husband.

In less than a year after his sud-
 den wealth came to him, Jim is back
 at Victoria Station in his porter's
 cap.

His life is unchanged except that
 his mother now has her own home
 and does not need to take a lodger.
 Nothing is left of his gay European
 adventures but the friendship of
 Henry Waddle.

"They Wanted to Live," by Cecil
 Roberts (Hodder and Stoughton).
 Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



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The Movie World

April 8, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 **GEORGE FORMBY** displays interest in sleuthing and pretty Google Withers.

2 **GUS MCNAUGHTON** and Formby on the trail.

3 **THE FAMOUS FORMBY** banjo is put to good use when George wants to persuade the household help into his detection schemes.



4 **DISGUISED** as an emergency waiter, Formby crashes an opera singer's party.

5 **HEROIC RESCUE** of Google at a brewery unites the two—in beer.

Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

"Shower Tea!"

CAROLE LOMBARD surprised Clark Gable with a birthday party at his new ranch, and to say the affair was informal is putting it mildly. He'd just moved in and hadn't more than three pieces of furniture in the house, so the guests brought along an assortment of boxes on which to sit! In tribute to his enthusiasm for ranching, the gifts included chickens, pigs, a rather moth-eaten mule (from Carole), and a couple of sacks of fertilizer.

Annabella Role

DARRYL ZANUCK is probably glad he didn't let Annabella return to England to work out her Fox contract. He has now lent her to MGM for a tidy sum, to co-star with Robert Young in "Maiden Voyage," a vehicle originally intended for Luise Rainer. Annabella, by the way, is still Tyrone Power's constant companion. They go to church together each Sunday morning.

Year-old Player

BOB BURNS was highly elated when Paramount agreed to let his one-year-old daughter make her movie debut in Bob's next picture. They needed a baby who resembled Burns, and his own youngster seemed ideal. Bob cracked, "Well, I'm the first actor in our family, but it begins to look as though I'm going to found a theatrical dynasty!"

Handsome Gift

BEFORE leaving on his concert tour, Nelson Eddy turned his Beverly Hills home over to his mother, telling her she could keep it as an investment, use it as her own residence, or dispose of it as she felt inclined. Eddy and his bride, the former Ann Franklyn, have secured some land in Brentwood, and plan to build a home there. It will include a special apartment for the star's mother, which she can use as a permanent home or for occasional visits.

Formby—Singing Sleuth

• **LATEST VEHICLE** for the extravagant capers of English comedian George Formby is "Trouble Brewing," an Associated Talking Pictures production. George plays a compositor in a newspaper office who feels called by destiny to unmask a gang of counterfeiters. His misdirected sleuthing brings him plenty of trouble, including a match with an all-in wrestling champion, the theft of evidence hidden in a lady's stocking, and the kidnapping of the police chief by mistake. Three new song hits are introduced between times.

Perfect Leg

STANDARD studio specifications for the perfect feminine leg are: 18 inches at the thigh, 13½ inches at the knee, 12½ inches at the calf, and 8 inches at the ankle.

Kayser Hose is the talk of the town
From the highest society down
For each matron and miss
Is quite certain of this —
KAYSER brand has the biggest renown!



"I'm a
ONE Brand
woman now"

I insist on
KAYSER
HOSIERY · WOOLIES · GLOVES

Now that I've found Kayser I'm sticking to them. They do wonderful things to my legs; and my stocking budget goes twice as far. Kayser Mir-o-Kleer Sheers and Service Weights from 4/11 and Super Mir-o-Kal Sheers are 7/11.

"88X is famous as a sheer at 4/11. Now improved and featuring the new lace welt and no extra cost."

H 3.9.

"Wrong-way"

CORRIGAN

**Just a small
boy at heart**

CORRIGAN — the "wrong-way" flier—ought to be a great hit with the girls as a film hero if there's anything in the traditional idea that it is the small boy in every big man that makes a woman yearn over him.

For Corrigan is still mostly "small boy."

His film, "The Flying Irishman," is just out of the cutting-room, and it looks as though the small boy is going to be just as big a hit as an actor as he is as an airman.

It hasn't been easy to handle Corrigan in his acting career. A man who flies the Atlantic by mistake and turns a bland, blank face to every sort of regulation can't be forced into the Hollywood mould like a melted jelly.

Doug had a perfectly clear idea in his own mind about what he would be willing to do for the sake of being a screen hero and what he would consider the little too much. And when he came up against the little too much he spoke out.

Corrigan Blushes

SOME of those who worked with him say "Give me a temperamental movie star any day." When it's temperament you're dealing with, soothing attention and a little blarney can calm the storm. But when it's the doggone determination of a man who knows his own mind, soft soap just won't wash.

On occasions Doug has had to give in. For instance, he flatly refused to smear make-up on his face, and on that point he eventually was overruled.

The reason?

Well, Corrigan may be fearless in the face of death, but what a panic he gets in when faced with a pretty girl—with a director and a camera crew looking on!

The camera sees all and tells all, including the sunset hue of Corrigan's blushes. So he just had to have make-up to hide them.

That's only one of dozens of stories they tell about him. No young man has made more legends than Corrigan in so short a time, and every story illustrates some facet of his engaging personality.

For instance, when introduced to Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., on the set of "Gunga Din," he said to the first two: "I'm sorry I can't talk shop any better with you, but I don't remember having seen either of you on the screen."

Quick-witted Cary had an answer: "The man is more to be pitied than scorned," and the two "nonentities" promptly asked for Corrigan's autograph.

To Fairbanks jun., he announced he had seen all of his pictures because he was the son of Doug sen., Corrigan's childhood hero.

With a naive grin he confessed he'd changed his name to Douglas because of that. He was christened Clyde.

It appears that when Corrigan was selling newspapers to help out the family finances he heard that his hero, Fairbanks, was coming through San Antonio on a certain train.

HOLLYWOOD BUZZES WITH STORIES OF THIS NAIVE, ASTONISHING YOUNG MAN, "THE FLYING IRISHMAN"

From John B. Davies,
in New York.

Determined to sell his hero a paper, Corrigan raced to the station and fought his way through a huge crowd till he could climb up on the rear platform of the railcar. He brandished his paper

at Doug, sen., and kept brandishing it.

Which apparently wore Fairbanks, sen., down. He produced a dime, refused change, and the flying Irishman still keeps that dime as a good luck token.

THE only double needed for Corrigan for his life-story film, "The Flying Irishman," was a boy of ten to portray him during his youthful days in San Antonio.

Executives at RKO studios considered hiring someone to play Corrigan at 16, but then they discovered that he to-day at 32 is so like the boy he was at 16 that this was unnecessary.

He is exactly the same in measurements for he hasn't added height, weight or breadth since that time.

In facial appearance he has changed so little that only the lightest make-up was necessary to complete the illusion of youth.

Of course, the expression is half the battle. Most of the time, "Wrong-Way" Corrigan looks like nothing else but a twelve-year-old imp of mischief.

Just a boy at heart, you know . . .

• A characteristic study of Douglas Corrigan, the "wrong-way" flier, who has just completed work on his first Hollywood film.



• Doug Corrigan taking direction from Leigh Jason, the director of the RKO film, "The Flying Irishman," in which Corrigan plays the story of his life and his "wrong-way" flight.

Who next?

HOLLYWOOD studios have no shy diffidence or coy modesty about making offers to people whose names provide a golden opportunity to cash in on ready-made fame.

Corrigan is one case where they succeeded.

Most notable case of failure—and priceless optimism—was the offer made by producer-director Wesley Ruggles to England's own Mr. Eden.

You'll remember that during Mr. Eden's recent visit to America the tidy sum of £10,000 was dangled before him in case he fancied himself as a screen star with a love interest in Irene Dunne.

There are hair-raising possibilities in the thought of what the film moguls would do if they could persuade such people to sign on the dotted line.

Australia's urbane Mr. Bruce, for instance, would undoubtedly find himself typed as the smoothest butler yet seen. Mr. Lyons might figure as head of a family.

Lord Baldwin is a likely bet for the victim of a "whodunit" piece in which the old squire had been again foully murdered, and what they would do with the umbrella-minded Mr. Chamberlain is quite beyond imagination.

We should be grateful to Mr. Eden for taking a firm stand!

New social values

★ True to Life

• Alice Faye's career is very typical of Hollywood. She rose to fame as a melody plunger and has now switched into straight dramatic parts. Therefore she is a fitting choice to play the central figure in a film being planned by Darryl Zanuck, and designed to cover the cavalcade of Hollywood from the days of the silent one-reelers to the present period of all-talking, all-singing, all-color, all-wonderful epics. Alice has battled up from a poverty-stricken childhood to the opulence of chinchilla and champagne.

Primo. Famous for her Continental and New York parties, Dorothy was the honored guest of the Pickfair set on her first visit years ago.

Yes, she liked the people she met there, but she liked others, too. She came back to Hollywood, bought a house, and looked around to see who could make her laugh. Mostly, they were people outside her circle.

She opened the door—wide.

To her parties were bidden the new and the old of Hollywood's famous, the glad and the gay rather than the social and the successful. Dorothy's Hollywood parties became as famous as her New York do's. What's more, they made the formal entertaining of the old days seem just the least lettie bit dull.

Other hostesses began to extend their guest lists . . . the change had set in.

POLO had quite an influence on the position. The social polo clubs and teams showed a lofty disinterest in players outside their ranks. The Hollywood players formed their own teams and got their own grounds, and went on playing as though the older circles had never existed.

• Alice Faye, one of the Hollywood stars who have worked up to stardom from humble beginnings. Under the new social regime, she mingles with the exclusive sets.

Naturally sportsmanship couldn't keep that up, for the new players began to show a form that commanded attention, and soon the two sets were arranging matches enthusiastically.

These things got around. World-weary socialites here, there and everywhere began to

bear more about good times to be had in Hollywood.

In the eternal search for pleasure they put the Californian coast on their itinerary. More social names were seen in the reports of screenland parties, more cinema names were listed in the parties of visiting lions.

Then the pot began to boil in Europe. The idle rich were vaguely uneasy on the Riviera, vaguely conscious of the proximity of possibly hostile plane fleets, of itchy trigger-fingers, and fire-eating dictators.

Came September last and a wholesale exodus of those who didn't need to stay any longer in the old world that trembled before a terrible end.

The playgirls and the playboys were more attracted by Hollywood than ever. New York was full of money troubles and large-scale spending was not in favor. You could never say that about Hollywood, which spends and spends and spends and never asks where next week's rent is coming from.

As an attitude of mind that appeals to the sort of society that isn't really touched by depressions. It added to their notion that they might skip the Riviera for a while in favor of a safer spot. Which is common sense rather than cowardice.

At any rate, the present social sparkle in Hollywood has established the film city irrevocably as society's playground, and this winter it will almost certainly be the headquarters of the International Set.

SOOCIETY used to come to Hollywood and stare at it through lorgnettes—like at the zoo.

"The oddest people, my dear," said the Duchess of This to Lady That as she swep on. That's all changed now.

The Duchess puts on her roller skates and slides hand in hand with Ginger Rogers.

You've got a right to laugh at the thought of social barriers in Hollywood. In a city where to-day's celluloid queen was a candy-store girl yesterday, you'd expect to find a generous disregard of origins and a genuine preference for people who know how to be amusing and like to be that way.

Yet it's been like that only recently.

For years there was a social fence in the film colony as hard to vault as the one round Ascot's royal enclosure. The queen of that particular backyard was the former

SOCIETY'S INTERNATIONAL SET NOW HOLIDAYS IN HOLLYWOOD AND HAS BROKEN UP ITS FORMER SNOBOCRACY

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

world's sweetheart, Mary Pickford, and its centre was her home, Pickfair.

Visiting blue-bloods and notables were invited there to meet only the people they should meet among the gilded thousands of that extraordinary spangle of the world's surface that is Hollywood. These were the chosen few of film fame and the social somebodies who were descended from the district's early settlers. This set was the Hollywood equivalent of aristocracy.

One instance may serve to show just how rigid were the Pickfair notions.

Mary was then Doug Fairbanks' wife and Doug had young Doug for a son. Young Doug fell in love with a screen star, the girl who had been scullery maid, shop-girl, Black Bottom dancer and perhaps a bit of a

larrikiness before she became Joan Crawford.

Young Doug married her, but it was eight months after their marriage in 1929 before the portals of Pickfair opened to admit his bride.

THE capitulation of the sacred social circle was made in the grand manner. Hollywood still remembers the stately and exclusive dinner party at which Joan, proud in her new dignity, was formally received.

A solemn assembly was waiting in Pickfair's white drawing-room when the butler announced "Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, jun." and the queen whose reign was nearly at an end moved graciously across to greet the new generation so willing to forget her traditions.

What could be more madly out of

keeping with America's vociferous claims of democracy and Hollywood's frankly mixed beginnings?

It would be idle to say that those who had won screen success without social success didn't hanker for the prestige that went with a seat on the top shelf. They did—but never expected to break in and mingle at play with the Vanderbilts and the du Ponts, the Earls and the girls of social rank who visited the screen city.

They put a brave face on it, however, and went out to play in their own backyards.

And that's how the change came about. Their own backyards weren't so bad.

Visitors to Hollywood inside the super social fence began to peer over. They saw outside fun and games they liked.

They saw people of lively wit, physical beauty, gilded glamor, people who could talk money as loudly as they could and gambol and frolic even more divertingly.

And if their background were—well—just different, why should the socially-established care?

Probably the first to play the new game was Dorothy, Countess di



● SECOND STAGE—unobservant husband throws bonnet on floor and ruffles wife's hair savagely.

Screen technique of "Breaking the news"

VIRGINIA BRUCE DEMONSTRATES
HER METHOD AS FILM WIFE OF
DETECTIVE MELVYN DOUGLAS.

● FIRST STAGE—a little playful nonsense with the baby's bonnet to test out the homecoming mood of the breadwinner.

BREAKING the news of what is so often called a happy event in the family has always provided the screen with opportunities for a sequence that combines laughter with honest tenderness.

The time-honored method was the husband's discovery of tiny garments hidden away in the wife's cupboard, but nowadays the revelation is usually made deliberately.

Virginia Bruce and Melvyn Douglas, as husband and wife in Columbia's "There's That Woman Again,"

demonstrate a technique in the modern manner.

Virginia calculates that any husband is apt to come home from the office after a hard day "in one of those moods." She has significant news for him and asks how he'll react. Will it be cheers or dismay? As a first manoeuvre, she provides a wifely kiss of greeting, then playfully puts a baby's bonnet on his head.

But alas, Melvyn is in one of those moods. He happens to be a detective and the clues were all wrong that day. Why on earth should he let his frivolous wife tie him up in ribbon? Without looking at the

offending object he tears it off savagely, casts it on the floor and ruffles his wife's hair.

As a wise wife Virginia deduces that this husband is more interested in dinner than anything else. Better get this over, she thinks, and hastily places the bonnet in husbandly hands.

Light begins to dawn here and it's time for Virginia to break down and confess coyly that it will no longer be just "you and me" in the family soon.

The reaction of a prospective father hasn't changed since the Stone Age. Melvyn forgets his dinner.



● THIRD STAGE (top right)—bonnet placed in husband's hands so he can see what it is. ● FOURTH STAGE (immediately above)—light begins to dawn as the news is broken coyly.

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"SKIN-VITAMIN A"

Announced just over one year ago,
Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin"
have made tremendous hit with
Australian women.



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!

Amazing Results! Pond's had this "skin-vitamin" tested and put into Pond's Creams for over three years. It was found that when skin lacked this vitamin completely it became rough and dull. But when Pond's Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied to skin daily, glands began to function again—the skin became smooth and healthy.

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Lady Harnsworth says:—
"Thanks for this wonderful new help in making the skin lovely. Pond's Creams with the 'skin-vitamin' in them have done wonders for my skin—made it so much smoother, clearer and finer. It's never rough or dry or weathered - looking now."



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—the Active
"Skin-Vitamin"

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1-ounce tubes for your handbag, 1-ounce jars for your dressing table, and economical 2 1/2 ounce jars containing approximately 2 1/2 times as much.



FREE! Pond's Creams with "Skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon to-day with four 1c stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Tanning. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glove-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted. **LIGHT CREAM** (Natural), **NATURAL** (Dark Brunette), **RACHEL** (Brunette), **BOAF** (Brunette), **SUNTAN** (Dark Brunette). **POND'S DEPT. (X11), Box 1111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.**

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



★ MICKEY ROONEY, ATTIRED IN A GIRL'S COSTUME FOR A SCENE IN "HUCKLEBERRY FINN," EATS ALONE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM—THE OTHER DINERS KIDDED HIM TOO MUCH.

★ LEWIS STONE, WHO HAS DRIVEN A CAR SINCE 1905, HAS NEVER CAUSED AN ACCIDENT NOR BEEN GIVEN A TRAFFIC TAG.

★ JOAN DAVIS, RUBBER-LEGGED COMEDIENNE, HAS BEEN ON STAGE AND SCREEN SINCE SHE WAS SEVEN—EXCEPT FOR TWO WEEKS SHE SOLD GOLDFISH IN A ST. PAUL STORE.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

★★★ DAWN PATROL

(Week's Best Release.)

Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Rathbone. (Warners.)

THIS drama of an English flying squadron in the Great War is fine entertainment, exhilarating and full of suspense.

From the squadron base seven planes set out each day on the "Dawn Patrol." But seven never return. Basil Rathbone, nerve-racked commander, who regards his job on the ground as that of "executioner," counts them by sound as they return. And, before very long, you are listening painfully and counting them with him.

The story follows the humors, tragedies, and comradeship of the fliers who go up; of the men who die; and of the youngsters who replace them.

Errol Flynn and David Niven, reckless aces, are the chief figures in the story. Flynn is fine—but Niven, in humor and drama alike, is magnificent. His lovely, effortless work just steals the film from the star.

The friendship of the pair is never threatened—until Flynn is made squadron-commander, who must never fly himself; and Niven's young brother is ordered by him to join the "Dawn Patrol."

Those air scenes, filmed from sputtering planes against grey skies, are immense. Here, the excitement of the film is keyed to its highest tension. The production work is superb.

Shows Still Running

★★★Pygmalion. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 17th week.

★★The Great Waltz. Musical biography. Liberty, 17th week.

★★Trade Winds. Entertaining mystery, plus travel adventure for Joan Bennett, Fredric March. Embassy, 2nd week.

ment of the film is keyed to its highest tension. The production work is superb.

On the ground, at the air patrol's base, are introduced several minor stories—in which the finest figures are cut by Donald Crisp, and by Carl Emond, as a German pilot captured behind the British lines.

"Dawn Patrol" is a new version of a famous early talkie—and worthy of the same laurels.—Plaza; showing.

★★★ ST. MARTIN'S LANE Charles Laughton. (Atlas.)

CHARLES LAUGHTON comes back in an unusual and fascinating story of London life.

This great actor brilliantly plays a "bunker," one of those street-artists who do variety turns for the long queues waiting outside the theatres—and make a living by passing round the hat.

Laughton befriends an impudent, beautiful, and calculating little Cockney girl, Vivien Leigh. And the plot describes Vivien's rise to fame "inside" on the stage—and its effect upon Charles.

Every ounce of the Laughton genius is exercised in making a vital, touching figure of the kindly "bunker." His role, for a change, is a heroic instead of a villainous one—and he makes even the inevitable "big scene" planned to show off his acting technique wring your heart-strings.

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Vivien Leigh—the English girl who is now Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind"—is an ivory, fiery brunette, with beautiful eyes. Her temperamental role makes it easy to see why Hollywood chose her for its much-discussed film.

The story of "St. Martin's Lane," noteworthy, too, for fine acting by Rex Harrison, loses courage as far as Vivien's role is concerned.

After having cruelly dropped her old friends she suffered a change of heart and tries to get Laughton onto the stage, too. But since this is the excuse for that "big scene" I mentioned before—and he does it by reciting Kipling's "If," of all things!—this lapse in logic can be forgiven.

By the way, Laughton produced the film as well as starring in it; which gives the entertainment another fresh interest.—Century; showing.

★ THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN

Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce. (Columbia.)

WITH Melvyn Douglas again in the leading role, this film deals with further episodes in the private life and career of Bill Reardon, private detective, as depicted first in "There's Always a Woman."

But this time we have languorous Virginia Bruce as his wife, in place of cheeky Joan Blondell. While entering wholeheartedly into the spirit of the farce as the wife who wants to help solve the mystery gets in the way, and stumbles on important clues, Virginia lacks Blondell's vivacity and natural humor. Her Zasu Pitts-like movements of eyebrow and hands strike an irritating note.

Douglas, however, is at his best in the very human role of the harassed husband and detective—a character amusingly different from the usual infallible figure depicted in detective films.

The film is devoted to the solving of a jewel robbery. But, in the "Thin Man" tradition, its plot gives a considerable amount of footage to the detective's domestic life.

More by good luck than skill, Douglas does find the jewel-thief—after a further quite thrilling series of robberies, two murders, and a last-minute rescue. Mayfair; showing.

★ PARIS HONEYMOON

Bing Crosby, Francisca Gaal, Akim Tamiroff, Edward Everett Horton, Shirley Ross. (Paramount.)

HERE is an attractive froth of entertainment, with some good-humored comedy, sprightly dialogue and melody—and Bing's own special brand of liquid warbling for those who like it.

One jarring note is caused by leading lady Francisca Gaal. Her brand of wide-eyed, gamin friskiness is cute at first, but pulls long before the film is over.

However, romance is not all. The film has plenty of humor, both from Edward Everett Horton and, amazingly enough, Akim Tamiroff.

Mr. Tamiroff is the owner of a castle in the Balkans, which Bing

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.
★ One star—average entertainment
★★ Two stars—above average
★★★ Three stars—excellent

Crosby purchases with a view to honeymoon. The lady of Bing's affections is Shirley Ross, a sophisticated society girl; and he himself is a wealthy Westerner who believes greatly in luck.

His luck first postpones his marriage to Shirley, then makes him meet, in the Balkans, the queen of the flower festival—in the person of Francisca Gaal.

From there on it is tuncful comedy plus entanglements of the heart. And you can make your own guess as to which bride Bing leads to the altar in the end.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.



The Case of MISS BETTY W.

NAME: MISS BETTY W. AGE: 32

RESIDENCE: 1234 Main St. City: New York

DATE: 4/5/39

PHYSICIAN: DR. J. H. BROWN

DIAGNOSIS: BILIOUS CONSTIPATION

TREATMENT: 1. LAXATIVE 2. ENEMA 3. DIET

PROGNOSIS: GOOD

SIGNED: DR. J. H. BROWN

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FRANK NEIL PRESENTS: YOUNG BLOODS OF VARIETY, THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN NEW FUN. **BUSTER WEST and LUCILLE PAGE** America's Greatest Dancing Comedian and the Most Glamorous Star on the Stage Today. RUTH CRAVEN, TED LEARY, THE THREE NONCHALANTS, THE THREE DANCING CREEPS, BEN BELL, JACK MAJOR, HILLY BLAKE, GREG LYONS, WALTHON & MURRAY, and BORDIAN & LASHWOOD. Box Plans: Palace & Nicholson's, Tivoli Phone M225.

I'LL DIE IF DICK BREAKS OUR ENGAGEMENT!



JANE'S HINT WAS MARVELOUS!

YOU SEE, JUST A HINT OF UNDERARM ODOR CAN RUN LOVE SO DON'T EVER TRUST A BATH ALONE, ESPECIALLY IN SUMMER USE MUM TO PROTECT YOUR SWEETNESS

JUST A TOUCH OF MUM AFTER BATHING AND NO MATTER HOW HOT IT IS, I HAVEN'T A WORRY IN THE WORLD!

HOW ABOUT NAMING THE DAY RIGHT NOW!

TO MYSELF: AND TO THINK I MIGHT HAVE LOST DICK THIS SUMMER IF I HADN'T TRIED MUM

DANGER AHEAD! Hot weather means extra danger of offending. Your bath can't prevent underarm odor—but MUM can. Without stooping perspiration, MUM stops all odor. 30 seconds for MUM, and your charm is safe. MUM is harmless to skin and clothing.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

At all chemists and better class stores. Price 1/6 and 2/6.

WHY EU-thymol regularly?

"It might have been"—surely no sadder epitaph was ever written! When after neglect and indifference comes the ugly realization of disease, the sad knowledge of "it need not have been" comes too late.

Every wise person uses Euthymol regularly—not only because it leaves the teeth a sparkling white, but because Euthymol actually kills the dental decay germs within 30 seconds contact.

Secretly and concealed, the deadly decay germs do their deadly worst, eating into the teeth and laying the foundations of disease.

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Obtainable at chemists
and stores everywhere.

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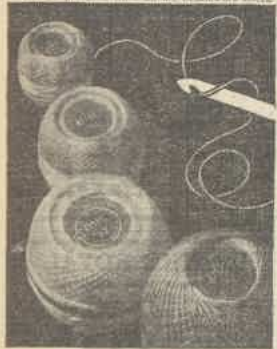
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Broken Sleep from Weak Bladder

Great Relief in 24 hours

"My bladder got so weak I could not hold urine. I am happy to say Dr. Southworth's Urodyne relieved me—and I have had no return of the weakness."—Frank Goldsmith.

No matter how stubborn your own case may seem—don't give it up as "hopeless" because ordinary remedies have failed. You cannot know until you have experienced the remarkable effect of a threefold action, which—One—quickly stops burning effect of excessive acid. Two—flushes kidneys of poisons, and thoroughly cleanses the bladder. Three—soothes and heals entire mucous membrane of the urinary tract.



What Women are Doing

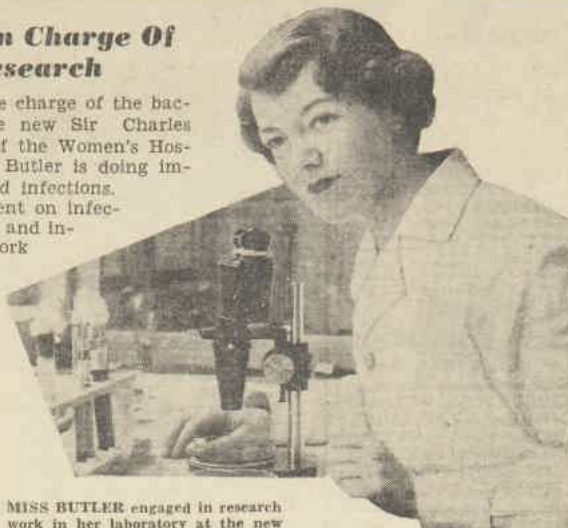
Woman Scientist In Charge Of Important Research

RECENTLY appointed to take charge of the bacteriological section of the new Sir Charles Connibere pathological block of the Women's Hospital, Melbourne, Miss Hildred Butler is doing important research work on blood infections.

She is concentrating at present on infection associated with child-birth and infant sickness. Much of her work has been connected with septicaemia, and in 1937 she published a book on the subject, which was warmly praised in Australia, Great Britain and Germany.

Although she regards this research as her major work, she has written extensively on other subjects for medical and scientific journals.

Miss Butler graduated as a Bachelor of Science at Melbourne University in 1928, and for the last eleven years, until she took up her new appointment last month, she had been engaged in research work at the Baker Institute at the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne.



MISS BUTLER engaged in research work in her laboratory at the new pathological block of the Women's Hospital, Melbourne.

Appointed Social Worker To Kindergarten

THE appointment of Miss Mary Stonewick as social worker to the Golden Fleece Kindergarten, Chippendale, is the first of its kind in N.S.W.

Catering for children from 18 months to six years, the kindergarten, which is situated in one of the poorest districts in Sydney, provides a nursery, kindergarten, playground, free dental and medical services, and hot meals in the middle of the day for the children who attend it.

Miss Stonewick's duties entail investigations into any problems arising from the children's home life. She will work in conjunction with hospital almoners, and interview families in their homes to find how the children can be helped in other ways. The City Council has provided the money for her appointment.

Miss Stonewick is also playground supervisor to the kindergarten. She recently completed her course under the Board of Social Study and Training at Sydney University.

Representing Australia at New York World Fair

SEVERAL Australians living in America have been chosen by the Australian Commissioner-General to represent Australia at the New York World Fair, which opens in April.

Among them will be Miss Dorothy Howard, formerly of Bronte (N.S.W.), who is now traffic supervisor of the British Columbia Telephone Company in Vancouver, Canada.

Miss Howard, who visited Australia on holiday in 1938, and whose grandfather was Mr. Hyam, M.L.A. of Sydney, is treasurer of the "Anna" (Australian-New Zealand) Club in Vancouver.

She will leave Vancouver for New York on April 15.



Miss Howard.

Played at Concerts with Gigli and Robeson

AN Australian girl who is making a name for herself overseas is Nancy Weir, brilliant young Melbourne pianist.

Last month she played at three concerts in England with Beniamino Gigli, the famous tenor, and later at five concerts in London and in the provinces with Paul Robeson. She also gave a very successful recital in London, and was engaged for an important broadcast by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Recently she won the Carol Rowe scholarship at the Tobias Matthay Music School for the second time. She was awarded this scholarship without a contest.

Artist Returns After Five Years' Study in Europe

AFTER having studied art in Europe for five years, Mrs. Alison Rehlfisch, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., held an exhibition of her work at the Macquarie Galleries on her return to Sydney recently.

Mrs. Rehlfisch painted in England, France, Germany and Spain. She spent some time in Seville studying the great Spanish masters of painting, and in Malaga, on the Mediterranean, where she lived in an old Moorish castle converted into a studio.

When in London she had a studio in Bloomsbury, and studied composition at the Grosvenor Art School, which is conducted by the well-known artist, Ian McNab.

Mrs. Rehlfisch has exhibited for a number of years at art shows held by the Society of Artists, in Sydney.



Mrs. A. Rehlfisch.
Dorothy Weidling.

New Head of Kindergarten Training College

TWO former fellow students enjoyed a brief reunion when Dr. Margaret McFarland arrived from Illinois (U.S.A.) to take up her appointment as principal of the Kindergarten Training College, Kew, Melbourne. The retiring principal, Miss Christine Heineg, who has left for a holiday abroad before taking up her duties as Federal officer for pre-school child development at Canberra, studied with her at Columbia University.

Dr. McFarland, a doctor of philosophy of Columbia University, has been doing research work at the Winnetka Public Nurseries, Illinois, principally on the subject of children's creative work and its relation to their emotional adjustment.

Following her survey, a number of practical ideas for the encouragement of imaginative play were introduced in the nurseries.

Dr. McFarland says that she has been greatly impressed by the infant welfare work being done in Australia. She is particularly interested in the State Government's plans for the establishment of pre-school child development centres.

Speech Therapist Begins Work in Adelaide

AN intensive study of speech therapy has been made by Miss Olive Abotomey, who has been appointed to the Education Department in South Australia.

An Associate of the Society of Speech Therapists, London, Miss Abotomey had been in London since 1934. After completing her studies she went first to King's College Hospital as speech therapist, and later to the Tavistock clinic, and she was chosen from 60 applicants to organize a new speech clinic at the Middlesex Hospital.

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JOAN BENNETT

charming star of I Met My Love Again

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GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain, How To Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed, and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from your nearest chemist or store some Salix Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid, and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and is a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

This will be ... AN OLD-FASHIONED CRINOLINE WINTER



CRINOLINES, a novelty last year, are expected to be almost standard evening wear at dances this winter.



OLD-WORLD note is emphasised by revived fashions in hair-treatment and dress accessories.



JEWELLERY becomes important ... This London model wore gems worth £30,000 in a fashion parade.



FROM THE FUTURE, not the past, comes this crinoline. Model Jean Smythe wore it at an Australian autumn preview. Shawl, fan, and black velvet neckband accent its beauty. And the management of these is a lost art which modern girls will have to learn afresh.

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SHARES,
CARRIAGES & REMOVALISTS,
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CHURCH NOTICES,
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DEATHS,
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DOGS, ANIMALS, CATS,
DRESS AND FASHION,
EDUCATIONAL,
ELECTIONS,
ELECTRICAL, WIRELESS, Etc.,
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FURNITURE FOR SALE,
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GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS,
HOUSES & LAND FOR SALE,
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HOTELS & HOLIDAY RESORTS,
HORSES, VEHICLES AND LIVESTOCK,
HOSPITALS, REST HOMES, Etc.,
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LECTURES,
LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS,
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MACHINERY,
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MEETINGS,
MISCELLANEOUS,
MONEY, STOCKS, SHARES,
MOTOR CYCLES, BICYCLES,
Etc.,
MOTOR TYRES, SUPPLIES,
REPAIRS,
MUNICIPAL COUNCIL, NOTICES,
MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
OFFICES TO LET OR WANTED,
OPTOMETRICAL NOTICES,
PARTNERSHIPS, AGENCIES, Etc.,
PERSONAL AND FRIENDS,
BOUQUET,
POSITIONS VACANT,
POSITIONS WANTED,
PROPERTY, ETC., Etc.,
PROFESSIONS, TRADERS, Etc.,
PUBLIC NOTICES,
REAL ESTATE, AUCTION SALES,
REFRIGERATION,
RESIDUAL ANNOUNCEMENTS,
RESTAURANTS, ETC.,
RETURN THANKS,
ROLL OF HONOR,
SWEEPSTAKES, NOTEBOOK,
SITUATIONS VACANT,
SITUATIONS WANTED,
SPORT, SPORTING, REQUISITES,
SITES,
STAMPS,
STATIONERS, FARMS & STOCK,
TENDERS,
TENNIS NOTICES,
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HIRE,
TYPENOTERS,
WANTED TO PURCHASE

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Classified Ads.

(Midway between Martin Place and Hunter Street)

PHONE M6635

ONE SHILLING A LINE
WEEK-DAYS
ONE AND A PENNY SATS.
Most Classifications

Second Honeymoon

Continued from Page 5

HE stood still, trying to think what he should do. It would be a long way, he supposed, to the British Consulate, and as things were now he probably would never get there. His car was in a garage down the street, but the chauffeur was lodged in another, smaller hotel several blocks away; Mason tried to call him by phone from the central desk, but either it was out of order or no one bothered to answer it. He ended by going back upstairs.

He found Anne lying on the bed in darkness. She was very still, but awake.

"Nobody anywhere around—kitchen's locked. Looks as if we'll have to get along without dinner," he explained gruffly. "I'll sit up, keep an eye open. You have a sleep."

"I'm not sleepy," she said, sitting up. But he refused to permit her that sacrifice, and stayed awake through the night. Once, imprudently, he lit a cigarette, and its glow must have gone out through the punctured shutters, for the sniper across the street promptly opened fire.

Morning brought a sharp resumption of the fighting. It brought also a comparative quietness to the room, and Mason dozed in his chair. He awakened much later to a grumble of voices. Anne was talking to two men.

"It seems we've been hobnobbing with a vicious character," she translated, when they had gone. "Our chauffeur seems to be either a Red devil or not a Red devil—I'm not quite up on local politics. Anyway, they're going to shoot him and maybe us, too. They've confiscated our car, and we're being held on suspicion."

"How about getting something to eat?" Mason said.

"I asked them that, and they just shrugged."

"Well, I'll ask them again," he said irritably. It was nearly noon, and he had missed three meals; he wasn't used to missing meals. He went out. The hall was unoccupied, but at the head of the stairs was a group of soldiers sleeping on mattresses dragged out from some of the rooms. In the lobby were more soldiers, and at a table in the smoking-room sat a thick man with epaulettes, a tight Sam Browne belt, and an air of authority. Mason went to him.

"Excuse me, Perdon," he said, making a valiant effort at remembering some of the few Spanish words he had picked up.

"My wife—mis esposa—and I, are hungry. Hambriento—"

The thick man barely looked up before resuming the study of a paper in his hand.

"I speak English perfectly," he said.

An orderly came into the room. He put a deep plate, a spoon and knife and fork, a wine glass down before the thick man. Mason's mouth drooped.

"We'd like some lunch," he said. The thick man shrugged, not looking up. Mason said more loudly: "Well, at least we'd like to get in touch with the British Consul here. You can't confiscate our car and hold our chauffeur without a fair trial. You can't shut us up here without anything to eat, with a sniper blazing away at us every time we stick our heads out—"

"Anything can be done in a time like this. There is not much food in the city, and I do not know where you would find your consul. I do not even know if you have a consul any more," the thick man answered, shrugging.

Mason went away from him. He was simmering, and he had an angry

recklessness. A soldier—the orderly who had been setting the table—was coming along the hall from the kitchen, carrying a plate of soup on a tray. From it trailed a torturing odor, and Mason quivered. He watched the orderly disappear into the smoking-room; then went swiftly down the hall to the kitchen.

No one was in it; but there was soup in a pot on the stove, there was bread, there was fish. Mason hurriedly grabbed some food.

When he got to their room Anne was sitting, staring white-faced, at the hand that held the automatic.

"Well, we eat. And it ought to be good. It's a general's dinner. Or at least a colonel's," he bragged, and then he saw her face. He saw also that the shutters were away from the window, and the room cooled and sweetened by a small wind blowing in through it. He looked in alarm out at the roof top opposite, but the sniper was no longer there.

"Why, what's happened?" he questioned in bewilderment.

"I SHOT him," she said, quite calmly.

"What?" said Mason.

"I shot that man. It was getting so hot and close in here I thought I'd try opening the shutters a little; but when I did he began to shoot. I had the automatic in my hand, and I fired back. I didn't mean to hit him—I didn't even intend to shoot. I just shut my eyes and held the trigger back. I don't think I killed him. He was able to crawl away. I suppose now you think I'm a potential murderer."

"I think you're wonderful," he said. He said it slowly, awkwardly. Now suddenly he was rediscovering the marvel and the mystery of her. He tilted her chin and kissed her, then drew back, embarrassed as any young lover. "Here," he said gruffly. "Here's some soup."

"Well, we can't stay here," he said after they had eaten. "There's likely to be famine and anarchy in the town. We'll have to find some way out."

"They've got our car," she reminded him. "And the trains aren't running."

"We'll see if we can't get our car back." He stood up and took the automatic. He felt a royal recklessness; he felt of heroic mould, capable of anything. "Are you willing to take a long-shot chance?" he asked her.

"I just took one. It was fun, after the first horrible feeling had worn off, and I'd like to do it again. But I don't think that gun is loaded any more."

"It's just as well," he said. "I'd probably shut my eyes when I fired

it, too, and my luck might not be as good as yours. But the big thing is, it looks loaded."

He took her downstairs. They went into the lounge room, and the thick man with the epaulettes at his shoulders was still there.

"My wife and I want our car. We want to get out of here," Mason said to him.

The thick man looked at him briefly, indifferently, from under scowling brows. He shrugged. Anne said suddenly, clearly: "Don't argue with him, Gilbert. Just bump him off." He looked at her, startled at this slang, and half rose, and Mason shoved the nose of the automatic into his ribs.

"We want our car," he said.

The thick man looked down at the gun. He looked at Gilbert, then at the gun again, and he shrugged. "Very well," he agreed. "But later. It is not now—I am waiting for my dinner."

"We want it now," said Mason. He put the gun back into his pocket, but he kept his hand on it. "You come with us. Go first, with my wife. I'll be just behind."

The thick man looked at the pocket that had the gun, and again at Mason. He shrugged and turned to Anne, bowing gallantly. "It is a pleasure," he said, and seemed to mean it. He gave her his arm, and the three of them went to an intersecting narrow street. On that street were half a dozen motor lorries, drawn up in close formation under guard of men who sat in every little patch of shade available; and behind the lorries was Mason's car. Its glass was punctured in several places; fastened to its top were two mattresses.

"The bedding will be useful to keep you from being shot by traitors from the roof," the thick man said, as he handed Anne in.

"Much obliged," Mason said. "Now please get in beside my wife. We want you to ride with us."

The thick man got in. Gilbert got in behind him, and Anne started the engine. They drove to the plaza. A barrier was raised at the thick man's order, and other barriers down the damaged Ramblas, almost to the docks. There the thick man asked Anne to stop.

"Your road goes out from here," he said, gesturing to the left. "By this street you will get to St. Marti, which is a suburb, and there you will see the main road to Matero. From Matero there is a small cart road north to Granollers, which I would advise you to take. There is no revolution in Granollers yet, and if you should reach it, which I doubt, you can go on well enough to the frontier. I regret that I must leave you here. Beyond this point I would be of no use."

HE got out. He saluted Mason, bowed very deeply to Anne.

"You had my greatest admiration, sirs, when you said to bump me off," he told her. "Your sons, are you blessed with them, will be men of fire and steel. I am glad your husband made no mistake in his tactics, so that I did not have to have you shot."

"Thank you," Anne said. By midnight they were safely in Toulouse across the border.

Next morning it all seemed like a dream. Mason, awake first, looked at Anne, curled up beside him, her face buried in the pillows, and felt amazement, thinking of what she had done. She seemed the personification of what is called, for want of a better term, femininity. Yet yesterday she had shot a man.

"But that's no funnier than me," he thought. He had stuck a gun into the ribs of a Spanish officer and got what he wanted in the teeth of the officer's army. It was preposterous, a dream.

Anne, awakening, felt a similar amazement.

"Did you think we were like that?" she asked him.

"No," he said, and they looked at each other in pride and wonderment.

"I believe I like us," she said.

They had breakfast. They had baths, and they dressed. And then a faint uneasiness took possession of them. Mason roved hands in pockets, pausing frequently to stare out of a window.

"Look here," he said, at last. "We don't want to stay in Toulouse, do we?"

"I don't see why we should. I never heard of anybody staying in Toulouse." He looked at her questioningly, and he was shocked to see the familiar firm set of her chin, the ancient battle light in her eyes.

"Great Scott! Are we going to start all that again?" he asked himself, in horror. Yesterday for a few hours under duress, they had been very admirable human beings."

She opened her mouth for a heated reply, then closed it. "Do you know," she said wonderingly. "We're quarrelling again. Whatever we do or say, we seem destined to quarrel. Only, this is one of those nice quarrels we used to have. Remember?"

"Yes," he said. "And do you remember how we used to settle them?"

"Do you?" she asked; and she relaxed, with a happy sigh, as he reached into his pocket for a coin to flip.

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DO YOU KNOW?



DENTAL ANAESTHETIC
IN 2150 B.C!

FIRST DENTAL ANAESTHETIC was used in NIFFER, near BABYLON, on KING HAMMURABI, CONTEMPORARY OF ABRAHAM! AFTER INCANTATIONS HAD BEEN RECITED, TO DEADEN THE FEELING AND RELIEVE PAIN, THE SUEET OF CROCODILE WAS RUBBED INTO THE GUMS!



LOVERS WHILE YOU WAIT!

MAJOR JOHN CHOKE
QUACK DENTIST OF THE 17th CENTURY AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHYMISTS, ADVERTISED HIS "MIRACULOUS TOOTH POWDER" — COME IN AND BUY IT. ALL YOU THAT ARE PAST BEWITCHING, AND YOU'VE HAVE HANDSOME, YOUNG AND ACTIVE LOVERS!



BUBBLE BATH for TEETH!

KOLYNOS BUBBLES INTO A SEETHING FOAM OF MILLIONS OF SWIRLING, ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES! KOLYNOS REMOVES DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, WHICH CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH." YOUR TEETH BECOME SURGICALLY CLEAN—SHINE!

WITH A TORN LUSINE TISSUE KOLYNOS AND KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAMS—YOU NEED ONLY 1/2" ON DRY BRUSH.

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We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. A24, Box 1311, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, is in Hollywood under contract to a film studio. After bringing the kidnappers of Sonny, famous boy star, to justice, he is enjoying a quiet moment in his Hollywood home when a girl on horseback rides into the room, through the glass windows.

She tells him that she is being haunted and has come to him for aid. Her car has been put out of action, the telephone wires at her home have been cut, and she is followed night and day. As she is speaking they see a grotesque, animal-like figure peering at them through the broken glass windows. Lothar goes after it. **NOW READ ON.**



GRACE BROS

Introduce
THE NEW
Inexpensive
Evening
Wear!



ME10.—Sheer loveliness. A most inexpensive DANCE FROCK of PLAIN SHEER with the new sleeve treatment and uplift bodice, with full shirring, full skirt, tie belt. In tones of Persian Coral, Turquoise, and Glow Purple. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW, W. PRICE SPECIALISED 10/-



ME20
EXCITING PRINTS
in
GAILY COLOURED
KABE

A guaranteed, washing fabric. Substantly styled for informal wear. Fully shirred shoulder, cross-over front, shaped omibon. Sizes: SSW, SW, W and OW. In bright floral settings of Green, Blue, and Pink.

PRICE SPECIALISED 21/-



ME15. At left.—A DANCE FROCK OF PLAIN SILK TAFFETA, with all the shoulder neckline, with combined colour to tone. Fitted bodice slightly gathered to waist. Tones of Fuchsia, Cyclamen, and Dusty Rose. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W. PRICE SPECIALISED 15/-



ME25.—For the dancing queen! SUN-RAY PLEATED MOIRE fashions this delightful Evening Gown. Particularly full skirt of straight pleats, uplift bodice with small Peter Pan collar. Full sleeves and brilliant button finish. In Sky Blue, Mauve, and Deep Purple. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W. PRICE SPECIALISED 30/-

ME30. Dainty and Demure
Nothing more becoming than
Lace & Soft Velvet!

Featuring shoulder yoke of lace, short puff sleeves, uplift bodice with a beautiful moulded skirt, no side seams, centre back fastening with neat button finish. Black, Copper Rust, Flame Red. Sizes: SSW, SW, and W. Price Specialised 32/6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, April 5.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her beauty talk with "Janette."
THURSDAY, April 6.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.
FRIDAY, April 7.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Special Good Friday Session.
SATURDAY, April 8.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.
SUNDAY, April 9.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Special Easter Sunday Programme.
MONDAY, April 10.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Special presentation—Spanish Fantasia.
TUESDAY, April 11.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

New radio "thriller"

Fu Manchu serial from 2GB

Listeners to 2GB will be introduced on Easter Monday night to one of the most sinister characters of "thriller" fiction, Dr. Fu Manchu.

SAX ROHMER'S celebrated Oriental villain has been brought to radio in a new serial, which will be heard at 7.15 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week.

Made in Hollywood by a cast of leading British actors, the production has all the atmosphere of intrigue and mystery which has made the Fu Manchu books so popular.

The acting is flawless, and the sound effects are amazingly realistic—so realistic, in fact, that the listener may find himself glancing over his



—Jack Cato.

DOROTHY FOSTER, star of the next Radio Theatre play at 2GB.

shoulder to see if that rattle at the window was one of the doctor's assassins preparing one of his deadly traps!

A scientific genius, Fu Manchu scorns the use of noisy weapons. As the mouthpiece of a secret society in the East, he plots the overthrow of western civilisation.

The story opens with Dr. Fu Manchu's arrival in London. Three great figures in world affairs are struck down in some mysterious way. A fourth is threatened; and the detective hurries to his house to protect him.

He arrives to find a crowd outside the door of the diplomat's home and a policeman on guard.

Fu Manchu has struck again—but the doctors cannot discover the cause of his victim's death. Only a small red mark appears on his arm.

Miss Dorothy ("Dilly") Foster will be the star of the next production of the Radio Theatre from 3GB. This will be the hilarious comedy, "Daisy," which will be heard at 8 p.m. on Sunday.

GRACE BROS. Pty. Ltd.

BROADWAY, SYDNEY
PHONE M6506

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*



LADY GIFFORD is pictured here with her thoroughbred Dalmatian dogs, which she has entered in the Show. Before her recent marriage Lady Gifford was Miss Margaret Allen, of Merivale, Edgcliff. She and Lord Gifford will leave for England by plane on April 13.

At Admiralty House

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND LADY GOWRIE are entertaining a number of Vice-Regal guests at Admiralty House for the Easter gaieties. The house party includes the Governor of Queensland (Sir Leslie Wilson) and Lady Wilson; the Governor of Tasmania (Sir Ernest Clark) and Lady Clark, and the Governor of Fiji, Sir Harry Luke. The Hon. Patrick and Mrs. Hore-Ruthven are also staying at Admiralty House.



Vice-Royalty of the Show

EASTER gaieties officially commence this Wednesday with the formal opening of the Show by the Governor-General (Lord Gowrie), who will be accompanied by Lady Gowrie, the Hon. Patrick and Mrs. Hore-Ruthven, and other guests at Admiralty House. The Vice-Regal party will be received by Sir Samuel Hordern (president of the R.A.S.) and Lady Hordern. Other guests will be the Premier (Mr. B. S. Stevens) and Mrs. Stevens, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. Norman Nock), Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Macfarlane, Mrs. George Stening, Mrs. H. Whidden, Colonel and Mrs. G. C. Somerville, and Mr. Skidmore.

Mr. George Main, chairman of the A.J.C., and Mrs. Main, with their daughters, Molly and Agnes, and son, George, are in town for the Easter race carnival.

Fishing Holiday

WITH fishing the big idea, benedicts John Playfair and Joe Pearce are holidaying at Jervis Bay. They have taken a cottage there for a few weeks, and are playing bores to their numerous friends at the week-end.

It's a strictly womanless Eden, though; so there's no one to damp their pride in their culinary efforts.

After-the-Races Party

MRS. BILL SMITH, of Danmark, Point Piper, is planning a large after-the-races party for this Saturday. She was dubious as to whether she could accommodate all her guests, but eventually solved the problem by erecting a large marquee with a dance floor on the lawn. The party is starting at cocktails hour, and Mrs. Smith is running it on into a dance as well.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Granville, of Double Bay, are spending Easter in Canberra?

I LIKE—

Mrs. Maurice Gulson's beautiful fingertip-length silver fox coat, a birthday present from her husband.

To Present Daughter

I HEAR that Lady Wakehurst will present her daughter, the Hon. Henrietta Leder, at one of this season's Courts before returning to Sydney in time for the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Kent in November.

Henrietta, who has been at a finishing school in France since leaving Sydney, will accompany Lady Wakehurst back to Australia.

In Town for Easter

THE Sim Bennetts will be in town from Cooma for the Easter doings. They have taken a flat at Birtley Towers for a fortnight.

Mrs. Harry Ervin will go back with them to see her daughter Colleen's lovely home for the first time. It will only be a fleeting visit as she is busy with parties and packing for her jaunt abroad with her other daughter Goldie. They leave by a Norwegian boat on April 29.

Mrs. Hugh Taylor, of Bellevue Hill, is paying a visit to her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robertson, at their home, Blackdown, Bathurst. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson will be among country visitors to Sydney for Easter.

Change of Address

THE John Bavins, I hear, have just decided to move into a home of their own.

It will seem strange to think of Merivale minus the presence of the attractive Mrs. John, when one remembers that her childhood days were spent there, and for some years now, with her husband and young family, she has made her home with her father, Mr. Arthur Allen.

Her future abode is in Rosemont Avenue, tenanted at present by the Geoff Remingtons, who will shortly move out to allow the painters and decorators to achieve something stunning in the way of modern homes.

Returning to New Guinea

THE Macdhui takes Mrs. Arthur Bunting and her daughter, Mrs. Lea Ashton, back to New Guinea this Thursday, after a visit to Sydney of some six months or so.

Mrs. Bunting rejoins her son Bob at Samarai, where, by all accounts, they've a truly glorious home—and her daughter returns to her husband, and life on a rubber plantation.

Mrs. Reg de Prevoist, with Elizabeth Ann, had visions until almost the last moment of making the trip with her mother and sister, but in the end decided to postpone her visit until a later date.

Seeking Blue Ribbons

MORE than ever this year women are figuring as exhibitors at the Show, and for weeks past competitors have been tremendously busy preparing their entries for the judge's eye. An interesting sidelight is the number of entries in the goat section... an animal hitherto somewhat neglected in the Easter parade.

There are more than thirty entries this year as against three or four last year, when two women, Miss M. Grant, of North Ryde, and Mrs. A. B. Valentine, of Punchbowl, carried off the prizes with their exhibits. They are competing again this year.

Mrs. V. Ewen has come all the way from New Zealand to exhibit her imported Scotch terrier. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wade will also make the trip. Mr. Wade is one of the judges.

A country visitor at the Macquarie Club is Mrs. Von Tiedemann, of Durrie House, Moss Vale.

At Warwick Farm

EASTER race festivities commenced last Saturday with the A.J.C. meeting at Warwick Farm.

Mrs. M. F. Brunner drove up with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Brunner. Marcelle, Bishop and Jocelyn Josephson went up together—these two rarely miss a race meeting, and can always be relied upon to supply something original in the way of sartorial effects.

Spotlight on Headdresses

QUITE a problem is confronting those going to the Peter Pan Ball at Prince's this Wednesday. There is a prize for the best hair ornament, and an intensive search for something new and original in the way of trimmings for the coiffure has been going on for weeks. If the three hundred dancers all display something super in the way of headdresses, it will be an infinitely more difficult problem for the judges.

Hermione Helme-Pott is over from Melbourne, staying at Government House, and will be present in a party which includes Morna Mackenzie and Ian McMaster, who is also staying at Government House.

Mrs. Alexis Albert and Mrs. Lennox Bode are joining forces this year, and will take a party of twelve.

Smart First Night Audience

MANY of the first-nighters at the Theatre Royal on Saturday for "The Waltz Dream" were friends of Marie Bremner, who went along to watch her performance. Her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Bremner, were present.

Marie tells me it is now three years since she left the stage—her last part was in "Wallace from Vienna."

Sir Archdale and Lady Parkhill, Lady Fairfax, the Dick Allens, and Dr. and Mrs. Eskin were also in the audience.

With the Fleet in Melbourne

WITH the Fleet in Melbourne for Easter there will be many familiar faces mixing from all the gay doings here, as many of the officers' wives are joining their husbands in the southern capital.

Mrs. John Hehir tells me she'll be off to Melbourne shortly. And I hear that attractive Mrs. G. I. D. Hutcheson will close up her Elizabeth Bay flat and join the exodus south.

Staying with Brother

A VISITOR to town is the attractive Mrs. John Hawthorne. Arrived just lately from her station home at Hay, and with her husband has had a flat at Cronulla.

John, having returned to the country, Mrs. Hawthorne is the guest of her brother, Dr. Hal Gramale, at his Edgcliff home for a time.

REDUCE YOUR HIPS, WAIST AND ABDOMEN IMMEDIATELY!

HAVE THIS THRILL WITHOUT COST

You can have SLEEK MODISH LINES IMMEDIATELY! Simply Wrap on a New CONTOUR CORSET

and... SAY FAREWELL TO BUMPS AND BULGES

The New CONTOUR CORSET is made of a special Reducing Cloth. The Watings ensure delightful Coolness and Velvety Smoothness in wearing, whilst INCHES of Unwanted FAT are Speedily massaged away from Hips, Waist and Abdomen.



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New CONTOUR CORSET is Made for YOU ALONE—To Your Exact Measurements. That is why it will give you Natural Poise, Support and Complete Control.



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HEIGHT

HOW TO MEASURE

Take measurements (next to skin) at those points indicated by arrows. If no tape measure be handy, send pieces of string or tape cut to lengths.

SENT ON 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We want you to wear a New CONTOUR CORSET for 10 Days at our expense and prove that it will reduce your Waist and Hips and give perfect Abdominal Support. If not delighted, return Corset and the trial will cost you nothing. Full details of our Free Trial Plan and Corset will be sent to applicants in order as received. Send Today and be sure to give Waist, Hips and Thigh measurements also height.

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Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown, or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlax Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky, and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."***

**DON'T LET
FAIR HAIR
DARKEN!**

Fair hair that has gone grey, or is thinning, or is becoming dark, or is becoming dry, or is becoming itchy, or is becoming dandruff, or is becoming anything else, will be restored to its original color and condition by the use of STA-BLOND SHAMPOOS.

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WRITER'S STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

ARIANS are mostly born leaders. They are full of forcefulness, and can be relied on in times of emergency. But they must learn self-control.

ALL people whose birthdays fall about this time of the year are known, astrologically, as Arians, because the constellation of Aries governs the heavens between March 21 and April 21.

It thus magnetizes those born under its sway—magnetizes them to such a degree, both as to character and personal appearance, that a competent astrologer can frequently judge their birth sign just by looking at them or hearing them speak. Aries-born people are great pioneers. They generally make better leaders than followers, and better executives than servants, for they have plenty of initiative and enthusiasm.

There is very little that is "slow" about them, unless it be their unwillingness to learn "self-control," or their inability to realise when they are being too aggressive and "bossy," or too abrupt and defiant.

Most Arians are more abrupt, independent and self-assured than they seem to realise. They go their way in a forthright manner which seems justified to themselves, but which oftentimes shocks and estranges associates, who possess gentler or more sensitive natures.

Arian children should therefore be trained with great care. They should be taught self-control and to be considerate towards others; to be kindly and sympathetic in their manner, and confident—but not over-confident—about themselves and their abilities.

They should also be taught to think ahead; to be cautious, conservative and conscientious.

If they can be taught all these things, opportunities are likely to come their way often. But if they retain their tendency toward impulse, rashness, dominance, argumentativeness, defiance and over-assurance, they are likely to think too highly of their own ability to make life produce all that is good for them.

That way there is failure and misery. Arians not forging ahead are not happy. Failure makes them timid and yet more defiant, with the result that they show their worst side, stressing their independence and abruptness in a way that turns others from them.

On the other hand success stimulates them, so that they pile one success on top of another. And with success comes happiness.

Parents of Aries children should remember another thing—that all Arians are full of energy and a longing for activity and excitement. They cannot live quietly.

They tend to become morose and sarcastic if forced to live monotonously. Parents should therefore make it their business to find plenty of work for them, and provide opportunities for them to experience the excitement which means so much to them.

Let them tire themselves out constructively; otherwise they'll probably do it destructively, and give other people cause to worry.

DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): The stars favor most Arians now. Make the most of April 8 and 9. Have some good plans in readiness, and put them into operation on those dates. Seek promotion, work hard.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Just a week of days, but start planning ahead, for better times are in the offing. April 10, 11, and 12 just fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair for hard-working Geminians on April 13 and 14. Opportunities should be sought; matters systematised.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Unlucky Cancerians can run into trouble just now. Be especially cautious on April 10, 11 and 12. Take no risks; make no changes; avoid arguments and upsets.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Now is the time for Leonians to chase their opportunities. Their stars can aid them on April 8 and 9. Have plans in readiness, and be confident and diligent then.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Let important matters wait. Meanwhile April 10, 11 and 12 just fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October

24): Don't cry "Wolf" at this time unless you mean it; disappointments, losses, upsets and opposition will be the chief reward of indiscreet Librans, especially on April 10, 11, and 12.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Unspectacular. April 15 just fair. Routine best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): This is your time to prove how good you are. The stars will befriend most Sagittarians on April 8 and 9. Go after the things you want. Seek promotion and make important changes or removals. Ask favors. Work hard.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Don't indulge in self-pity, regrets, moods or worries at this time, for you'll need all your wits about you to keep out of trouble. Many small difficulties and delays are likely. Be alert.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): April 13 and 14 can produce very fair results for hard-working Aquarians. Start new enterprises, seek advancement, make changes, ask favors.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Unspectacular. Let routine suffice. April 15 just fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

Betty's "racey" narratives

Money for burning up the turf at Randwick Easter races

There's money to burn at the Randwick Carnival at Easter—and the horses whose speed can burn up the turf in fastest times get the most money.

Just look at these Easter eggs of solid cash for speed and stamina. No wonder horses come from everywhere for our Easter Carnival.

THE Australian Jockey Club caters on a lavish scale with £35,750 in prize-money for four days' racing. You'd have to win seven lotteries to get that much money. The lucky horses win it in a few minutes.

Six events on the first day are worth £10,700, including £3500 for the two-year-olds who run in the Sires' Produce Stakes, and £3000 for the Doncaster Handicap.

The second day, Easter Monday, prize-money aggregates £11,100, and that includes the £7000 for the Sydney Cup—a two-mile race.

The third day's £7850 includes another whopping prize for two-year-olds, the £2500 Champagne Stakes, and would we open the fizz if we could get a horse good enough to win such a prize!

On the last day the A.J.C. gives £6100 to the winners, and the biggest races are the Cropper Plate, £1300, and the A.J.C. Plate, worth £1250. By the way, the A.J.C. Plate is Sydney's longest, flat race, 2½ miles, and some of those old-timers will need an aspirin when they've finished chasing the N.Z. crack, Defaulter.

I was taken to Randwick last Thursday to see some of these champions gallop in the murky dawn, and they are such dears.

But what a funny-looking horse is High Caste, with his great height and enormous girth, like a big, fat publican, but a stumpy little tail which has been nibbled away by jealous rivals.

Cost £7000

MR. H. E. TANCRED gave £7000 for him last month; so he's got to win some of these big prize-money races to get it back, because he doesn't bet.

Defaulter is from New Zealand, too, and he is also a huge outsider in thoroughbreds for one who is only three years old. He is expected to win the Autumn Plate the first day (£1500), the Sydney Cup (£7000) the second day, the Cumberland (£1250), the third day, and the A.J.C. Plate (£1250) the last day. Did you ever hear of such greed?

But getting back to the track at Randwick,



HIGH CASTE is an enormous horse with no tail to speak of.

I saw Amiable, whose magpie ensemble decided me I would have a little each way on the Tote every time she starts at Randwick.

She's jet black, with such a dainty white blaze down her face, and dainty white feet.

There's Early Bird, too, such a big, stout, matronly-looking creature, yet she's only three years old, but SO good over a mile.

And her people are full of confidence. She is owned by Mr. Bill Devon, a New Zealander, who struck a £25,000 investment a few years ago. He gave 2300 gns. for Early Bird.

The good mares in the Sydney Cup are Feminist and Ortel's Star, and both are strong stayers, and don't be surprised if Feminist lands the Cup, because I heard her owner, Herbert Thompson, say the other morning she has only a postage stamp on her back.

I've had a tip for Syntax for the Hurdle on the first day at Randwick, and the Head Waiter advises not to miss Mossie in the Legger because he can't lose. I am inclined to agree with him.

A syndicate tip is to follow Panax in any race (Doncaster excepted) in which he runs.

High Caste is given out as a cast-iron certainty for the Champagne Stakes.

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Heart-broken Melody

"GOOD - BYE,

Continued from Page 6

Paul." "Good-bye." He stooped and kissed her lightly on the temple, and went away. Honor heard the street door close behind him. Minutes ticked by, ticked by. The sound of the clock in the hall seemed to fill the whole house.

After a while Honor picked up her breakfast tray and carried it into the kitchen, straightened the room, folded the newspapers carefully for Aunt Lucie's microscopic perusal after dinner this evening. Dinner this evening; it was her turn to get it. What would they have?

She went to the door and took away the pinned note; found and destroyed the notes that had been intended for her aunt and her sister. She unpacked her bags, dressed herself, not forgetting powder and a touch of lip red.

They were late calling for her. One o'clock struck. Honor was back at the window, staring out blankly. A sturdy little steamer had worked herself free of the clutter of the water-front, turned her head towards the Gate and the rippling soft fog that hid the great seas beyond. The Europa was on her way. Honor watched her go; apathy veiling her spirit just as the ocean mist was veiling the world.

But this could not be the end, of course. He had tried to leave her before, and had failed. Through the endless hours of the day and evening Honor was possessed of but one thought; this could not be the end.

Somehow she got through Monday, through Monday's interminable evening, but Tuesday was insufferable. Her face burned; her hands were cold. All day long she was conscious of trembling and of chill, and during the quiet evening hours at home a burning restlessness from which she could find no escape possessed her. She thought of a night walk with the cool spring wind fresh in her face. But no, Paul might

telephone. He would telephone, for these hours must have meant to him what they had meant to her.

All night she lay awake, and on Wednesday morning was all but actually ill. She could eat no breakfast; she managed to swallow some coffee, and was off to the office early. To-day, her feverish thoughts ran, to-day she would telephone Paul. She would ask him if—if he was going to-night, and say that she had wanted to say good-bye and good luck! But no, her writhing misery of spirit reminded her, she could not do that. That weak and transparent pretext would only make him despise her. And besides that, to say "good-bye" had such a desolate sound; she could not resign herself to it. Honor's lip trembled at the mere thought of it, and she braced herself sternly against tears. They only made her nose look shiny and her head ache; she could not cry.

At four o'clock, quite simply, she dialled the offices of Cooper and Cartwright. Could she speak to Mr. Cartwright, please? This was the office of Hunter and Hunter.

"Sat you, Honor?" said Mrs. Bell at the other switchboard, pleased. "I know your voice, honey. Listen, Mr. Cartwright's not been here to-day, except for about half an hour this morning. Mr. Menankey's here from Los Angeles, and they're up at Judge Cooper's. Sure, the Judge has been quite sick, but he's all right now. Listen, you knew we got the Barnaby case?"

When the conversation ended Honor hung up the telephone and sat thoughtful for a while, her eyes narrowed under a faint frown, her look far away. She had debated the wisdom of telephoning; there was no question about it now. She must hear his voice again. To-morrow at the office, or to-night at home?

She chose the latter, finding a moment after dinner when she could slip out to the drug-store and telephone the Cartwright house in Bur-

THE KISS

He had been so kind, so kind.
In all the world I could not find
A dearer friend, a gentler
kiss
Than his, than his.

And I, by silence bound to grief,
Unloved, and loving,
watched him go—
I'd rather not been kissed at all
Than gently, kindly, so.

—Yvonne Webb.

lingame. But she could only talk to a maid. Mr. and Mrs. Petersen were giving Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright a good-bye party, Ellen explained.

"Oh, and what night is Mr. Cartwright leaving for New York?" Honor asked. "This is Miss Brownell, of the office, speaking."

"To-morrow night, denk you," Ellen said cautiously. "But you ken call 'em in de mornin'; hay tall you." Ellen concluded anxiously. Years before she had been warned not to talk too freely on the telephone.

"I'll do that. Thank you, Ellen!"

So Marion had come up, and the Petersens were giving them a dinner?

She left the drug-store and went into the dull street, climbing the long block up the hill home. Cousins had arrived in her absence; they were all going over to some Italian place for dinner and marionettes. She was swept along in the crowd; her entire preoccupation, while she talked and ate and laughed, the consideration as to how she could get a telegram to Paul without embarrassing him.

SHE finally phrased it. "Please call Hyde three two three two, important." She would send it to his office. No; then Miss Morrissey would get it. That wouldn't do; Miss Morrissey knew Honor's home telephone number.

"What did you say, Tom?" One of the cousins had spoken to her.

"I was saying that these people are tops in Italy, you know. They are crazy about them over there."

"The marionettes? They're really extraordinary." She'd send the telegram as coming from the offices of Hunter and Hunter. That would not rouse any suspicion at the other end. "Please call Kearney eight three hundred at ten to-morrow morning, important." And she could sign it—well, certainly not "Honor." But what? "Hyde Vallejo." Would he guess what "Hyde Vallejo" meant, and would anyone else suspect? The Brownells' cottage was on Hyde near Vallejo Street. But of course Paul's heart was as filled with need of her as hers with need of him; he'd be waiting for a sign as eagerly as she. Honor finished the evening in a dream, sent the telegram before she slept.

Then it was morning; dark with spring clouds and threatening rain. Her heart beat high with hope as she finished her breakfast, walked downtown; entered the office with her cheeks glowing. Just nine o'clock. In another hour she would hear his voice.

Tying on the apron she wore in the office, she reflected upon the next move. She must go very carefully. No hysterics, no tears, no reproaches. Just a friendly "Paul, could I see you? Could we lunch somewhere?"

They might go up to Julius' place on Telegraph Hill. Here, hanging precariously as the nest of a wild bird to the steep slope, was the little restaurant that reputedly served the best food in the world.

Over the lunch table, she thought, she would propose that they write to each other, that they pledge each other to wait. That would not be much, but so much more than nothing!

It was almost eleven before the excuses that she had made for him began to fail her. She had told herself that he had been late at his office, that he had tried for her number and found it busy, that he was trying to free himself from some other tiresome engagement in order to be free for her. Or perhaps his wife, who had apparently come up from Pasadena to say good-bye to him, had come with him into town and was lingering about within hearing, making any telephone conversation impossible.

You'd think
that she
would
realize

she can't have
"line" till she
wears Kestos

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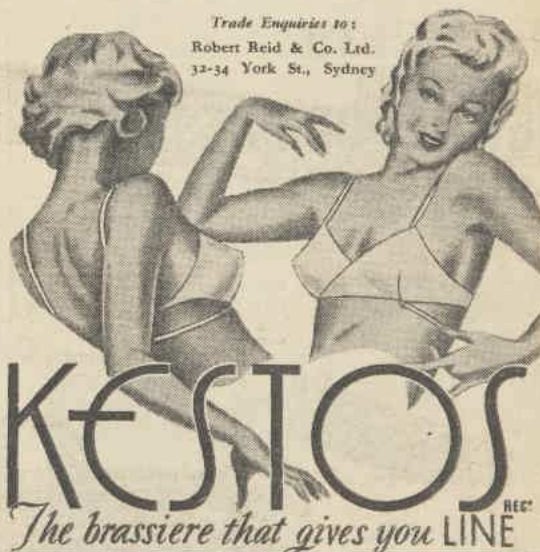
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Please turn to Page 40

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Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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"I was a sufferer from serious kidney and bladder trouble for many years in England, and was told by doctors to go to Australia. During 12 years' residence in Sydney I have had to go to the Coast Hospital for 6 months each year for special medical treatment, which gave me considerable pain and entailed much expense. After a course of Menthols my kidneys and bladder are quite healthy and the weakness has gone. I feel like a young man again and full of vitality."—T.B.D.

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Sleeplessness.
Shortness of Breath.
Muscular Pains.

If Day Treatment 3/6
Month's Treatment 6/6

FROM YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 39

"Honor said, somewhat uncertainly. The others drifted away.

Alone in the big, dim place, she quite suddenly dialled for an out-of-town number, called the Cartwright home in Burlingame. Was Mr. Cartwright there? Who was it, please?

Stupidly, she had not anticipated that question. She gathered her scattered senses desperately.

"Will you say a young lady from the office? A telegram from New York has come in—"

"Just a minute." There was a long delay. Her heart continued its uncomfortable, rapid beating; her face flamed. She was cheapening herself; she could not help it.

The little click and rattle that indicated that someone was at the other end of the line drove the blood from her face, made her feel absolutely faint with expectation. But it was only the maid again; Honor heard the toneless, flat voice with a sensation of actual shock.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cartwright isn't here."

"Oh?" There was nothing to say to that. He was not there. He probably was there, but he had told the maid to say that he was not. All right; if that was the way it was to be.

She telephoned home. Luckily it was Aunt Lucie who answered; Honor need merely say lightly that she was delayed down-town and would be home early and explain. Aunt Lucie was not curious or suspicious.

Well, so that was that. Now what? It was twenty minutes to six. Scrub-women with steaming pails were advancing across the office floor.

Honor slowly buttoned her coat, adjusted her hat at the right angle, picked up her purse. Her face was serious; she was trying her best to

Honor set her courage like a shield, buckled it on. She would not break. She was exhausted from sleepless nights and barely-tasted meals; she had had nothing all day long except two cups of coffee, and she began to feel giddy and faint with disappointment and weakness, but she would not break. The luxurious automobile sped southwards towards Mills Field, and she sat looking at her own reflection in the dark window against which occasional squalls of rain flung themselves viciously.

"It doesn't seem to me at all a night to fly," a woman said nervously.

"You'll be out of this before we pass Sacramento," a man answered, folding his newspaper with a great swoop of his arms. He spoke kindly, as to a fool. Honor's eyes met his sympathetically, and they smiled at each other.

Paul, she reflected, would of course drive to the field from Burlingame. That was much the simpler way.

There might be two or three men with him, or perhaps only his driver. Either way Honor and he could steal their moment. Then she would go home glowing, satisfied, ready to be heroic in the days to come.

She got out at the field, and, rather than sit in the overlighted waiting-room, walked up and down in the dark outside. The rain had stopped for a moment; there were rifts of starry sky between the long woolly drifts of cloud overhead. Pools of water had formed on the cement. She walked around them.

She was down at the end of the building, a hundred feet away, when Paul's party came out of the waiting-room and stood laughing and joking at the gate in the wire fence. She saw Paul, and Marion with him, furred in pale brown to match a pale brown suit. There were others with them, five or six men and women, three or four children. Honor could come near enough to see them without leaving the protection of the black shadows.

"Marion, you're not going!" a woman protested.

"I am. I love Milwaukee; all my old gang is there! Besides, I have to take care of Pauly."

Paul stooped to kiss the small boy's faces.

"Be good boys now, and you'll come on in just a few weeks to join Mother and Dad."

"It feels quite noneymoney, Paul," Marion said.

"There's nothing noneymoney about the Barnaby case." But Paul's voice sounded interested and excited too. "I'll ship her back if she doesn't behave," he said.

"Not behave!" echoed Marion. "With both my brothers there, and my aunts, and everyone! Good-bye, darlings," she added, kissing the children.

It was raining heavily, warmly, now. Honor was being soaked to the skin, but she could not move.

She watched the rise of the great machine, saw it dwindle to colored dots of light against streaming black sky overhead, stood rooted to the spot, staring after it. Well, there must be automobiles or a conveyance of some kind going back. She turned about the corner of the building and caught full in her eyes a blinding white blaze of light; a truck was bearing down upon her. Starting back against the wall she heard a man shout; then something struck her and she lost her breath, was down flat in the mud, her cheek against its wet softness, her two palms plastered on it.

After that there were men calling, bright lights and loud voices, a nauseating pain in her leg that seemed to radiate in stars of agony through her whole being. And then came blessed blackness.

For a long time she lay with her eyes wide open, then she said gently, in a puzled, faint tone: "Hugh."

The man, who had fallen into a sort of day-dream, started and brought his glance to the bed. Honor lay back in the stark hospital nightgown against the big pillows and answered his smile with a faint smile of her own.

Hugh spoke gently, as if afraid to shatter her with any too abrupt sound.

"Well, how do you feel?" "Pretty well. I'm all right," Honor said. Blood beat in her temples and she felt as if her body were made of tissue paper. She shut her eyes.

"Adeline was here a moment ago," Hugh said, holding his voice to a casual, everyday note, watching her cautiously. "I said I'd sit here. She'll be back in a few minutes. She went for a turn around the block."

Please turn to Page 41



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The Public is Cordially Invited to Attend.

Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 40

HONOR lay with closed lids. Every vestige of color had drained from lips and cheeks.

"Save your strength so that you can say 'hello' to her," Hugh suggested. A flicker of answer went across Honor's face.

"I could have talked—times when everyone has been in here," she whispered presently, "but I didn't know where I was. Where—where am I, Hugh?"

"Saint Mary's."

"Hospital?"

"Yes."

"And how many days is it?" She frowned faintly, in weakness and exasperation. Tears were running down her face.

"Nearly three weeks; yes, it will be three weeks day after tomorrow."

Upon this she made no comment, and after a while he thought she slept again. A nurse roused her a little to make her drink milk, and she saw Adeline's smiling, reassuring face and that Hugh was gone.

"Take it easy, darling," Adeline said. "Just rest."

"Grandma was here, wasn't she?"

"Yes; but that was a week ago. You were a little light-headed and you asked for her."

"Asked for Grandma?" A faint shadow of a smile flickered on Honor's face.

"Yes. She was terribly worried. But you're all right now," Adeline said encouragingly.

"My leg hurts," Honor said, suddenly conscious of a familiar pain.

"You broke it, Hon. Broke it in two places."

"You mean the truck did?"

"Oh, you remember that?"

"They've got a weight on it," Honor was lying flat, but her slightest movement showed her that the leg was not free.

"Maybe she can make that easier," Adeline said anxiously.

"No. It's been so much worse!" Honor's eyes were closed; a faint shudder went over her. She had been days—centuries—in the dark world of unrelievable pain. Sweat broke out on her palms and was cold on her spine as she remembered it.

"Poor Hon, you've had a horrid time."

"How's everyone?" It was the shadow of a whisper.

"Oh, fine! Barbara has a boy."

"Oh, good, her boy at last, Adeline, do you suppose I'll always feel so horribly weak?" Honor faltered, tasting her own tears as they ran down her cheeks.

"Heavens, no. Everyone feels like that after an illness."

"What are they doing to my leg?"

"Str-r-retching it, I suppose," Adeline said in a frightened voice. But Honor was dozing off again, and in the silence of the clean little room the younger sister could take out her knitting and distract her thoughts by the nervous count of purls and stitches.

It was some days later that Honor saw Hugh again. She felt stronger, could smile at him from her pillows. At her loveliest in a frail pink nightgown set with creamy lace, her grandmother's early contribution to what was to have been her trousseau, she stretched a languid hand to Hugh, and his big hand grasped it.

"I've been making an awful fuss about broken leg, it seems to me," she said.

"With complications," he reminded her lightly.

"Were there?"

"Pneumonia. You've had pneumonia."

"I have!" But even the slightly stressed accent did not indicate real interest. "What a horrid time I've given you all," she said, "and what a—what a fool I am!"

"Why fool?" Hugh's voice was mild, not especially soothing. He smiled as if he was amiably curious.

"Ah, you know!" she answered. For a long time there was silence.

"How could you get away from the office so much, Hugh?"

"I—explained."

She had closed her eyes; he saw a faint color stain the clean cool magnolia petal of her cheek.

"You—didn't go—up to the Walburga?"

"Yes; and came back. They're

getting it all straightened out again. They had a washout on top of their other troubles."

"Is it lovely up there now?"

"Lovely. Everything smells of the pines. When I was up there there was a lot of wild lilac all over the hills."

Honor opened her eyes wide to look at him.

"You ought to know what went on the night you were really sick; they were all here, your grandmother and all!" Hugh added. "You know, Honor, he went on, speaking somewhat awkwardly now, 'there's nothing I won't give you if you'll let me. Travel, I mean, and Paris and the Riviera. I'm not going to stick at the Walburga all my life—'"

"Oh, please!" she said, a painful flush rushing over her face. "Please don't talk that way, Hugh! I was going away with him," she said suddenly, and faced him squarely. "My father's daughter," she added, "and I was going away with him."

"I know it," Hugh said.

"They all know it?" she asked bravely, looking at him hopefully for a denial. He made none. "He was the one who wouldn't go through with it," Honor made herself continue.

"Well," Hugh said, "if he wouldn't, it was because a man like that wouldn't dare face what a woman like you would feel when she—woke up."

"I'm awake now," Honor said thoughtfully and sadly, staring into space. "I've been asleep all my life. What a prig I've been, Hugh. Well, I'll never be so sure of myself again. There's that gained!"

"It's all gone now. It's burned out of me with the illness," she went on as he continued to watch her without speaking. "He's just—Paul Cartwright again, the man who's always been so nice in the office. The man who has two little boys, and a stupid, society sort of wife. If he came in here now, I'd only want to say 'This is very nice of you, Mr. Cartwright.'"

She stopped short, wondering at it, thinking aloud.

"Sure?" Hugh asked.

"Sure now. Sure to-day. But would I be, Hugh, if once I was strong again—out again, walking about?"

"I think so," he said.

"That's what makes me afraid," Honor confessed, her eyes fearful.

"When you're stronger you won't be afraid."

"But how'll I ever know, Hugh?"

"Oh, fast enough. Because there isn't anything real to that sort of thing," Hugh said unalarmed.

"There are wonderful marriages, Honor, but they never begin that way. They begin—sane. That isn't sane; it couldn't have lasted. That was fever."

"And burned away with the rest of the fever," she said, as if to herself.

"Well, sure. You're still you, the finest person in the world," Hugh said. "That kind of thing wasn't for you, and he knew it."

"It doesn't seem like me. It was all fire and excitement—" Her voice died away into silence; she lay thinking. "It's so—so damned humiliating," she said. "How to face them! How to live it all down! I wish it was the middle of next year."

"It will be. Things are always happening in the family," Hugh consoled her. "You're not the only one. But you're beautiful, and every man who sees you wants you, and it's harder for you."

"You're terribly decent. You're terribly kind to me," said Honor gratefully. For a moment she was silent.

"If you'll trust me I'll make it up to you some day," she said.

"Don't talk like that, Honor."

Her wide-open eyes were fixed on his, and he saw in their depths a new beauty and a new consciousness.

"Shall we be married right away, Hugh?" she asked. "Could we run away from them all, and get up there to the deep woods—"

"No; we couldn't," he said, smiling, as she paused. "You're to go down to Barbara's, to meet the new boy."

"Oh, yes, she's got her boy at last! Is Aunt Harriet wild with joy?"

"They're all pretty happy, and the girls are spoiling him already. And Barbara wants you down there for May, and perhaps June, fooling round with the kids, swimming and resting."

"And climbing Deer Hill! It sounds so delicious!"

"And then if you feel like it—"

He left the sentence in mid-air; for a long moment they looked steadily at each other, smiling through a sudden dazzle of mist.

"Hugh, you're so kind to me," Honor said on a long sigh. Her lip trembled, and her lashes came down over the tell-tale eyes that could no longer keep back the tears. The man jerked his chair a little nearer the bed, and she groped with her thin fingers against the counterpane, and found his strong big hand and clung to it. There was complete silence in the orderly white room with its curtains moving gently against spring airs and the scent of violets and yellow roses everywhere. And faint through the silence Honor thought that she could hear the distant faint strains of music—organ music, violin strings, playing a heart-broken melody.

"All ready to move home to-morrow?" Tom asked.

He was calling on Honor on the last evening of her hospital stay. Adeline had been in, earlier in the evening, and had slipped away. She was alone with her brother.

"All packed!" she answered happily. "They took my weights off to-day, Tom, and you can't think how free it feels! Is this going to be terribly expensive, Tom? For of course Hugh and I mean to shoulder it. He spoke of it."

"No; the insurance company's paying your hospital bills," Tom answered, in an almost indifferent, puzzling tone. Honor looked at him in surprise.

Please turn to Page 42



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Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 41

HE was in a low chair, his hands dropped between his knees, his fingers linked. He did not meet her look.

"You and Hugh going to be married," he stated rather than asked, with the same abstracted manner.

"And I'm going to make it up to him," Honor added humbly, bravely. "The rest was—all a bad dream. Anyway, it's over. I've always trusted him—loved him, I think. I'm—terribly happy about it."

Tom spoke in slow, painful protest. "You can't forget a man like Cartwright as easily as that, can you?"

"No. Not forget. But change," Honor answered, hurt, and sobered in her turn. Suddenly her airy acceptance of the situation sounded flat, school-girlish.

"Hon," Tom said in a low voice, looking at her suddenly twisted hands, "there's one more thing.

They want me to tell you—God knows why they picked me! But your doctor dodged the job, and Adeline's no good. You're not going to walk for a long time, Hon, if ever. You can get around all right, and you're all right otherwise. But your leg—you'll have to have a crutch. Henderson says it may straighten out in a few years. The man—member the little Swede who came in here Sunday? Well, he says—"

His voice went on, nervous and unnatural and low. He did not look at her. Honor lay stunned. For a moment she felt that she was dying, so strangely did the currents of life ebb and flood and ebb again in her very being, and for that moment she would have been glad to die.

Her eyes were fixed on Tom; she waited for his upward look, and at last had it, sorrowful and pitying and reluctant. And with a hideous

shock that seemed to stop her heart and smite her head like a blow she settled to the realization; the fact was accepted as inevitable, added to other unchangeable facts of her life. She was crippled.

"I don't have much luck, do I?" she said presently, in a harsh, quiet voice.

"This is a bit of tough luck," he conceded, with a great sigh of relief. The brows were broken, and she had not died, she had not gone mad.

"What is it, Tom?" the girl asked composedly. But she was deathly pale.

"It was a hip fracture, besides the broken leg. They've fixed the hip—the X-rays don't show anything wrong. But it simply won't work. Tilghmann says it ought to be broken again, but of course they

can't risk that! When you try to walk you'll see. You'll have to have something to support you so's you can get round."

"Oh, I don't believe it!" Honor whispered, her eyes still fixed on his face.

"They don't say it won't cure," Tom said.

"But for a long time!" Suddenly she put thin fingers tight against her eyes. He saw the glitter of her tears.

"Adeline'll be up at the Walburga lot," Tom offered consolingly. "Everyone will make it easy. And none of 'em know, Honor, the doctors, I mean. Nobody really knows whether or not it'll—"

"Adeline will be up where a lot?" she asked, repeating his phrase.

"Walburga."

"Ah, I see." Her tone was delicate, removed, cool. "I see," she said slowly. And swiftly the whole horror developed in her mind, in all its details. She was to marry Hugh, of course, even in this broken, useless state. Hugh had indicated his generous intention, and the alternative was to become a helpless burden on the family. One couldn't go back to the office on a crutch. One couldn't sit at home, looking out of the window towards Telegraph Hill, knitting jackets for the family babies. Adeline and Aunt Lucie and Tom had naturally thought it all out. How much better to have Honor marry Hugh, and work the problem out with Hugh's support and success and help!

She felt a sort of nausea of the spirit. Sheer despair dried her tears. She heard Tom telling her gratefully that she was a sport.

"I'm stunned, I think," she said simply. "I can't seem to take it in. I've been thinking of myself as back in the office. Ha! And climbing Deer Hill—our breakfasts up on Deer Hill. That's over, isn't it? I'll not climb Deer Hill."

HER voice thickened and she was silent. Hugh looked at her anxiously.

"I'd bet you'll climb Deer Hill again," he said.

Honor did not seem to be listening. She presently spoke of Adeline's birthday on Sunday. Had they remembered it? Were they to go down to Bob Chamberlain's on Sunday?

"Could I go?" she asked simply.

"Why not?" Tom countered, in a thickened voice. She saw that her effort to be strong was hurting him more than any breakdown could hurt him. "You can do anything," he said. "Only—only—"

"Yes, I know!" she said quickly, to spare him. He could go away, in a few minutes, to report to the family that Hon had taken it like a soldier, and that she had been talking afterwards of other things.

But Honor had to face alone the first of many white nights. This was not like lying awake, rocked in a dream of memory, hearing Paul's voice, remembering his words, ecstatic in wakefulness. This was misery and suffering such as she never had known.

Even when she dozed off through sheer weariness it was to awaken to an only fuller consciousness of despair, for the future was all black, and every doorway seemed blocked.

She could not go back to the office or to any office for years. Perhaps she could never be self-supporting again. Her days of helping to solve the financial problem at home were ended.

She could not even assume the domestic responsibility. No more sitting out to the kitchen, no more happy fussing with candles and flowers for a winter dinner table.

As for marrying Hugh, well, that was just definitely and quietly not possible. There would be no argument about it, no affectations. To let him take on that sort of burden, now at the very outset of his career, would be fatal for him, and worse for her. She would not even think of that.

Tom contributed about fifty dollars a month to the home expenses. Honor had always paid rent and gas and telephone bills, which came to a little more. Adeline paid for the laundry and brought home flowers and subscribed to two papers and five magazines and a circulating library. It all worked out beautifully, for Aunt Lucie had eight bonds which paid her eighty dollars quarterly, and took care of her modest needs.

Honor's defection would be a serious blow. It would upset this careful little budget; it would not only burden, it would anchor them all. Nobody could be married, or plan for any change, while Aunt Lucie and Honor were dependent and helpless. Her nights were made terrible with the thought of it.

SHE would doze, start up at a twinge from her leg, writhe again in the clutch of it. Paul—Paul was so far away, and she loved him, needed him so! Sometimes she cried bitterly, letting herself go, her whole body trembling in the rush of tears, the pillow beneath her cheek soaked with them.

The tears would be dried suddenly; her face would burn. She would remember her condescending kindness to Hugh only a few days ago. She had so graciously agreed to marry him now that her plan to elope with a married man had failed! She had felt generous, sure of herself, promising to make him happy. And all the while he had been pitying her, thinking to himself: "Poor Honor, someone's got to take care of her, and I suppose it's to be me!"

Struggling, twisting, panting, utterly exhausted and yet sleepless, in the stark plain little hospital room, Honor wore away the hours of the endless first night. It was the forerunner of many such nights; beauty and youth went down before them like conquered armies; it was a nervous, thin woman with a wrinkled brow and untidy hair who looked back at her from her mirror during the first unendurable days at home.

She sat in the sitting-room, after the effort of dressing was over, and looked at magazines, and thanked Aunt Lucie and Adeline, and Aunt Adeline and Cousin Natalie for trays, and magazines, and their goodness in coming to see her.

But inevitably the flood of her despair engulfed her half-way. She could not pretend. Tears would come, or sobs, or just the one acid phrase that told them that the fires of her purgatory had not been lessened. She was not yet twenty-four; she was helpless, crippled, dependent, lonely. Her heart ached fiercely for one hour with Paul; one hour in which he should see to what a pass their happy, happy time had brought her!

In August, when the city was cool and windy and blowy with chaff and dust, she went down to the peace and beauty of Cousin Bob's house in Woodside. It was a hard move; Tom Borrow drove her down as gently as he could in the big car, and Bob and he carried her into the house. But she was quite exhausted by this time, and did not get up for dinner, lying instead in the spare-room bed and wishing devoutly that she were at home again.

Cousin Robert Chamberlain was of her father's generation, sixty now, stout, impressive, conscious of his position as head of the family. There were two married daughters and several grandchildren usually about; the big house in its four-acre garden was filled with life and interest. Cousin Flo, mistress of the place, was a nervous, quiet woman with hypochondriac tendencies.

The visit turned itself into an ordeal. Cousin Bob always had bored the younger generation profoundly, because he spoke so slowly and pompously. He bored Honor mercilessly now, no matter what his subject.

(To be Continued)

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THE HOMEMAKER

April 8, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

There's beauty in a DIMPLED ELBOW

DON'T be caught, when you put on your very loveliest evening gown, with a pair of rusty-looking elbows. Get busy now on beautifying treatments.

By
Janette



BEAUTIFUL arms, with smooth, dimpled elbows and well-cared-for hands add enormously to the charming picture made by Virginia Field, Fox player, as she reclines on a couch in a glamorous-looking black velvet dinner-gown.

TIME was when a dimpled elbow was considered the most valuable of beauty assets.

But to-day, unfortunately, many women disregard their elbows entirely.

Soft, smooth, dimpled elbows certainly can add a lot of beauty to the arms.

Yet to-day unsightly elbows are the most prominent blemishes that are found on otherwise lovely arms.

The elbows are subjected to a great deal of wear and tear.

Friction from clothes, pressure from leaning, and neglect all tend to make them rough, dry and discolored.

And when they get into this condition they detract greatly from the beauty of the arms.

Now, when feminine beauty is more important than ever, when luxurious fashions and low-cut evening gowns revealing arms and shoulders are the present order of things, arms and elbows are very much on show.

Many women neglect their elbows all through summer. There is not the same demand for evening clothes—sports things being the order of the day—but when you are



UNSIGHTLY elbows would completely spoil the effect of this evening ensemble, in which Benita Hume, MGM player, looks so lovely. She takes every care of both shoulders and arms.



enjoying life swimming or sun-bathing on the beach you can't be worried about the dimples in your elbows.

But it's time now to make a close inspection of these beauty points. A pair of rusty-looking elbows will make even the loveliest gown look all wrong.

It is not very difficult to keep the elbows soft, smooth and free from discolorations. Scrub them well each night with a bland soap, using a small flesh brush, when you take your bath.

After the bath, dry them well, and make a paste of powdered pumice and lemon juice. Apply the paste generously to each elbow and rub it briskly over the skin, so that the pumice may remove any deadened cuticle. Allow it to remain on for a few minutes, so that the lemon juice may bleach any dark discolorations.

After about 15 minutes, remove the paste from your elbows with tepid water and a soft cloth. Then soak each elbow for about five or



ten minutes in a small bowl of warmed olive oil.

After the soaking massage a little of the oil into each elbow. This should be permitted to remain on overnight.

You may loosely wrap a bit of gauze around each elbow, if you wish, to keep your bed-clothing from becoming soiled.

Such lubrication will restore the essential oils to your skin, and will make your elbows soft, smooth and lovely.

IN THE THREE pictures here you have a glimpse of Lana Turner, Warner Bros. player, treating her elbows. To bleach them she rests each elbow for five minutes in half a cut lemon. Then she scrubs her elbows with warm water and mild soap, dries them and rubs in a little tissue cream.



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My Patients Ask Me . . . By A DOCTOR

Don't blame him if he is **IRRITABLE**

—Find the cause and a cure

I HAVE come to speak to you about my husband, doctor. He's always irritable, and, of course, the whole household suffers.

That must be very worrying, Mrs. Black.

Yes. I've tried to get him to come to you, but he refuses. I'm sure his indigestion is the cause of the trouble. He's tried all sorts of remedies, but none of them has done him any good.

Well, Mrs. Black, he is hardly likely to be cured miraculously just by taking a pill. Indigestion has many causes. It may be due to some direct cause, such as hasty eating, over-eating, or poor cooking, or it may be the outward and visible sign of a much more serious internal complaint.

Then, again, any upsetting of the nervous system is quite enough to cause indigestion.

In such cases it is rather a vicious circle, for persistent worry or mental strain may cause indigestion,

the indigestion may add to the worry, and so on indefinitely.

I don't think nervous indigestion is the trouble, doctor. Things are going well at the office, and there is nothing in his home life to cause him worry.

Does he eat his meals quickly?

He usually bolts his breakfast. He has to, because of the rush to catch his train.

That may be the root of the trouble, then. Unfortunately, in these days of "hurryitis," most people gulp their breakfasts down with a frenzied eye on the clock. It's no wonder that the pangs of indigestion attack them as they settle down to work.

Another thing, Mrs. Black. How old is your husband now?

He's just 45, doctor.

Apart from running for his train, he doesn't take much exercise nowadays, does he? No, I thought not. But does he eat the same amount of food each day as he used to? He does? Ah, now we are getting somewhere.

You see, Mrs. Black, when a man reaches middle age he does not need as much food as he did in his younger and more energetic days.

He does not take so much exercise, and so there is not so much need to build up wasted tissues.

Yet, in spite of this, you say your husband is eating the same amount of food as he was accustomed to eat years ago.

That is very likely the cause of his indigestion, especially if he is partial to rich foods and highly-flavored dishes, and fond of sweets and cakes made with white flour.

He is, doctor! But what should I do about it? And how can I make him cut down his food?

Get him to give up eating between meals for a start. And rule out rich puddings, as much as possible.

Have plenty, but not too much, of the plain fresh foods, and serve them simply.

For The Family

THE ideal diet is based on milk, meat, eggs, wholemeal bread, cheese, and fresh fruit and vegetables. Mrs. Black, and these are best, not only for your husband, but for the whole family.

Fresh fruit, instead of heavy puddings, is an improvement I would suggest for everyone, indigestion or not. And then, if your husband eats a lot of bread, I would suggest that he reduce that, and that what bread he does eat should be wholemeal rather than white.

All that sounds pretty good sense to me, doctor, and I'll try out what you say from to-day. But supposing I do get Harry to try all this and his indigestion persists? What then?

Send him along to me without delay, Mrs. Black. If the cause of his indigestion is internal rather than external, the sooner it is discovered the better.

It might be any one of a number of things. Cancer of the stomach, for example, always causes chronic indigestion, and a revulsion against meat in particular.

Well, doctor, there's nothing Harry likes so much as a good helping of meat, so that's a comfort.

Quite so, Mrs. Black. But there are other diseases, too, of which indigestion is a symptom. Gastric

ulcer is one, though it occurs most commonly in thin men between twenty and forty, especially if they are heavy smokers. And heart attacks, too, have often been mistaken for acute indigestion. In fact, the possible causes of indigestion are so many and varied that we need all the resources of medical science to detect them, and, having detected them, to treat them successfully.

But, as I said before, I really do not think you need worry. From what you have told me I am pretty sure that your husband's trouble arises from eating too much of the wrong kinds of food.

Try him on this new diet I have suggested, and I'm practically sure you will notice an improvement, even after a couple of weeks.

If, however, there is no difference, persuade him to pay me a visit at once. If he doesn't, he will be taking a big risk.

For Young Wives and Mothers

Before Baby Comes

"WHEN should I consult a doctor?" is a question frequently asked by the expectant mother.

Not only should the doctor be consulted as soon as possible, but there are many points that should be discussed with him.

Correct clothing and amount of exercise to take are also problems for the expectant mother.

These matters have been dealt with in a leaflet specially prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau. Readers interested may obtain a leaflet free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

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16
BOX
OF
12

For your debutante daughter

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

A BEDROOM SHE WOULD JUST ADORE—CHARMING, COLORFUL, AND HER OWN

OF course your daughter needs a room of her own, especially if she has now reached the debutante stage.

It's not a matter of great expense—it's a matter of simple furnishings and colorful but restful decorations.

Do not fill the room with useless objects and ornaments, but choose furniture carefully so that each article has a definite use and harmonises with the whole.

Built-in cupboards are a great joy, and if the room is large enough it is an excellent idea to partition off a space and build in cupboards fitted with shelves and hanging space for clothes. Paint the outside the color of the walls.

This should not cost any more than buying various pieces of furniture. It gives uniformity to the room and helps greatly towards creating that feeling of space which is so desirable.

Be sure that the dressing-table is placed so as to make the most of the available light. Have some form of artificial lighting close to it, such as wall lights or a strip light above the mirror.

No girl's bedroom is complete without a full-length mirror. A mirror looks attractive fixed to the wall, but if there is no convenient wall space have it on the outside or inside of the cupboard door.

Those Away from Home

A DIVAN bed with a fitted cover is very neat, particularly for girls who live away from home and must use one room for living and eating in addition to sleeping. With the aid of a few cushions it is easily disguised as a couch during the day.

For those who possess antique furniture there are many lovely modern fabrics designed to harmonise with old pieces. Chintzes are gay and attractive and look equally well in a period or modern room.

Harmonious colors are essential in a room which is intended for rest. It is a good idea to make a favorite color predominate in the color



scheme, as it will probably have the most soothing effect.

It is safer to use pastel colors for the large areas in much-lived-in rooms, as one tires of these less quickly.

Blue is an excellent color for bedrooms because it gives an impression of coolness and repose and is easy to combine with other colors.

If the room is inclined to be dark, paint or paper the walls yellow as this reflects more light than any other color.

The artist's painting on this page shows an attractive room for a girl.

The color scheme is carried out in two shades of blue with yellow as a contrast. The walls are a pale, soft shade of grey-blue, which is very restful. The frilled curtains are of yellow voile, and the bedspread and dressing-table frills are of gay cretonne with blue, yellow, and green on a white ground. The chair is covered in dark blue linen, and the bedspread has bindings of the same blue.

The dressing-table would be simple to make by placing two pairs of wooden cases or boxes, one above the other, to form shelves, and joining them with a slab of wood on top.

Cover the insides of the shelves and the top of the table with fabric, and have a piece of glass cut to fit the top. Surround the whole table with a pleated or gathered frill of chintz or taffeta.

Book of Home Plans

THE Australian Women's Weekly receives a constant stream of inquiries from readers as to where they can obtain house plans at a nominal cost, and if a book of designs suitable for Australian conditions is available.

We have recently received such a book, "Australian Homes and Plans," which not only gives plans and photographs of homes, but deals in a comprehensive manner with home building generally.

The house plans, which include designs for large and small homes, are designed by well-known architects. Ground plan, photograph and brief description are given in each case.

The book contains articles on the various methods of financing the buying or building of a home, how to select a home site, how to choose interior decorations, lighting, kitchen equipping and other subjects.

Our copy from New South Wales Bookstall Company.

BEDROOM SUITABLE for the debutante daughter. The color scheme is carried out in two shades of blue with yellow as a contrast. Walls are palest grey-blue and frilled curtains are yellow voile. Bedspread and dressing-table frills are of gay cretonne with blue, yellow, and green on a white ground.

It's Not His Fault he's Nervous, Jumpy and Timid . . .

The Doctor Knows It's

Faulty Elimination

By rights he should be the brightest, happiest of lads, but faulty elimination has taken its toll.

Faulty elimination, unlike constipation, cannot be easily detected. Faulty elimination means that whilst the bowels may appear to be regular, they are only half functioning, allowing food waste to pour unsuspected poisons into the blood stream, thus overtaxing the liver and kidneys (the blood purifying organs). The child's health must suffer. Finicky, cranky moods and loss of appetite can only be expected.

Medical science knows one safe, gentle medicament that induces natural bowel movement, thus relieving the overworked liver and kidneys.

Laxettes contain this medicament. Laxettes are entirely free from purgative, often harmful, ingredients that scour the natural lubricant out of the bowels, and cause subsequent troubles.

Nothing else can be as safe as a course of Laxettes. Their absolute reliability makes them a necessity in your home. And their delicious chocolate flavour makes them every child's favourite.



Do YOU suffer with Headaches, Indigestion, Bilio-ness, Dizziness, Tiredness, Loss of Appetite?

A course of Laxettes is your safest, surest remedy. 1/6 the large tin—6d. sample tin. Only genuine if in the tin.



LAXETTES

Rectify Faulty Elimination

NIGHT



and DAY

LIPS LOOK GLAMOROUS

NOW Pond's bring you an exciting new lipstick that makes your lips look glamorous always, in the bright day light, or in the glare of electric lights.

Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color night or day! Really indelible. Stays smooth and fresh on your lips. Six smart new shades.

Pond's

NEW

Lipstick

• 1/- and 2/6 at all stores and chemists.



ONE OF THE LOVELY variegated types of canna. It is yellow in color with salmon-pink spots and generally very showy. Looks well massed in a bed by itself rather than combined with other tones.

IT is color, gay masses of it, that brings beauty to the home garden. And among the various flowers that do their part in this regard none does better work than the canna.

It is not only ideal for giving vivid color to the garden, but is most useful for interior decoration, the attractive foliage combined with striking blooms in brilliant hues giving unusually beautiful effects.

Cannas are a genus of tropical summer flowering plants growing from thick

fleshy tuber-like roots. They are valuable for their flowers and for their foliage, the latter in many varieties being very dark in color and often showing a red or bronze tint.

There is a large range of varieties from which to choose, and if grown in good rich soil the plants will reach up to 6 or 7 feet. This makes them very popular for shrubberies, or as a background for other types of flowers.

The bright scarlet varieties planted in clumps here and there in large gardens are really beautiful.

Cannas have been hybridised to such an extent in recent years that almost any color can be obtained.

In small gardens cannas make a fine background if planted along a wall of the house, and no matter how small the garden room can be found for a few plants.

They are perennials, so once they are in the garden they go on multiplying every season. For this reason, select the very best colors, then you can go on dividing the plants each year.

Cannas grow very well from seed. Very often a new variety can be introduced, and cultivation becomes most interesting.

Hide Unsightly Corners

FOR hiding ugly corners, old fences, outbuildings and other places where color and charm are sadly needed, cannas are splendid. An unsightly drain can be beautified by planting cannas along either side. Being water lovers, they grow well in such a position.

Cannas are easy to grow, and require very little attention. Good loamy soil, well dug, plenty of thoroughly decayed animal manure, and a good watering from time to time are their requirements. If grown where there is waste water they will require no further attention after planting.

When the flowering period is finished the tops of the plants should be cut off level with the ground and the tubers allowed to remain in the ground throughout the winter. In the spring the plants should be dug up, separated, and replanted. The roots will stand plenty of dividing.

Cannas, because of their color, are very attractive when massed in beds of one color. Some of the best varieties to grow are *Croxy* Hybrids and *Madam Croxy*.

The color range of cannas runs from very dark red to pale yellows and pinks. In between are bright scarlet, crimson, flame, salmon and a whole range of variegated types. These usually are in two tones such as yellow with salmon spots, or red with a yellow edge.

If you want to try growing from seed, save the seed from your own plants. These appear on the old stems of the flower heads in little round balls. Break these open and you will find the little hard black seeds inside.

CANNAS . . . bring you glorious color

• Ideal for garden decoration because of their striking blooms in many brilliant colors and attractive foliage, cannas are also very beautiful for adorning the house inside.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER



ANOTHER OF THE variegated cannas. It is dark red with a yellow edge to the petals and gives a striking display when grown in beds in massed effect.

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IDEAS to make your home
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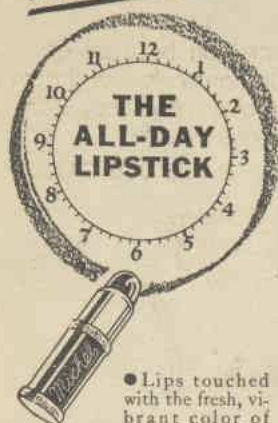
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75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.—Please send me free your
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Select your favorite from these six glowing shades: Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Raspberry, Scarlet.

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Don't let ugly pimples make you miserable and embarrassed. Just use Rexona Ointment and your skin will be clear and smooth again in a few days.

TREATMENT—First wash your face in warm water with Rexona Soap. Then with a sterilized needle prick the pimples, squeeze gently, then smear on Rexona Ointment. In a short time they will completely vanish. Then keep your skin healthy by washing only with Rexona Soap which contains the same healing medications as the Ointment.



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£500 FOR ONE RECIPE

Read full particulars in this issue



LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID

"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss B.C.C. in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and ugly. I was envying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me. I don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime banishes ugly fat. No nasty salts, no starvation diet. DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

YOUR HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

Storing Garments for Winter

At the end of every summer there is always the problem of what to do with summer clothes and furnishings—whether to keep them or discard them.

Any garment or article worth keeping should be washed thoroughly before storing, for soil left in any garment will eventually dim its colors and weaken its fabric. Bluing and starching can be omitted, and even ironing. But clean these articles should be, if they are to be kept in tiptop condition for the next six months.

Often washable dresses that seem a bit faded and down at the heels can be given a winter usefulness for indoor wear by tinting or dyeing.

About Steak

Epicures prefer their beef slightly on the raw side. A steak should be quite pink in the middle, and a roast rosily juicy. The well-done steak or roast has less juiciness and flavor than does the rare or semi-rare piece of meat. There are some persons to whom rare meat looks "raw," but the fact is that the meat proteins are cooked before there is a color change in the meat.

To Re-waterproof Hoods

To re-waterproof pram and motor hoods mix sufficient lamp-black with linseed oil to make it like ink. Paint over hoods which have been wiped over with turpentine and allowed to dry. The result is a glossy black waterproof finish.

To Preserve Tablecloths

To give a damask tablecloth longer life, run a hem along the selvage at one side when it is half worn out. The creases will then come in a different place and the cloth will not wear out nearly so soon.

Gravy Hint

If stock or gravy is required in a hurry melt a teaspoonful of some meat extract in half a pint of hot water, bring to the boil, season and use. If time permits, a piece of onion, a spray of parsley, or a tomato added to the water gives flavor.

Saves Floors

Furniture not provided with castors often scratches polished floors when it is moved about. This can be avoided if little discs of felt are glued to the bottom of the legs of the furniture.

Bruises On Furniture

To remove bruises from furniture wet the part with warm water, fold a piece of brown paper several times, soak it in warm water, and lay it on the bruise; then apply a warm—not hot—iron until the moisture has evaporated. If the dent is not raised to the surface repeat the process.

To Preserve Wringer

After wringing all the clothes on washing day pass an old piece of blanket through the wringer two or three times to dry the rollers and keep them in good condition.

For a Torn Frock

A torn frock may be temporarily fixed by the help of a little stamp-paper.

BE SHOPWISE

ROLL THEM ON AND SAVE.



Ink Stains

Ink stains can often be removed with a solution of starch. Cover the stain with the solution and leave to dry. Then rub off the hardened starch and repeat the process until the stain has disappeared.

Care of Light Wood

To clean light, polished wood wash it, but be careful not to get it too wet. Do this with warm water and dissolved soap. Dry thoroughly and at once. Then polish with a dry duster.

Starch for Grease

Try using a piece of dry starch to remove a spot of grease from wall-paper. It almost always absorbs the grease. The starch is then easy to brush off.

To Clean Steel

A good way to clean very dirty steel is to use paraffin and fine ashes. Polish it with a little dry soot, and the result will be excellent.

Clothes Peg Tip

If clothes pegs are dipped in white enamel paint, and dried in the sun, they can be kept perfectly clean, and will not split or mark the clothes.

Washing Silk

Colored silk should never be steeped, but washed and ironed as quickly as possible to prevent the color from running. Squeeze it in lukewarm, soapy lather until clean, rinse in warm and then cold water. To the latter add one tablespoonful of salt, and the same of vinegar. This is in order to preserve the color. Squeeze out, fold evenly, and roll in clean cloth; beat well between the hands; iron at once with a moderately hot iron, under a thin cloth, until nearly dry. Finish ironing without the cloth.

The A.B.C. of Cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

Kalioles: Eastern dish of small slices of grilled or braised meat.
Kedgerie: Dish of rice, fish, eggs, etc., curried. Of Indian origin.
Klaese: Kind of small dumpling served in soup.

Knead, To: To turn outside edges of dough into centre till of an even consistency, lightly using fingers and thumbs.

Kromesnies: Croquettes (Polish).
Lard, To: Method of treating lean meat to be baked or braized by threading with thin strips of fat, using larding needle.

Lardons: The thin strip of fat used in larding.

Lebkuchen: Ginger bread or spice cake (German).

Leveret: Young hare.
Litmus: Blue coloring matter from certain lichens. Suitable for coloring any but acid foods.

YOU'RE JOKING — HOW CAN A FOOD RELIEVE CONSTIPATION?



How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal relieves constipation—without drugs or harsh purgatives

FAR too many people give up hope of getting rid of constipation permanently and resign themselves to lifelong dependence on purgatives.

But they shouldn't and needn't! For it is a simple matter to get natural relief from common constipation once you realise what is causing it!

Common constipation is due to lack of "bulk" in our daily diet. Most staple foods—meat, white bread, fish, eggs, potatoes and milk—contain little or no bulk. They are so completely absorbed into the body that their residue is not bulky enough to move the bowels.

It's a condition that you can't correct with harsh purgatives. You see, purgatives don't get at the real cause of constipation, and, as any doctor will tell you, the habitual taking of gripping pills and other violent remedies is not good for your system.

WHAT YOU NEED IS "BULK"

The safest way is to include in your diet food which leaves a bulky residue that the bowel muscles can "take hold of." For this reason doctors tell you to eat fruit and vegetables. These foods provide bulk—though seldom enough to keep you regular.

That is why you need this crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran! All-Bran is a natural "bulk" food that acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit or vegetables, but much more surely and thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of." And it does more; as it passes through the intestines, it cleanses your system like a water-softened sponge, wiping away the clogging impurities that make you feel wretched.

In addition, All-Bran contains the vital health element, Vitamin B, which "tones" the intestinal tract. All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—either with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal! Do this every day, and drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with common constipation. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer today.



Pain YOU CAN'T 'EXPLAIN'



Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping".

Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is more quick, more complete, more lasting than anything else they've ever known. The secret is Myzone's amazing *acterin* (anti-spasmodic compound) . . . science's aid to nature. Try a couple of little Myzone tablets, with a cup of tea . . . with your very next "pain". 2/- box. — All Chemists.

"MYZONE not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as before I used to get pimples!" —Miss M.P.

TAKE THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR LEGS

Get Oxygen in Your Blood and You'll Get the Pep that Sends You Bounding Up the Stairs.

People who suffer to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. Red corpuscles are your oxygen-carriers. They carry the oxygen you breathe in to every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. Your skin gets pale. Head, often dizzy. Your nerves may become flaccid—you are quickly—feel depressed.

What you need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These world famous pills help you make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today at your chemist or store and see for yourself how quickly this time-proven blood-builder will help give you back your pep. . . .

Do You Know?



You can play in the sun, Surf, Swim, Tennis, or run. Get your hair most delightfully wet. And your boy friend will rave as you press in each wave with the tiniest drop of DAMPETTE.

If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, just damp your hair and comb a few drops of Dampette through it; then finger-press waves into position—Chemists and Stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

HEARS' EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RECIPE COMPETITION

Read full particulars in this issue

Knit this high-neck ribbed JERSEY

A COSY DESIGN FOR COLD-WEATHER WEAR MADE WITH LONG SLEEVES AND A HIGH NECKLINE.

THIS ribbed jersey is an unusually smart one, the long-fitting raglan sleeves and high neck making it very suitable for general cold-weather wear.

Materials: 7 ozs. Moorada pure Shetland wool, Shade S 1 (blue), 1 pair No. 9 Virella knitting pins, 4 No. 11 Virella knitting pins pointed both ends.

Measurements: To fit 34-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 21 inches. Sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: 10 stitches to 1 inch (unstretched), 8 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st, stitch, tog, together.

Note: Work into back of all cast on stitches.

This jersey may also be made in either Armada pure Shetland wool or Glenada highland mixture.

BACK

Cast on 116 sts. on 2 No. 11 pins. Work k 2, p 2 rib for 24 rows.

Change to No. 9 pins and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 132 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 132 sts. until work measures 12½ inches from cast on.

Shape armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 90 sts. remain.

Take 2 tog. at each end of every row until 36 sts. remain.

Leave sts. on spare pin.

FRONT

Cast on 124 sts. on 2 No. 11 pins. Work K 2, p 2 rib for 24 rows.

Change to No. 9 pins and continue

in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 140 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 140 sts. until work measures 12½ inches from cast on.

Shape armholes. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 98 sts. remain.

Take 2 tog. each end of every row until 44 sts. remain.

Leave sts. on spare pin.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 44 sts. on No. 11 pins. Work k 2, p 2 rib for 30 rows.

Change to No. 9 pins, and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 80 sts. are on pin.

Continue on 80 sts. until work measures 18½ inches from cast on.

Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 36 sts. remain.

Continue on 36 sts. for 26 rows.

Leave sts. on spare pin.

NECK RIBBING

Commencing at centre back,

Pressing Hint

WHEN pressing knitted garments with a raised pattern the use of a damp cloth tends to flatten the pattern. To avoid this, iron over a sheet of newspaper. This gives sufficient moisture and the print you'll find will not come off.



A SMART new design for a high-necked ribbed jersey. Instructions for knitting are given on this page.

arrange sts. on 3 No. 9 pins thus:

1st Pin: 18 back sts., 30 sts. of one sleeve.

2nd Pin: Remaining 6 sts. of sleeve, 38 front sts., 3rd pin: Remaining 6 sts. of front, 36 sleeve sts., 18 back sts. (152 sts.).

Work p 2, k 2 rib for 3 rounds.

Next Round.—1st pin: Rib 17, take 2 tog., rib to end. 2nd pin: Rib 5, take 2 tog., rib 34, take 2 tog., rib 17.

Rib 2 rounds.

Next Round.—1st pin: Rib 16, take 3 tog., rib to end. 2nd pin: Rib 4, take 3 tog., rib 36, 3rd pin: Rib 4, take 3 tog., rib 32, take 3 tog., rib 16.

Rib 2 rounds.

Next Round.—1st pin: Rib 15, take 3 tog., rib to end. 2nd pin: Rib 3, take 3 tog., rib 35, 3rd pin: Rib 3, take 3 tog., rib 31, take 3 tog., rib 14.

Rib 2 rounds.

Next Round.—1st pin: Rib 14, take 3 tog., rib to end. 2nd pin: Rib 2,

take 3 tog., rib 34. 3rd pin: Rib 2, take 3 tog., rib 29, take 3 tog., rib 14.

Rib 2 rounds.

Next Round.—1st pin: Rib 13, take 3 tog., rib to end. 2nd pin: Rib 1, take 3 tog., rib 33. 3rd pin: Rib 1, take 3 tog., rib 27, take 3 tog., rib 13.

Rib 2 rounds.

Next Round.—1st pin: Rib 12, take 3 tog., rib to end. 2nd pin: Take 3 tog., rib 32. 3rd pin: Take 3 tog., rib 25, take 3 tog., rib to end.

Rib 2 rounds.

Next Round.—1st pin: Rib 12, take 2 tog., rib to last 2 sts., take 2 tog. 2nd pin: Rib 33. 3rd pin: Take 2 tog., rib 24, take 2 tog., rib 11.

Change to No. 11 pins and work k 2, p 2 rib for 6 rounds. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press work. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves to armholes from neck band to under-arm.

... PICKED and PACKED the SAME DAY!

Every good thing in a fresh tomato is yours—in Rich, Red 'Fountain' Brand Tomato Sauce



Everything I have is yours

The kitchens where we press and pack Fountain Tomato Sauce are built amid the fields, so it is only a matter of hours before the fresh fruit is picked and packed.

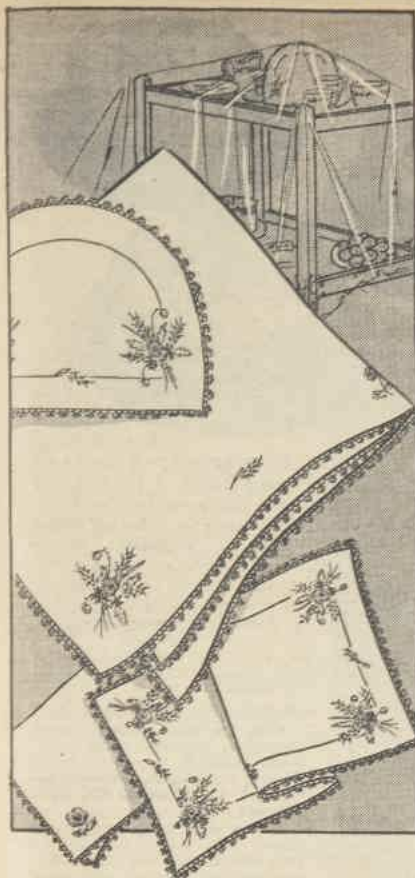
Rich Red "Fountain" Tomato Sauce is made according to a true Home-made Style Recipe.

BUY A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

Collect the Coupons for Valuable Free Gifts



FOUNTAIN home-made style TOMATO SAUCE



Traymobile set in field flower design



EXQUISITE tea-time essentials in colored linen or organdie, and ever so easy to work.

NEW and very charming is this traymobile set in a dainty field flower design.

It includes throwover, traymobile cloth, serviette and tea-cosy and may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on organdie or linen.

Edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish.

Colors are white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or green, blue, yellow or white organdie.

Prices are:

Cloth or throwover, 36 by 36 inches, linen, 7/6; organdie, 2/9. Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, linen, 4/6; organdie, 2/-.

Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, linen, 1/-; organdie, 9d.

Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, linen, 3/6; organdie, 1/9.

You will require the following stranded cottons for working the design: The centre flower is done in satin-stitch in P469 (red), the wheat in P443 (yellow); the bud in P469 (red), and P468 (green) for



CLOSE-UP of the field flower design used in the embroidery of the traymobile set. The design is worked in red, green, yellow, and blue.

the base and stem. The cornflower is worked in satin-stitch in P424 (blue).

These cottons may be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1d. a skein.

THIS traymobile set includes throwover, traymobile cloth, serviette and tea-cosy in linen or organdie.

Smart cushion-cover and table-runner

Easy-to-work set in linen or Cessarine with a design for embroidering in colored wools.

YOU can obtain this cushion-cover and the matching table-runner from our Needlework Department

traced ready for working, on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen or on cream, blue or green Cessarine.

Prices are:

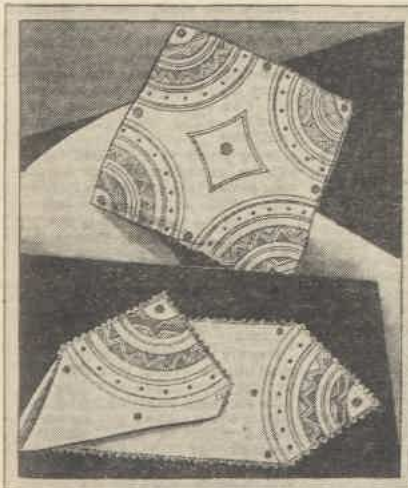
Cushion-cover, 18 by 18 inches, linen, 2/6; Cessarine, 2/-.

Table-runner, 12 by 36 inches, linen, 2/6; Cessarine, 2/-.

Soft wool is used for the embroidery, and for this you might be able to make use of wools left over from knitting.

The stitches are stem-stitch and satin-stitch, and bright colors are suggested.

The design would look most attractive worked in red, black, and white or in deep green and red with brown or black lines.



HERE IS a smart set to brighten up your lounge room—a cushion-cover and a table-runner in linen or Cessarine with a smart design for embroidering in gay wools.

FOR address of our Needlework Department see Pattern Page in this issue.



Star Wheel

DESIGN...

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More prizewinners in OUR BIG COOKERY CONTEST

THESE RECIPES, SELECTED FROM THOUSANDS OF ENTRIES ALREADY RECEIVED FOR OUR BIG £1000 COOKERY COMPETITION, ARE AWARDED WEEKLY CONSOLATION PRIZES. SEND IN YOUR RECIPES NOW.

THE entry which wins first prize of £1 as the best recipe for the week is for a delicious chocolate sponge sandwich.

Our cookery expert tried it, and the excellent result is pictured on this page.

Other interesting recipes are awarded consolation prizes. These are worth trying, too.

You also can enter your favorite recipes in our big £1000 cookery contest. Read all about it elsewhere in this issue.

Cake Section

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

One teaspoon butter, 1 dessert-spoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, 3 eggs, 4oz. castor sugar, 2oz. chocolate, whipped cream, meringues; whites of 2 eggs.

Melt butter in a small saucepan, add cocoa, cinnamon and boiling water to make a thin paste. Keep warm.

Sift flour with risings and salt. Beat eggs for five minutes, then add sugar and beat mixture till thick. Pour in butter mixture, then add flour and stir lightly till well mixed. Put into two greased and floured sandwich tins, one seven and a half inches across and the other six inches. Bake for 35 minutes.

Make meringues beat two egg-whites very stiff. Then beat in gradually 1lb. castor sugar. Put in teaspoons on an oven slide lined with slightly-greased greaseproof paper. Bake in a very slow oven till hard—1½ hours.

Cut each cake in halves and put together with whipped cream. Cover sides of cake with melted chocolate. Cover top of larger cake with cream and put small cake on top. Pour a thin coating of melted chocolate on



DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE which wins first prize this week of £1. Our cookery expert made it and pronounced it excellent. The recipe for making it is given on this page.

top of cake. Arrange meringues around top of bottom layer.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. John Bolton, Talliem Bend, S.A.

BROWN SANDWICH

One heaped tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon treacle or golden syrup, 1 teaspoon ginger, grate of nutmeg, 1 heaped cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda dissolved in little boiling water.

Cream butter with sugar, add well-beaten egg, then treacle. Mix

ginger, nutmeg with flour, stir in alternately with milk, lastly add soda, bake 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Filling: 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon hot water, enough icing sugar to thicken, vanilla essence. Beat well, spread between sandwich.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. M. Dingle, 35 Forest Rd., Trevallyn, Launceston, Tas.

FRUIT CAKE

One pound butter, pinch of salt, 1lb. castor sugar, 8 eggs, 1lb. plain flour, 1 level cup (breakfast) of self-raising flour, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 1 cup walnuts, 1lb. cherries, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons sherry or brandy.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs one at a time, and when well beaten add water gradually, then flour and fruit alternately, then sherry. Bake in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Williams, 4 Meryla St., Burwood, N.S.W.

BLUSH CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon pink coloring, 1oz. cherries, 1oz. preserved ginger, 1oz. almonds (chopped), 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Beat butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Add milk, coloring, cherries, ginger and almonds, then add sifted flour and baking powder. Bake in an oblong tin three-quarters of an hour, in moderate oven. When cool, ice.

Icing: 1 tablespoon butter, almond essence, 4 tablespoons icing sugar and pink coloring, all beaten well together.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Psaltis, The Niagara, Crookwell, N.S.W.

Dessert Section

CARAMEL CABINET PUDDING

Two ounces castor sugar, 1lb. stale bread, 1 cup water, 1 lemon, 1 egg, 2oz. loaf sugar, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sultanas.

Cut bread into cubes. Dissolve loaf sugar into a strong saucepan with a little water and make a caramel. Cool slightly, then pour milk on it and dissolve caramel in gentle heat. Pour this over bread cubes while hot and leave to soak for an hour. Then add grated rind and juice of lemon, sultanas, castor sugar, and well-beaten egg. Stir well, then

put into greased basin and steam for 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Williams, The Laurels, Crafer, S.A.

BUTTERSCOTCH BANANA CREAM DESSERT

Peel and slice 4 bananas and divide into individual salad or glass dishes. Heat 1 teaspoon butter in a pan and add 1 tablespoon brown sugar. Cook until mixture becomes slightly browned. Then add 1 breakfast cup boiling water and stir until sugar is dissolved and ingredients well mixed. Now mix to a paste with a little milk 1 level dessertspoon cornflour; boil 1 breakfast cup milk and pour on the blended cornflour.

Return to pan and cook for a few minutes. Mix with butterscotch mixture and then fold in stiffly-beaten white of an egg. Pour mixture over bananas in dishes and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. G. Lomas, Box 201, Post Office, Warwick, Qld.

GLORIFIED RICE

One packet lemon fruit jelly crystals, 1 pint boiling water, 1 pint pineapple or other fruit juice, 2 cups boiling rice, 1 cup whipped cream, 4 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt.

Dissolve jelly crystals in 1 pint boiling water; add fruit juice. When cold, whip to consistency of cream, fold boiled rice into whipped jelly, then add 1 cup of whipped cream which has sugar and salt added to taste. Chill thoroughly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR

Gives finer
FLAVOUR
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QUARTS
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BUTTERSCOTCH banana cream dessert, a sweet that is very simple and quick to make. It is made in individual dishes with cut-up bananas, butterscotch mixture, and chopped nuts. Recipe on this page.

A. P. Powell, 335 White Horse Rd., Surrey Hills, Melbourne.

Jam Section

PEACH AND CANTALOUPE JAM

Three pounds peaches (yellow clingstones if possible), 3lb. cantaloupes, juice of 3 lemons and grated rinds, 1 cup walnuts, blanched and chopped, 1 cup water, 5lb. sugar, teaspoon salt.

Scald peaches, dip in cold water to remove skins easily, then cut up. Peel cantaloupes, and dice. Place peaches, cantaloupes, and water into preserving pan and boil 10 minutes. Then add sugar and boil three-quarters of an hour, add lemon juice and grated rind, boil till it jells. Add walnuts ten minutes before taking off. Bottle.

Rock melons can be used instead of cantaloupes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. E. Peard, 37 Dalgety St., St. Kilda, Vic.

PRUNE AND APPLE MARMALADE

One pound and half apples, 2lb. prunes, 1lb. sugar, juice 1 orange, juice 1 lemon.

Stew prunes gently in just enough water to cover; stew until very soft. Turn into dish, cool, and remove stones. Put sugar into pan to warm. Peel, core, and cut up apples. Add to sugar, along with prunes and fruit juice.

Bring slowly to boil. Boil for 30 minutes, or until apples are merged with prunes into a nice firm marmalade. Bottle and seal while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. G. Martin, 34 Mary St., Toowoomba, Qld.

GOOSEBERRY CONSERVE

Six quarts of green gooseberries, 5lb. sugar, 2lb. seeded raisins, 5 oranges.

Remove stems from berries, and chop raisins rather coarsely. Cut oranges into halves and take out juice and pulp, removing seeds; cook peel of three oranges soft in enough boiling water to cover, changing water once or twice. Drain, remove white part from peel by scraping with a spoon. Then cut into narrow strips. Put sugar, berries, orange peel, juice and rind together in a preserving pan and heat slowly until the syrup is thick.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Wain, 39 Anglo Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.

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Says Miss M. Shepherd, Director of Cookery, N.S.W. Hospitals.

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EASTER DINNER suggestions . . .

AFTER the plain fare of the Lenten season it's up to you to serve the family a delicious meal on Easter Sunday.

By MARY FORBES

• Cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE Lenten season means fairly plain fare for many people, so that by the time Easter Sunday comes around the family is more than ready to appreciate something special in the way of a really delicious dinner.

So to-day I have planned for you a light but delectable meal just suited to the occasion, yet quite easy to prepare.

The Easter dinner, especially if you have guests, can be one of the most delightful meals of the year, and it is worth while taking trouble over the preparation of a menu that is a change from the usual kind of Sunday dinner.

I have included usual popular and practical dishes, but have added some "trimmings" and a new dish or two. Set your table attractively, using a low vase of flowers or a centre piece of fruit for table decoration and bring out your best china.

SUGGESTED MENU

Tapioa Cream Soup
Roast Leg Lamb, Mint Sauce
Baked Potatoes Peas
Celery Fritters
Sponge Cake Mould
Tartines a la Casino
Black Coffee Dessert



SPONGE CAKE mould is a delicious sweet that is easy to make and decorate. See recipe on this page.

TAPIOA CREAM SOUP

One and a half pints stock, or milk and water, 1 oz. tapioca, yolks 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons cream, 3 tablespoons milk, salt, cayenne, croutons. Boil stock, add tapioca, and cook till clear. Cool slightly, then pour on to beaten yolks, milk and cream. Reheat carefully without curdling. Season to taste. Serve in tureen with fried croutons.

N.B.: Cream can be omitted and extra milk used.

If milk and water are used instead of stock, flavor the milk by cooking in it onion, carrot, parsley, herbs. Strain and use.

LEG OF LAMB

Weigh meat and allow 15 minutes to each lb., with 15 minutes over. Place the meat in baking dish, add 1 lb. dripping and place in hot oven for 10 minutes, then lessen heat and allow to cook slowly the required time, basting frequently. Add potatoes one hour before meat is done. When ready for serving lift meat on to a hot dish, place potatoes on white paper to remove all traces of fat and serve in hot vegetable dish. To make gravy, leave 2 tablespoons fat in baking dish, add 4 tablespoons plain flour with salt and pepper to taste. Stir over heat until sufficiently browned. Add, away from heat, 1 pint water. Stir till it boils and thickens, strain into sauce-boat.

MINT SAUCE

One tablespoon mint, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 4 tablespoons vinegar.

Chop mint very finely. Put into small basin with sugar. Pour on boiling water and allow to stand till cold, add vinegar, mix well. Use for roast lamb.

BAKED POTATOES

Potatoes, salt, pepper, fat. Scrub, wash and dry potatoes, peel thinly. Cut in halves lengthwise. Leave in cold water. Wipe dry. Sprinkle with salt. Put into baking dish of hot fat or under the meat. Cook about 30 minutes to one hour according to size of meat, basting and turning well. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve in hot vegetable dish.

GREEN PEAS

One pound peas, 1 quart water, salt, 2 sprigs mint, 1 dessertspoon sugar, butter, pepper and salt, 1-2 teaspoon carb. soda.

Shell peas and leave in cold water. Drain. Add salt, mint, soda and sugar to warm water in an enamel saucepan, then peas. Cook slowly, with lid off, till tender, from 10 to 20 minutes according to age. Drain in colander. Return to saucepan, remove mint, toss over heat with butter, pepper and salt, and serve in hot vegetable dish.

SPONGE CAKE MOULD

Rinse a plain mould or round cake tin with cold water. Decorate the bottom with halved glace cherries, and two-thirds fill with broken stale sponge cake, macaroons and some pieces of cherries. Boil 1 pint milk; pour on to 3 well-beaten eggs. Stir over boiling water till it coats the spoon. Add 1 lb. sugar and 1 oz. gelatine dissolved in little cold water. Mix well, add vanilla. Cool, then pour carefully into pre-

pared mould. Leave till firm. Turn out and garnish with whipped cream, nuts, pieces of banana and macaroons. Or serve the sponge mould with stewed fruit or custard.

CELERY FRITTERS

Wash celery, remove outer stalks, and the root. Trim away green tops and cut each head into four. Cook in boiling salted water till easily pierced with skewer. Drain and cut into short lengths. Have ready some batter, dip each piece of celery in it, then into boiling fat; fry until golden brown and crisp. Drain well. Serve on paper d'oyley garnished with sprigs of parsley.

TARTINES A LA CASINO

Put 1 egg and an extra yolk into

AN ATTRACTIVELY set dinner table—as important for a successful meal as the actual food. Remember eye appeal as well as palate appeal.

basin and beat well. Add 2 oz. melted butter and 3 oz. grated cheese, salt and cayenne to taste. Roll puff pastry very thinly, stamp into rounds about 2 inches across, spread little of mixture thinly over one round, and cover with another round, pressing edges of pastry lightly together. Brush with a little beaten egg and bake in quick oven for 10 minutes. While hot, sprinkle with a little grated cheese and serve hot, garnished with sprig of parsley.

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"There's the trouble," explained the doctor. "He doesn't get enough nourishment to carry on the morning's work. If he's fussy give him Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—children seem to like that funny little 'SNAP', 'CRACKLE', and 'POP' that Rice Bubbles make when the milk is poured on. My children have Rice Bubbles every day."



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CHOCOLATE CRACKLES.—Dried gelatin 2 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2 1/2 ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. icing sugar, 3 1/2 ozs. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 1 oz. Cofola. Method: Stir dry ingredients together, melt Cofola and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers, and allow to set. Enough for 10 or 12 Chocolate Crackles. R.I.



Serve this exciting
LENTEN DISH
HOT SALMON LOAF
laced with golden-smooth
KRAFT CHEESE SAUCE



SO EASY
TO MAKE
TOO!

Lenten menus monotonous? Not if you serve this appetising new Lenten dish... piping hot Salmon Loaf laced with golden-smooth Kraft Cheese sauce, and garnished with vegetables to suit your taste. It's a treat for the whole family... and so easy to make, you'll want to have it again and again! Remember, Kraft is rich in all these important food

elements... tissue building proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft!

How to make the Salmon Loaf

Simply take 1 lb. tin of your favourite salmon, bone and flake and mix with 1 cup breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon chopped onions, 2 beaten up eggs. Bake in 2 round buttered dishes in moderate oven until firm. Serves 6 to 8.

**HOW TO MAKE
THE KRAFT CHEESE SAUCE**



1
Take 4 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Shred cheese into saucepan with 1 tablespoon milk.



2
Heat and stir till melted smooth, then stir in rest of milk slowly... and there's your luscious Cheese Sauce!



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Distorted Worlds

... By
**Josiah E.
Greene**

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Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL
April 8, 1939

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SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.



DISTORTED WORLDS

By JOSIAH E. GREENE



THE corridor was empty. There were nine doors, four on one side, five on the other. The first on the left was numbered 310, and it was a crack ajar.

Next to it was 312, and across the hall, opposite them, were 311 and 313. Then there were two alcoves, one on either side,

furnished with desks, chairs, lamps, filing cases, and, in the one on the right, a telephone. Beyond these were the doors of 314 and 316 on the left, 315 and 317 opposite, 318 was the fifth door on the left, and across from it was a lighted oblong where the hallway right-angled into the wing.

Two naked bulbs burned, not too brightly, in the ceiling and were reflected dully from the yellow unadorned cement-plaster of the walls, and from the two-toned grey of the tiled floor. Two clocks, one in either alcove, ticked irregularly, the only sound to break the dead silence.

Then, somewhere in the distance—in a wing or on another floor—a woman began to laugh, an inane laugh that went on and on until a door closed, and then hung like an echo on the air until even that vanished.

The door of 312 opened and the short, slight figure of a man was framed in the rectangle of light as he paused to look back before padding down to the alcove on rubber-soled shoes.

A second figure took his place, a bulky one this time. This man also glanced back, and then turned off the light inside the room. Before he closed the door, he asked, in a hushed tone, "Shall I leave this ajar, Dave?"

The first man, already at his desk, looked up, considering. "No," he said. "It's so quiet to-night we'll hear him if he wakes up."

There was a click of the latch as the bulky young man pulled the door shut. He stood, fumbling in the pocket of his white uniform for a handkerchief, and then, having found it, moved towards the alcove, mopping his face.

"What's the matter?" asked David Wiese tonelessly. He was a dingy little man with a lifelessly impassive face and all the nervous qualities of an automaton.

"Nothing," his companion answered, and because it sounded so inadequate, added, "It's hot as hades, that's all."

Wiese said, "You'll get used to it." He was not referring to the heat. The younger man, grunting sheepishly, sat down and tilted his chair against the wall. His name was Tom Jensen. He was broad in the shoulders, had curly chestnut hair on top of a good-looking face, and a big, powerful frame, and was ashamed of the unsteadiness that his trembling hands were betraying.

Apologetically, he said, "I thought I'd got over being squeamish, but that business—it's so darn-inhuman!"

David Wiese twisted the gooseneck lamp closer and took a patient's chart from the desk drawer. It was headed Exeter Hospital. Beneath this had been written the building and the patient's number—"Hughes, 312"—and the date: "Tuesday, July 18." There were already half a dozen entries.

Wiese, glancing at the clock, began to write. He wrote painfully, his fountain pen creaking on the paper and sending little shivers up Jensen's spine. The entry read:

"1134—Patient complained again of persecution and became violently excited. Impossible to keep him clothed. Yesterday's manifestations reappeared. Also the abnormally quick reactions of a week ago—"

The pen stopped creaking. Wiese lifted his head and stared with unseeing eyes across the hall. In the silence, Jensen laughed.

"You do it, too," he said.

"Do what?"

"Listen." It was satisfying to catch the imperturbable Wiese at a novice trick. Inside, Wiese was probably as sensitive as he was himself, and no doubt in time Jensen could grow a protective shell as effective as the older man's. He said, "You were listening, as we all do, for a sound—a cry, perhaps—knowing it can't be as still as this when we're surrounded by—maniacs!"

"Patients," Wiese corrected.

"Call them what you like—"

Wiese grunted. "Less imagination would do you good," he said.

"Oh, I know! It needs the temperament of an oyster to take care of these people—if you can call them people. But—you were listening, too."

"Thinking."

"Yeah?"

"Thinking," repeated Wiese, flatly, "that Sylvester would be interested in those quick reactions."

"Oh," said Jensen. He added, "Maybe."

Neither moved. Tom caught himself at the trick of which he had just accused Wiese, and said quickly, "There's a queer bird, that Sylvester. How does he get on so well with patients?"

"Maybe because he's as crazy as they are."

"Who wouldn't be, working with them!" And, as Wiese got to his feet, "Where now?"

"To see if he's still in 310."

Wiese went down the corridor, past 312 to the door of 310. Jensen had been right: it was a crack ajar.

And then a sudden sense of something wrong touched David Wiese. There was not a sound from the room, though the light was on, and this was unusual, for its occupant, Joseph Parist, was not a quiet person in his waking hours. It meant, certainly, that Dr. Sylvester had gone, but

so absolute was the silence that there might have been no one there at all.

Cautiously he pushed the door open. Nothing happened. The room seemed empty.

The bathroom door was not closed, though there was no light inside. Premonition disturbing his usual impassiveness, he flicked his tongue quickly over dry lips.

"Joe!" he called. His voice was still flat, but something in it made Tom Jensen, in the alcove, lift his head.

There was no answer.

Wiese entered 310 slowly. There was nothing there.

Never in seven years of nursing him had Wiese observed trickiness in Parist's nature—only violence. Hurrying down the corridor to the centre of the building where the stairs and the elevator were, Wiese wondered what it meant. Certainly Parist must be in a state of acute mania—which was to say, murderously violent; but what new element had crept in?

Unable, in his impatience, to wait for the ascent of the elevator, Wiese chose the stairs and raced down the two flights to the foyer. There, abruptly, he halted.

A vague sound of movement was growing on the upper floors, but here there was neither sound nor movement save for the butting of a moth against the light fixture in the ceiling.

And the office—where Johnny Dennis should have been—was empty.

For the second time since he had entered 310, panic touched Wiese. He had envisioned Parist loose in the building, but not even in that first moment had it occurred to him that the madman might have escaped from Hughes Hall altogether, for Hughes was a new building, particularly designed to house the hospital's dangerous patients, and it was supposed to be escape-proof.

Anyone who left the building must pass through the foyer, for the single ground floor entrance was there. And one corner of the foyer was set off by a wooden partition topped, at chest height, with glass. This was the office, and it commanded the entrance, the three ground floor corridors that converged there, the stairs and the elevator that were the only access to the upper floors, and the spring-locked door that led to the basement.

One man, stationed in the office, controlled the building.

If—of course—he was on the job.

And Dennis, whose shift it was, was missing. Why? How long?

Wiese had the sudden conviction that it had been long enough for Joseph Parist to escape. And a homicidal maniac loose meant—

He called "Dennis!" sharply, without anticipating any result.

There was a surprised "Yes?" from the entrance-way.

Reaction claimed Wiese. He said: "Oh!" flatly, crossing the foyer.

Dennis came through the doorway and joined him in the little vestibule between it and the foyer. He was a rangy young man with the striking blondness of the Scandinavians, but there was something queer about his eyes.

"You want me?" he asked. His voice, too, was not right.

"Seen anyone leave the building?"

Dennis' eyes slid past the nurse to reach the foyer in a single rapid glance, and a strained look appeared in his face. Then he said, deliberately, firmly, "No one's left the building, Dave. I've been standing in that doorway for half—for three-quarters—of an hour. No one's gone out."

"But Parisi might have come downstairs?"

"You'd better have them search this floor."

Wiese crossed the foyer towards the women's side. Dennis, quite pale, watched him from the vestibule, but neither spoke. Ahead, down the corridor, the door of 102 opened, and a nurse came out.

"Miss Lewis!" Wiese called, stopping her. She waited, a cool girl, tall and dark. He repeated his news bluntly, but there was no visible reaction. Her voice, acknowledging his instructions, was matter-of-fact. He added his warning: "Be very careful. You'd better search in pairs, and don't hesitate to call for help if you locate him. Dennis is in the foyer and will hear you."

She said, "Is he?" in a surprised way, and then corrected herself with a little laugh: "But, of course! . . . We'll be careful, Mr. Wiese."

A little rattled after all, Wiese thought; you could hardly blame her. He went back to the foyer.

Miss Lewis started in the opposite direction, halted suddenly and called, "Mr. Wiese!" but he was gone. She hesitated; then went to the alcove, where Miss Stiles was.

Miss Stiles received the news philosophically. "After wrestling with that lot of mine all evening, I can take on Joseph Parisi and a couple more," she said. "Let's get the others."

"You find them, Anne. I—" Miss Lewis hesitated. "I've got something to return to Johnny Dennis."

She hurried down the corridor, her starched skirts rustling.

On the third floor Cummings and Bernstein had started the search. Wiese joined Tom Jensen, who was already at his post where the passage angled into the wing.

Searches were routine. One attendant, or a pair of them, remained at the angle of the corridor to watch in both directions, making sure the quarry did not break cover unobserved; the others went from room to room. Repeated simultaneously throughout the building, the search was rapid and thorough, taking scarcely ten minutes even when, as at present, it was necessary to go in pairs.

Parisi had not been found in the wing. Cummings, emerging from 318, reported his job complete without result. And somewhere, on another floor, a woman began to laugh, inanely, tonelessly, mocking the effort of the search and crowing the triumph of the patient's escape.

To Wiese, returning to the foyer, Dennis looked sick. He was livid, and stood supporting his weight against the jamb of the vestibule doorway. He had already heard the first floor reports, and he could have guessed the rest. The spot he was in was enough to make anyone sick, Wiese thought.

He drew a long breath. "If you'll get the keys—" he said, glancing towards the office.

"They're here," said Johnny, and took

them from his pocket. "They were used earlier."

He tossed them, but the throw was weak, and they jangled on the floor. Wiese, picking them up, asked, "Has anyone looked in the lavatory?" He indicated a door diagonally opposite the office.

Left alone, Johnny Dennis collapsed, his head in his hands, fighting nausea. He was ice-cold, and, before the violence of the attack eased, he was afraid he was going to be sick.

Slow steps descended the stairs, and he pulled himself erect. He could tell from the way Wiese handed back the keys that the search had been vain; from that, and the way he stood staring.

"You know, Dennis," he said after a long moment, "Parisi must have gone out of that door you claim you've been watching."

"He didn't," said Johnny thickly.

"Johnny!" Miss Lewis had come silently down the corridor and stood at his side.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Yes," said Johnny. "Sure."

But the nausea was on him again. He fought it, conscious of Miss Lewis' exclamation: "Johnny! You are sick."

"Beats it!" he gasped. "I'm—"

She didn't go. She had him by the arm.

"Get out of here!" he choked. "Kay, get out!"

WIESE might have called Dr. Llewellyn Richards, head of Exeter Hospital,

from the office, but, because his disposition was calculating, he chose to climb the stairs again, pausing before he reached the third floor to think out what had happened.

Never let Richards, the doctor would never let responsibility for the escape rest with the hospital; there would be a scapegoat, a role David Wiese did not fancy. On the surface, Johnny Dennis was cast for the part, but Johnny's flat denial might mean further investigation which Wiese, his own position not too good, did not welcome.

Briefly, an idea had flashed through his mind to be dismissed as fantastic. It returned, and when presently he continued upstairs, it was in a pensive state of mind.

From the third floor he telephoned Mrs. Vreeland, on the switchboard at the Administration Building, and had her locate and put him through to Richards. He told the doctor of the escape in the briefest possible way, suggesting he come to Hughes at once.

Tom Jensen, tilted against the wall again, said, "You didn't tell the old boy enough to arouse his curiosity. He's not coming all the way from home at midnight just for that?"

"He'd come farther for less," said Wiese. "But he'll only have to walk over from the Ad. Building. He was in his office."

"In his office?" repeated Jensen. "He's working late." Wiese glanced at the clock and grunted.

The conversation died. Wiese picked up the chart of 312 on which he had been working. Jensen sat thinking of the madman wandering about the city.

The hum of the elevator rising broke the silence. Jensen's chair clicked down. Wiese shoved his chart aside with a frown.

Dr. Richards, small and excitable, came down the corridor with his rapid, nervous stride.

"Mr. Wiese!" he said. "Mr. Wiese! I must have misunderstood. What were you trying to say over the phone?"

Wiese offered his chair, but the doctor perched on the desk, while the nurse repeated the story in detail.

"But it's impossible!" insisted Richards. "How could he get out? Dennis would have seen him. . . . Dennis was on the job, wasn't he?"

"Not in the office," Wiese answered evenly. "He said he was on the steps—said he had a headache and needed air. But he says no one went out."

"Then what are you hinting? That Dennis lied?" Wiese refused to commit himself, but breathed imperceptibly easier. "Hmph!" snorted Richards. He snapped: "What's Parisi's condition? Violent?"

"I don't know, sir."

The attendant asked tonelessly, "Shall I call the police?"

"Police?" said Richards, as though it were a particularly unintelligent question. "Want it to get in the papers? Want everybody in the city to read about it? Want a panic?"

Wiese said slowly, "There's Louis Prescott."

"Eh? Prescott?" The doctor's anxious face brightened. "Why, of course—Prescott! I should have thought of him! And—let's see—he'd be at home now, not at the station. An inspiration, Mr. Wiese!"

CAPTAIN LOUIS B. PRESCOTT looked the policeman that he was. Fifty-odd years had softened his flesh, but the hard-

bitten, lined, brown face, the clear green eyes, and the lantern jaw still dark with beard though his scant hair was greying kept most people from realising that physically he had passed his prime.

His mind, like his appearance, was a policeman's, unoriginal and plodding, but thorough. Behind it lay thirty years of experience. Being dragged from bed at midnight, dressing in clothes damp with suetiness, and chasing across two miles of city and suburb on a summons as vague as Richards', were the unpleasant things a policeman had to put up with.

He expected nothing more than the routine recovery of a straying patient, in spite of the primmings Richards had given it. Still, their meeting in a tiny, crowded office brought a sense of excitement, for the doctor's nervous strain was evident.

Prescott's knowledge of mental hospitals was slight, his abnormal psychology having been acquired solely from contact with the insane he had met in the course of his work—queer devils, twisted, confused.

"You must understand, Louis," Richards hastened to explain, "that mental institutions are no longer prisons. Most patients are allowed the run of the grounds, and if they wander off, they are—as you should know—easy to find. That kind of escape we have occasionally. But . . ."

He paused with a worried shake of the head. "A few would be dangerous to themselves and others if we handled them so, and for these we have built up a system of such constant observation that I should have said escape was impossible."

Prescott, who could listen to a man talk around a point for only so long, said harshly, "One has?"

"Yes," said Richards. "What did you mean by 'dangerous'?"

"I mean the man—his name is Joseph Parisi—is homicidally inclined."

He fell silent on the phrase. Sergeant Dugan drew a deep breath, and the policemen by the door shifted slightly.

"Parisi?" he repeated aloud. "That name's familiar."

The Sergeant said, "Maybe you're thinking of Big Tony, sir."

"Joseph's father," said Richards. "I understood he had a police record."

"Little things, mostly," said Dugan. "Liquor counts . . . It's old Alibi Parisi, sir; you remember him. Slippery as what you're trying to remember. Any time anything important happens, he's got an alibi. It happens so often the boys gave him that for a nickname."

DISTORTED WORLDS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Criminally clever," nodded the doctor. "It is part of Joseph's unhealthy background. The whole family has a mental taint. Stephani, I recall—the second son, five or six years younger than Joseph—is effeminate, and all the children are hypochondriac."

Prescott suggested, "How about a description, Doc?"

The doctor was not to be hurried. It was the moment to hammer home his point. "No one is safe, Louis. Man, woman or child. Anyone who displeases him may be killed or injured before help can come."

"Displeases?" Prescott was caught by the triviality of the word.

"Someone bumping against him in a crowd, a waitress bringing him soup too hot, a child striking him with a rubber ball. A hundred things as casual might lead to murder! On the streets. In a store. Anywhere!"

Richards, the Captain decided, was exaggerating for effect. He shrugged.

The doctor, reading his thought, hurried on. "His admittance here was the result of an incident as slight. He and Stephani shared a room, for the Parisis, though they are well off, live in an upper story that is small accommodation for their nine children. Stephani believed—mistakenly—that he had tuberculosis, and insisted on having the window open at night, a habit to which Joseph objected one cold, midwinter night. He insisted they hadn't blankets enough to keep warm. Stephani said he couldn't sleep in a closed room. Joseph said he'd have to. The altercation ended when Joseph seized the nearest weapon—a chair—and brought it down over his brother's skull. . . . Then he closed the window and went back to bed."

"Leaving his brother—"

"With a fractured skull and bleeding from a dozen cuts. Luckily Tony had heard the quarrel and investigated. Stephani was rushed to a hospital in time to save his life, but—it was close. The family doctor—Peronetti—and another certified Joseph next morning. . . . But that's the kind of excuse on which he acts."

"I see," said Prescott slowly.

"He attacked his father once when Tony was visiting, because, he said, Tony tried to crush his hand when they shook hands. He has attacked a number of nurses for reasons increasingly irrational. Of course we keep him as isolated as possible during his periods of mania."

"The point," Prescott said bluntly, "is not the secrecy, but the success, of the search. If we have Parisi by morning, there'll be no panic."

"But will you? Can you take the chance? Risk the publicity?"

The word, in a flash, told Prescott why he had been dragged to the hospital in the middle of the night on such a fundamentally routine matter: Richards wanted the escape hushed up for fear of the effect the news might have on the private hospital. The public was a secondary consideration. An excuse.

Before they left the building he sent Duran to headquarters to take charge of the search, and with him one of the policemen to bring back the car. The other, a man named Lynch, stayed, and they both followed Richards across the dark, tree-shaded grounds to the new, pink-brick facade of Hughes Hall. Lynch was left on the steps outside.

A big, raw-boned young fellow was in the vestibule. He was strikingly pale, but the face and figure seemed familiar to Prescott, though he could not place them at the moment.

Richards said to him sharply, "You belong in the office, Dennis!"

"I've been sick, sir," the boy protested. "The office was so hot, I was afraid to go back. I need the air."

Richards grunted and led the way to the elevator. Prescott, crossing the foyer, checked the impression he had from Richards' description with the actuality.

He piloted the elevator to the third floor and led the way down the corridor to 310.

"This was Parisi's room," he said.

It was a pleasant room with comfortable furniture, gay spreads, small homely touches.

He started to push an armchair to a different angle to sit down. It stuck. He took two hands to it, and then dropped it as though an electric shock had hit him. The chair was bolted to the floor. All the furniture was bolted to the floor. Nothing heavy, he saw, was loose; the lamp was secured, even the bookends. There was no free glass, nothing that could be turned into a club or a cutting edge.

Prescott took a grip on himself. Not even Richards' story had brought home the vivid reality of Joseph Parisi as this room did. Madness and violence were implicit in its silent restraint.

"Wise must be next door," said Richards.

"I'll get him."

Richards joined him presently. "Wise knows we're here," he said. "He'll be out as soon as he can."

Prescott had stumbled on a side of the doctor's business that an outsider rarely saw, and Richards was embarrassed.

Time crawled. It was ten minutes before they heard a door open, and David Wise came to 310 on silent feet. He was the attendant the patient in 312 had caught. Prescott wasted no time in getting down to business.

"He was merely hypomanic earlier this evening, sir."

"Merely what?"

"Hypomanic: his usual condition," said Wise in his flat tone. "Unwarrantable cheerfulness, aggressive familiarity, loud-mouthed, boastful behaviour." He added, gratuitously, "Acute mania is when this mood deepens, and he becomes irritable, insulting and explosive. The slightest thing can touch off a fury of violence then."

Prescott said, "I understand you were supposed to watch Parisi?"

There was an undertone of insinuation Wise could scarcely have missed, but he twisted the question to his own ends: "I have been Mr. Parisi's attendant for seven years, sir."

"How could you miss seeing him leave the building to-night?"

The man said evenly, "I was watching the gentleman in 312—also my job."

"When did you last see Parisi?"

"In his room at 10.30. I'd been with him for an hour, but he wanted to go to bed, so I left him to it." Wise hesitated perceptibly, and added, "He didn't, though."

"How do you know?"

"Dr. Sylvester went to his room about eleven," said the nurse deliberately. "Just before he closed the door, I heard him say, 'Well, Joe, I expected to find you asleep!'"

"Dr. Sylvester?"

Richards said, "Dr. Herbert Sylvester, a brilliant young research man working under my personal direction and accomplishing some remarkable things in the way of diagnosis."

"What was he doing here at eleven o'clock at night?"

"He visits patients at all hours," Richards explained. "Parisi was one of the three

on this floor with whom he was experimenting."

"Then Sylvester seems to have been the last to see him before his escape. Can we get in touch with him?"

In Prescott's experience, interest in a case rarely sprang full-fledged. But, at some time in every investigation, as is true of anyone who does his work well, warmth and urgency replaced mechanical routine, and such a moment had arrived now, born of a combination of pity for Dennis—the boy was so pale he might have been sick—and a sudden conviction that he had nothing to do with Parisi's escape, a hunch which, in the face of facts, was a little ridiculous. Prescott never trusted hunches.

Still, his questioning began sympathetically. Johnny Dennis did little to bolster the hunch, however, for it was clear from the start that he had changed his story.

Asked if there were any way Parisi could have gone without being seen, he answered that it was possible if he had sneaked out during one of the times he had been sick in the lavatory. Looking at him, Prescott could easily believe he had been sick, but the statement failed to jibe with his earlier flat denial that Parisi could have escaped.

Prescott said suddenly, "If you were sick for the first time after the search was over, Mr. Dennis, how could Parisi have escaped while you were sick?"

The boy said sullenly, "I had cramps first—a long while before."

"You're lying, of course," said Prescott.

"Shielding someone."

"No, sir. I was sick, and I still am."

Shielding someone was a guess—one possibility.

"How did you get your job here?"

Prescott was working toward the subject of the hospital's personnel, but here, unexpectedly, when a simple answer about application was anticipated, he got what he wanted.

Johnny Dennis stumbled over the question. After a pause that was patently surprise, he said: "Why—a friend helped me get it."

And Dr. Richards, nodding, said, "I gave it to him at the request of Dr. Sylvester."

It was Miss Lewis who said, "I hope you aren't serious about this, Captain. Bert, that is Dr. Sylvester, wouldn't have anything to do with the escape, I know."

"That's true," nodded Richards quickly. "I have the greatest confidence in him, and I'm sure he would do nothing to the discredit of the hospital."

The woman's coolness was cracking. "Bert wasn't the kind to turn a madman loose! He knew them. He couldn't have done a deliberately terrible thing like that!"

Prescott got out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "All right!" he said wearily. "You'll all for him, Dennis is his best friend, the doctor's his sponsor, and you, Miss Lewis, act as though his interests were yours, but—"

"They are, Captain," she told him. "I'm Bert's fiancée."

Prescott was figuring in his notebook. He went over Johnny's story in careful detail. Some medicine Dr. Sylvester had prescribed for Johnny interested him particularly, Sylvester. . . .

The Captain followed a perturbed Richards into the corridor and down it to the foyer. Kay Lewis stood in the hall looking after them, and Johnny, following them, crossed slowly toward his office. Lynch fell in behind, unimpressible, stolid. Johnny Dennis opened his office door.

Then Prescott whirled. Johnny, leaning against the jamb, was staring into the office. Prescott reached his side before Richards, but the doctor was quicker in going to his knees beside the twisted figure on the floor. It lay on one shoulder, knees drawn high, one hand clenched across its chest.

Richards felt for a pulse, and for five seconds they waited in the silent hospital. Then Richards said, whispering, "He's dead."

Kay Lewis came so silently that Prescott had no chance to stop her. She saw what there was to see. She said, "Bert!" in a voice like a hurt child.

And then the scream Hughes Hall had been waiting for all evening echoed down its corridors as she cried the name again.

And after that Kay Lewis' knees buckled beneath her and she pitched forward across the inert body of Dr. Herbert Sylvester.

The attendant in the alcove glanced up, and at sight of a stranger got to his feet. Prescott asked for use of the phone, and in a few minutes was connected with O'Reilly.

The attendant, listening, said, "What's happened?"

Prescott turned and looked at him. He was a fleshy young fellow, with a pink-and-white complexion, chubby cheeks, and oiled hair. He spoke silkily, in a fashion Prescott disliked in a man.

"Who are you?" demanded Prescott.

"Me? I'm Mat Loomis."

"Kind of anxious about Miss Lewis, aren't you? Knew she was engaged to someone else, didn't you?"

"Sure."

"Well," said Prescott, getting up, "that someone else is the corpse."

Returning to the foyer, Prescott sent Lynch down to the drive to intercept and direct those who would be arriving shortly. Then he unlocked the office door, and, after a moment's hesitation, transferred the key and relocked it from the inside. The idea of a lunatic sneaking upon him while he was busy did not appeal to him.

Dr. Herbert Sylvester lay between the desk, which he faced, and the wooden partition, his head inches from the stool, and his shoes perhaps three feet from the door.

Prescott knelt beside the body. A knife wound. And more than one from the look of it. He looked around for the weapon, moving the body slightly, feeling underneath it, but the knife did not seem to be there.

Then he took a moment to consider the man who was dead. Sylvester had been a man under thirty, above medium height, and remarkably thin.

Somebody tried the handle of the door, and Prescott looked up sharply. Mat Loomis came around to the grill and peered in. "It is Sylvester, isn't it?" he said, as though he had doubted it.

"What's the idea of trying the door?"

"I thought I'd come in. But it was locked."

"I know. Now suppose you scuttle back to your end of the hall, and let me have a few minutes alone."

Loomis gave him a queer smile and walked away. Had that been natural curiosity, or something else? Prescott wondered.

PRESCOTT interviewed a little group of reporters on the steps outside Hughes. He mentioned the murder, admitted to mystification, said a knife was the lethal weapon, that there was no motive, and no woman. He suggested that Mrs. Vreeland could give them some dope on Sylvester, and congratulated himself as they went off

on having avoided mention of Paris. His success was short-lived. Jerry Keenan, reporter on the evening local, had lingered.

"You'd better go look up Sylvester," said the Captain.

"Know all about him," Keenan returned. "Went to the U with him, roomed in the same building. Wrote a special feature on him six months ago—local celeb, and all that. What I'm interested in is—how did you get word of this?"

"Telephone," Prescott was trying to be wary.

"I knew it couldn't have been cross-country runners," said the reporter. "Who telephoned?"

"Dr. Richards."

"Yes? And when?" Prescott hesitated over his answer, and Jerry smiled. "More than a half-hour ago, wasn't it? Thought you let the boys jump to conclusions. Nearer midnight, perhaps?"

"About," said Prescott, resignedly.

Keenan said with satisfaction, "You called the station. O'Reilly kept saying 'str,' which isn't his nature. Then Dugan deliberately threw us off, and that was funny, too. Then general orders for a search went out." Prescott nodded, waiting for the conclusion. "Sylvester, I guess," Keenan said. "He'd disappeared. Then you did a little looking on your own hook, and found him—dead. Now what's the story? Why did Richards think he'd disappeared? How long has he been missing?"

Prescott thought, one break, anyway! He said swiftly, "I haven't got to the bottom of it myself, Jerry. Your paper doesn't go to bed for eight hours—I'll give you a story before then. But—keep it quiet."

He went into the building and Jerry Keenan kicked the stone step in disgust. Damn! he thought. Won't I ever learn to keep still? They were looking for somebody, but not Sylvester! Now who—?

Prescott called Mrs. Vreeland from Mat Loomis' alcove and warned her against mentioning Paris.

Returning to the foyer, he met Dr. Smith. The medical examiner was an untidy fat man whose flesh hung in sacks beneath his eyes, sagged at the cheeks, and flopped in a melancholy dewlap under his chin.

The old man waddled around to the door, and got down laboriously beside the dead man.

"Look, Doc, I'm going to wander around. Wait for the photographers before you move him much. And don't touch anything. I'll want to see you before you go."

Prescott wanted a talk with Richards. The doctor had disappeared into the women's wing, and the Captain hesitated, wondering what the proprieties were, but decided to risk it. There was a nurse in the alcove, but before he reached it, a door opened, and another appeared, turning towards him.

The shock of meeting a friend in an insane asylum is understandable, even if she isn't a patient.

"Good Lord!" said Prescott. "Miss James!"

The girl said, "Well, Captain Prescott. Fancy meeting you here!"

Louisa Prescott thought of Leslie James as a friend, but he really knew little about her. His friendship had been with her father, old Bill James, who, about the time Prescott was pounding a beat, had started at the linen mills, and had ended by owning them and a good portion of the city's wealth.

"You look as though you worked here," he said.

"I do. You wouldn't let that good nurse's training I had go to waste, would you?" Miss James added, "You're roughly the hundredth person who's been surprised to find me here, and I'm beginning to resent the implication that I'm rich, idle, and useless."

"Any other job! But this—"

There was a smile of amusement on her lips. "Nobody understands. But you'll excuse me. I'm looking for Dr. Richards. About a patient."

"I'm looking for him, too. What's your trouble?"

"Oh—the woman insists upon seeing someone with authority. She's sensed there's something wrong, as patients will, and she's got 'something important' she wants to tell."

"If anyone's got information, I want it. Take me in."

"She really doesn't know anything, you know. Patients get foolish ideas. I only thought she'd get to sleep quicker if Dr. Richards would listen to her a minute."

"I'll listen to her."

She hesitated a moment more, and then, with a disquieting quirk at the corner of her mouth, reopened the door. A woman was sitting up in bed, a pink kimono pulled around her shoulders, an elderly, grey-haired, rather beautiful old lady with a dignity quite out of place there.

She said, "Who is this, dear? I asked for someone in authority. This isn't a doctor."

"I'm Captain Prescott of the Police, ma'am."

"Police! Then I was right! I knew something was very wrong. I'm so sensitive, and after what I heard to-night, I was sure something dreadful would happen. What was it?"

Prescott, sensing information, and unaware that these things were kept from patients, said bluntly, "One of the doctors has been killed, ma'am. A Dr. Sylvester."

"Oh, no!" She seemed genuinely horrified. "I can't believe it. Why, only this morning he was here. Such a nice young man." Mrs. Windowmore turned sharply to Leslie James, her voice unsteady. "Will you get me a glass of water, dear?"

When the girl had gone, Mrs. Windowmore said, "Miss James wouldn't tell me what was wrong. She thinks things upset me. But I knew it was something serious. She was so strange."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, she was terribly affected. Chalk-white, and her hands were trembling. I noticed when she gave me my medicine—it puts me to sleep, you know. Only sometimes it doesn't work."

Leslie James returned with the water, but there was not the slightest tremor in her long, slim fingers now.

"What I wanted to tell you happened much earlier this evening, just after I went to bed. I was restless, but I hated to disturb the nurse. She's a nice girl, and seems to like doing things for me, but I hate to be a nuisance. I lay awake quite awhile, and then I heard the voices in the corridor . . . You can have the glass, dear. I'm through."

"I see. What did you hear?"

"A man and a woman quarrelling. The first words I overheard were the woman's. She said, 'You couldn't! You wouldn't dare!' She seemed very angry, but—well—afraid, too. The man said quite calmly, 'It isn't a case of daring. It's necessity. Look, I won't argue with you. There isn't time, and I won't wait. It has to be to-night.' The woman gasped, 'To-night!' And he answered, 'To-night!' I can't

describe the threat his voice held. And then the woman said, 'I could kill you' and she sounded as though she meant it. She repeated it, 'I could kill you!' and the man laughed at her. That was all I heard."

Prescott leaned back in his chair. Mrs. Windomrose met his glance levelly, impressively.

"Did you recognise the voices?"

"I should like to say yes, but it wouldn't be quite true. At the moment, I recognised neither, though the woman's seemed familiar. Since you mentioned Dr. Sylvester, I've been wondering if he were the man, but, frankly, I couldn't be sure."

Leslie James, letting him out of the room, closed the door and said, "I still shouldn't take her too seriously, Captain Prescott."

Prescott grinned. "Can't a mad woman tell the truth sometimes? The story was detailed, you've got to admit. . . . Where can I find Richards?"

She directed him down the hall, and he left her, conscious of her amused glance. Richards answered his knock and joined him in the hall.

"How's Miss Lewis?" the Captain asked. Dr. Richards looked grave. "She's been hysterical—weeping."

"Did she actually faint, doctor?"

"Oh, yes. She was quite unconscious." He stopped, realising suddenly it was more than a surface question. "Actually? . . . You mean was the fainting simulated?" His fingers played nervously in his imperial. "Well, I'm sure I—I never thought of the possibility! . . . Remember the stress, Captain, the shock of seeing her fiancé dead! Women have fainted for less."

"And stood more!"

"But it's incredible! You're implying—"

"Nothing! I just wanted to know if she really fainted. . . . Well, let it go."

Dr. Smith lumbered to his feet and motioned to one of the policemen to toss the cover over the body. For a minute after catching Prescott's eye he stood wiping his fingers on a wad of cotton.

"What's this about a maniac's being loose, Louis?"

"Where did you hear that?" Prescott demanded irritably.

"Your lunatic left some dirty work behind."

Again that persistent suggestion; and again Prescott fought it.

"What makes you think so?"

Doc Smith chewed reflectively. "Take a look," he said. "He's been hacked: stabbed seven times!"

"I see," said Prescott. "A maniac's work."

Dr. Smith nodded. "That is to say," he amended, "there being a maniac in the picture already. Wouldn't go so far as to drag one in, because an excited, angry person might do the same thing."

"An excited, angry person? During a quarrel, perhaps?"

"If you want to imagine one . . ."

"But there was no quarrel," said Prescott slowly. Then, more sharply, "And no fight."

"Oh, this kind of room wouldn't show it. No rug. Table's solid. Biggest danger would've been bustin' the glass-work."

Doc Smith looked at the corpse a little more soberly. "The first cut might've taken the fight out of him. Maybe he got down on his knees and quit."

"You don't stop and plead with a lunatic, especially one that's cutting you to pieces. You run, or, if you can't run, you fall. Sylvester didn't do either."

"Still . . . one of the chest wounds might have stopped him right off the bat. You can't always tell what'll stop a man."

"Maybe . . ."

But Prescott was not satisfied. A man fights or runs. He doesn't take seven inadequate, fumbling blows without making a move, particularly from a man he would be on guard against.

"You'd still make an exception for an excited or angry person," he insisted.

"Oh, sure! Amounts to the same thing—abnormal condition. But when you've a lunatic already—Besides, an excited or angry person still doesn't account for your lack of a struggle."

"I know." But there was a third alternative at the back of Prescott's mind.

"Well," said Dr. Smith, "you figure it out. I'm goin' home."

"A couple of questions first. Direction of blows—?"

"Down. Almost 45 degrees. . . . Referring to the chest wounds, of course. You can't tell about the others."

"How about a stab from behind, over the shoulder?"

"No, sir! The killer was in front and close."

"And how about the question of sex?"

"Well—" Dr. Smith considered the body glassily—"shows more strength than you'd expect of a woman, but under stress of excitement—" He struggled. "I guess so."

"And the knife?"

"Sharp knife. Very sharp. That'd have a bearing. Maybe a surgical knife."

"A scalpel?"

"No. Bigger than that. There are other kinds. Look for one with a blade four to six inches long, narrow, practically no thickness." Smith waved his big hand.

"Well, I'll leave the body in the morgue till morning. You won't want a complete autopsy?"

"No need. Clean up the stab wounds."

"Okay! Night!" He waddled off across the foyer, and a moment later a stretcher carried away the body.

Prescott looked at his watch and swore. Two-fifteen. He thought of his appointment with the Commissioner, a meeting that would have more meat for discussion than had been anticipated.

A black-haired youth was bending over the dead, blowing fingerprint powder away. Prescott said, "What luck, Willie?"

"It's thick with 'em," said Willie Krutz. "Lots of different ones, and no effort to wipe 'em off."

"Stick with 'em. Take the elevator, and room 310 on the third floor, too. Then take prints of all the staff. You'll probably have to come back to-morrow for the day shift. Some prints will be theirs, probably."

He had a hunch the fingerprinting would be a washout.

He found Dugan and started him to work on the attendants. "Get the movements of everybody in the building between 10.25 and the search. Find out who saw Sylvester. . . . Also who knew him outside the hospital. I'll want it to-morrow." And Dugan. . . . don't talk to patients."

Of Richards, watching proceedings disconsolately, he asked, "Where could Paris get hold of a surgical knife?" and repeated the description.

The question bothered the doctor. He stood uncertainly a moment, then said: "We have such knives, of course. Let's look."

He led the way down the dining-room corridor, past the office, past the basement-way, stopped at the first door on the left, and unlocked it. The room was full of cases of supplies and gleaming instruments,

shelves of medical reference books, and models of brain and nerve structures.

Richards said: "We keep a fairly complete stock for emergencies. You can understand the need." An instant later, he added, pausing in front of one of the cases, "A knife is missing, Louis."

The neatness of one shelf was marred by a gap, and the instruments next to it were scattered as though a hasty hand had snatched.

Prescott said grimly, "Who had keys to this door?"

"The doctors; and there was one in the office which nurses could borrow if necessary. We can check on that."

"Unless someone helped himself while Dennis was out!"

When a system depending on one man broke down, the Captain thought, it made a ruin! Paris—or anyone—could have got into that surgery.

He took a description of the knife and, asking Richards to wait, got a search started. He hoped for little. The knife was so easy to dispose of merely by walking outside and thrusting it into the ground that it might never be found. He also had Willie Krutz add the surgery to his list.

Returning to Richards, he said: "We've got to talk. I want to know about Sylvester's background."

The doctor motioned him to a chair. "I'm anxious to help," he said, "but I really don't know much. I never saw him until Professor Schlosser brought him to me about four years ago."

"I'd like to get some idea what he was doing. You'd better tell me briefly—and simply."

"Impossible!" said Richards sulkily. "I presume you've never even heard of Dr. Gallingsstead?"

"I haven't."

"Well, he's a very well-known psychologist on the West Coast. Sylvester was his pupil. He worked out his theories from the physical angle, and it's very important, Louis. It is a field we have barely scratched. Many psychologists have helped by classifying types that develop psychoses. For example, it has been proven that fifty to sixty per cent. of people who develop schizophrenia have an identifiable personality before the insanity occurred—a shy, seclusive, introverted type; while, on the other hand, the extrovert, the talker, the man of action, is more likely to develop manic-depressive symptoms if he goes insane. There is also a physical type. It has been found that there are more short, stocky people, thick-necked and squat, among the manic-depressive patients, and more long, thin, muscular people among the schizophrenics."

"You can't actually judge on that?" protested Prescott.

"Oh, yes! In conjunction with other symptoms and traits."

"And Sylvester—"

"—thought that there might be a speed-of-reaction type as well as a personality type or a physical type. The stumbling-block was that he had to experiment on patients. Patients are difficult—being what they are. The very sight of machinery will send some into spasms of terror. In others it becomes part of persecution mania. You can hardly appreciate the difficulties Sylvester overcame. He spent hours with them, getting to understand and sympathise. Finally he persuaded thirty of them to help him, and that number has since been increased."

"And is the experiment turning out as you want it to?"

Dr. Richards made an impatient movement. "Such a question!"

"If there is such a type, it would be a pretty big thing, wouldn't it?"

"A new contributory method of diagnosis would have been a very big thing. It would have carved a niche for him in psychology's hall of fame. And he was very young!"

"For your hospital, too?"

"If it hadn't been this, Louis, it would have been something else. The boy was a genius. He'd have produced something of importance inevitably—if he'd lived. That was why I moved heaven and earth to get him here."

"I suppose you've followed the experiments pretty closely?"

"I knew he was working day and night, and that was enough. I didn't press him to confide in me."

"He was working alone? You don't know how close he was to the end?"

"Well, not exactly alone. A young doctor by the name of Winkler has been with him. Winkler's an older man than Sylvester, but not the same kind—lacking the spark of genius. About six or eight months ago his experiments began to parallel Sylvester's, and the latter suggested a merger. They've been working together ever since."

"Any trouble?"

"No. The point is, perhaps Winkler can finish the job."

"Finish the job, and reap the credit?"

Richards frowned. "If there's a paper, it would be published under their joint names, of course."

"But Winkler'd have the chance to follow it up. To win fame in his own right—something he wouldn't do working in Sylvester's shadow."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Richards.

"Maybe. . . . Anyhow, I'm getting a line on things. I can see now why you hated the idea of Sylvester's being mixed up in this Parli business. But he's dead, and if Parli killed him—"

"Surely not!"

"What?"

"He couldn't have," Richards said flatly. "The insane follow patterns just as the sane do. You tell who committed a crime by the way it was done, and all Parli's outbreaks have similar characteristics in just the same way. If he had hit Sylvester with the chair—shades of Sergeant Dugan Prescott thought—or with the telephone or some other handy object, there'd be no question. But a knife!"

This unexpected support of something he had felt all along encouraged Prescott and crystallised in his mind the idea that had been floating there.

"That's not all that's wrong with the theory," he said. "Sylvester would have been careful of Parli—he knew he was dangerous. But Sylvester was stabbed seven times, and he didn't make a move to defend himself. It's ridiculous! I don't think a madman committed that murder at all. I think it was intended to look like a madman's work."

Richards' ejaculation was incoherent.

INTERVIEWS with the bereaved were Prescott's bete noire, but there was no postponing a talk with Miss Lewis, as he told her.

Prescott wandered about the consultation-room, unable to sit still. Richards was present, and had insisted on a nurse. The Captain had chosen Leslie James, though, remembering Mrs. Windowmore, he could not meet her eyes, either.

Briefly, quietly, Kay Lewis told him that Herbert Sylvester had been born in Minnesota, only son of a rather late marriage. The parents had been unexceptional people, well-intentioned, but lacking in understand-

ing and sympathy. Both were dead, and the girl did not know of any relatives, though her own family had moved next door to his when they were both children.

"I've been told the doctor was a genius," Prescott prompted.

"He was always at the top of his class," she said dully. "Even back in the grades. It didn't make him very popular."

"Probably not."

Prescott was surprised when she went on: "We called him teacher's pet, sissy—all those nasty names children know. Bert never got in games or parties. I can remember him standing on the sidelines, looking wistful and contemptuous. Naturally, he grew an armor of pride that took him years to shed."

Her voice had livened with old memories. She stopped, smiling. Remembering. After a moment, Prescott prodded: "How did he happen to come to Zenith—to the University?"

"Oh—most of our class were going to Minnesota, but one day it occurred to me that if Bert went there, he wouldn't have a chance, while, if he went among men who had no preconceptions about him, he might win a place for himself."

"Did it turn out?" Prescott asked patiently.

"Not at first. Bert was as lost as he had ever been. Everyone was willing to accept him, but he couldn't come half-way. That was only natural after what he'd been through. But he wanted to, and the disappointment was almost too much. He came close to a nervous breakdown."

"It was my fault, I'd met Johnny Dennis and some of his fraternity brothers, and Johnny was giving me quite a rush. I was enjoying it to the exclusion of Bert. . . . until that night when I found him walking around the campus in the middle of a March thaw without coat or hat, and . . . gibbering."

Kay Lewis stumbled over the word, but found no substitute. "I was scared. I thought he'd gone crazy. I'll never forget that night—walking him around, talking him back to sense, finally taking him to his dormitory at four in the morning, hoping no one would see me."

She went on, after a moment, unprompted: "I had a break later when Bert elected psychology in his second year. Bert liked and admired Professor Schlusser, but, beyond him, he worshipped the subject. He realised he was a psychological case himself, and they say realisation is half the cure. At least, his change in the next three years was amazing."

Richards has told me of his success with patients," said the Captain. "I can imagine his getting about that cold-bloodedly. But what about more casual friendships? This one with Dennis, say?"

"I've never understood that," said Kay Lewis. "Of course, I've always liked Johnny immensely. He's good fun, decent, very masculine. But, for the life of me, I can't see why Bert should have been interested in him, or be in Bert. They're such absolutely different kinds."

"And you?"

"When I finished my nursing course, the hospital had just opened this building, and Bert got me a job here, too. I guess the hospital was anxious to do anything he wanted. But I shouldn't have stayed if it hadn't been for him. I hate it!"

"How long have you been engaged?"

Kay Lewis hesitated, and her voice went cold. She said briefly, "Nearly two years."

"Really? Financial reasons?"

"No." She hesitated over it. "I don't know—just why we didn't—" Prescott was surprised when she went on suddenly,

swiftly: "I know, of course! But it's terrible to say it, when you haven't even let yourself put it into thoughts. . . . Bert never pushed things. . . . I was—responsible for our engagement, and . . . well, I always wondered if he thought himself trapped. I didn't want him that way."

She broke, stopped. Leslie James, on her knees, was holding her tightly. Prescott said abruptly, "I'm sorry. I didn't know. . . . You go home. If I have to ask anything more, I'll do it later."

She said, "Oh, please! I so want to be alone!"

Watching her out the door, Prescott thought, Darn! He hated his business sometimes.

Richards said gravely, "Cloistered for two years in an engagement with an undemonstrative man."

"You mean—Sylvester wasn't in love with her?"

"Who knows? At least she's missed the attentions, the admiration, the parties, the dances—you notice how she spoke of them? Sylvester hasn't given her much of that."

"You see everybody as a mental case," protested Prescott.

"Everybody is, potentially. Can't you see what might have come of her predicament?"

"You're implying she might have—killed—"

Richards looked startled. "I hadn't thought of that," he said. "It's possible. Far more likely, though, some man realised she would turn to someone else if Sylvester were out of the way, and—"

"Oh," said Prescott, "I see. A jealous rival, Johnny Dennis?"

"Not Dennis, I think. But—that's what I had in mind."

Crime personnel, thought the Captain, who occasionally read the Sunday supplements. But why not Dennis? He was the only rival so far in evidence.

At the moment, he was bent on a talk with Johnny, whom he found in Mat Loomis' alcove. The Captain got rid of Mat, and stationed Lynch in the corridor as a precaution.

Johnny had recovered much of his color, and his eyes were clear.

He had met Sylvester at the University, he said, four years ago.

"I'll be frank with you," said Prescott. "I find your friendship difficult to understand. You couldn't have had much in common."

"I got to liking the chap. I helped him out with some things he was doing, and he kept me from flunking History 161—"

"Oh," said Prescott.

The color deepened in Johnny's face. Don't get me wrong. I didn't scrape Bert's acquaintance just for that—"

"Then why did you scrape it?" Prescott was sharp.

The boy looked uncomfortable. "I suppose I wanted to know what he was like. I'd heard a lot about him—"

"From Miss Lewis?"

"Oh . . . so you know?"

"In part. But Miss Lewis never figured you out very well."

"She never tried," Johnny grinned. "She was a pretty smooth number, and I gave her a lot of time my freshman year. I thought I was doing all right, when she quit me cold. I thought I'd insulted her, but later, she went out with me again, and I could see she was full of this Bert Sylvester. After a while, I decided to find out what he had that I hadn't."

"And did you?"

"Yes. But I can't tell you what it was. Brains, maybe, only I'd never been much

impressed with brains before. When you like a person, you don't stop to ask yourself why, and if you do, all you can think of is a bunch of noble attributes that sound silly when you say 'em.

"No—wait." Johnny contradicted himself. "Maybe I do know why I liked him. He seemed to understand what I wanted better than I understood myself."

Prescott grinned. "Tell me, did Miss Lewis' being in love with Sylvester strike you as strange?"

"Well," said the boy judiciously, "not strange exactly. Women do some funny things, and there was a time when I certainly thought she was throwing herself away, but I guess she knew."

"Are you in love with her?"

"Oh—you know how it is. You give a girl time, and if she likes you and shows it, why first thing you know, you're battling 'em out together. But if she stays cold, you go around looking for someone else. Kay's never given me a break since the first couple of months."

Down the hall, a telephone rang, and Prescott reached for the receiver on the desk. "Prescott speaking!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Vreeland. "It's for you, Captain. A man named Reilly—"

"Officer Harding just called in," came O'Reilly's voice.

"Harding? He's on First Street?"

"Yes, sir. He called from First and Quarry."

"That's in the Italian section, O'Reilly. You've picked up Paris's trail?"

"Yes, sir," said O'Reilly. "We've got his trail, I guess. Harding says there are a dozen witnesses."

"Witnesses? What do you mean? Have they got a Paris?"

"No, sir. He got away clean. And, of course, there wasn't anybody who could swear it was him. But it stands to reason. The guy must have been crazy, air-slugging him right out in the middle of the street that way."

"Slugged? Who? Where?"

"Right at the entrance of an alley between First and Second Streets on Quarry," said O'Reilly, answering the last question first. "They don't know yet who he is. You see, Paris smashed his face in with a stone, and left him lying in the street. It's a madman's crime if I ever heard of one."

The little Italy of the city of Zenith was an elongated section of six or eight city blocks lying between and on both sides of First and Second Streets, a pair of long arteries reaching from the suburbs to the city's centre. At three in the morning it was deserted, dark, occasionally dangerous.

The police cars came from First, swung left into Quarry, and stopped short of a knot of people that had gathered near the centre of the block. Windows were alight in nearby buildings.

There was a street light on the right, casting a very black, distinct shadow close to the building on that side of the alleyway, and from this shadow protruded a pair of feet in flashy sport shoes. Three policemen made a little semi-circle holding the crowd back. One of the officers made way for Prescott.

"Harding, sir," he identified himself. "I was here first."

Prescott said, "What happened?"

"I was over on First when I heard a woman yelling. I came on the run, and when I got into this street, she was standing up in that window across there, and a crowd was gathering, and I came along in and found him just as he is now. I blew my whistle, and then made sure he was

dead. When Currie and O'Malley got here, I went for the box. That's all I can swear to, sir, but there's plenty here say they saw it happen."

"Has the man been identified?"

"No, sir. You'll see why if you turn the light on him."

Dugan turned the beam on the figure. Prescott said, "Yeah." He went on, "What about the murderer?"

"He must have gone the other way—towards Second. At least, he didn't come to First. Nobody did. I'll swear to that."

"I came from Third," Currie put in. "I saw nobody running away, though plenty was running in this direction."

"And I was away down Second," O'Malley contributed. "There was a couple of guys walking towards me, but they weren't hurrying, and of course I didn't know what had happened."

Prescott knelt beside the body. The dead man was a squat, hairy individual in shirt sleeves. His clothes were cheap and sporty. He was sprawled loosely in the angle of the wall, one hand outflung and clenched. There was something in the fist, a button, sewed to a tiny piece of torn cloth. Blue serge. What had Dr. Richards said? "Paris would be wearing a dark blue suit with a coat but no vest. That may help. There won't be many dark suits these hot days. It's serge—"

Prescott handed the button to Dugan. "Evidence!" he said.

A youngster of fourteen, tremulous with excitement, pushed forward. "I saw it, sir," he said swiftly. "I saw him come down the street and he met this other man at the alley, and he yelled an' hit, an' they fought, an'—"

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Prescott.

The boy had seen a man come up Quarry from First, meet another at the alley entrance, and the two had had an "awful fight" during which one had been killed, and the other had "got up and run off." But he could identify or describe neither, and was not sure which was survivor and which victim.

Harding thrust forward a Mr. and Mrs. Donelli who lived on the top floor across the street, and had, they insisted, seen everything.

"We were at the window, my wife and I," the man explained. "It was so hot! We could not sleep. From Second Street a man comes, and passed in front of us. Who he was, I do not know."

"How was he dressed?"

The Italian shrugged broadly. "Who should say? So hot a night—"

His wife said with flat finality, "He wore a coat. A long one."

"An overcoat on so hot a night?"

It would be mad—"He forsook English for an explosive tirade in his native tongue. He reached the alleyway and stepped from the kerb, and just then, someone came running out and bumped into him."

"Not running," interrupted Maria. "He stepped from the shadows just as the man in the overcoat reached there."

"There was no overcoat, and the man was running! Did I not see? Women! She could not have been looking. She was thinking of me!"

"Pah! Were you wearing an overcoat? Were you running?"

"When the two men met," Prescott interrupted, "what happened?"

"The man from the alley hit the man who had been walking."

"He had something black in his fist," supplemented Maria. "I saw it in the light. He struck the man once."

"Once!" protested Prescott, glancing towards the body. "Oh, come! That boy

we had here said there was an awful fight —"

"That is not so!" exploded Donelli, his voice breaking. "I saw with my own eyes. Once, the man was hit, once, Captain! Is it not?"

"Perrone is right," the woman nodded vigorously. "Once it was, and no more. The man cried out, and fell, and the other man took to his heels and ran off."

"Which way?"

For an instant there was silence. Then the woman said, "Towards First it was, for he did not pass our window."

The crowd had made disapproving murmurs at various points in both the boy's story and the Donellis', but now one voice became distinct: "Scuse me, suh! Ah seed a mah comin' from First."

Prescott glanced up to see a negro face gleaming in the light of the lamp. It was a thin, hollow-chested young black who proved to be a janitor for the corner store, who had taken the liberty of spending his nights there when he had nowhere else to go.

"Yassuh!" he said. "Man come round de corner, walkin' soft. Went right by me, 'bout ten feet away."

"Any chance of your remembering what he had on?" Prescott was getting tired of this question, but someone ought to have noticed that blue serge suit.

"Yassuh! He was wearin' a swell shirt, suh. Ah seed it under de lamp. Yassuh! Look like silk. Blue w' nice yalla stripes. Sho was some shirt!"

"Was he wearing a coat with it?" asked Prescott, frowning.

"No, suh! He wa'n't hidin' it none a-tall!"

"Well—what happened?"

"Man walks down de street slow. 'Nother man a-standin' right in de mouf of de alley. Man with de nice shirt walks up and slugs him. Hit him right in de face, he did. Then he runs down de alley."

"Down the alley!" shouted Prescott.

There was a movement in the crowd, and a tall man in a white uniform pushed his way through. "Say, Captain," he began, "I've stood here listening to these phony stories long enough. I'm Jake Tenders, a driver for the Zenith Dairy, and I saw most of it. None of these people has got it straight."

The man grinned. "I noticed a fellow walking ahead of me in the same direction, and about forty or fifty feet away. You've been asking how he was dressed, and I happen to remember he had on a white shirt with sleeves rolled to the elbows."

Prescott was conscious of a flood of relief. The murdered man, walking from Second! This fitted!

"I meet this same bird quite often. We both get to this place about the same time. I don't know his name, but we've said hello."

"I see. Habit of his to come down here every night, eh?"

"I guess so. Well, he reached the street lamp, when all of a sudden another fellow came across the street towards him. My man—the one in the shirt sleeves—stopped under the light, and the other fellow came up to him, and they stood talking for maybe fifteen seconds. Then the man in shirt sleeves started to run away, but the other man struck him with something in his hand."

"And how did the killer get away?"

"Well, sir, he turned in my direction, saw me, and then ran off at top speed towards First."

The sequence of events had been too rapid to be followed, and people had seen different things. What he had heard was a

strange mixture of fact, impression, and imagination, and each story would have to be taken down and analysed.

Dr. Smith arrived at this moment, and elbowed his way through the crowd. Presently he reported, "The skull is fractured in two places from blows on top of the head. This business on his face wouldn't have hurt anything but his looks, and there's some bruises on his arms and shoulders that wouldn't have damaged him much, either."

"Two or three effective blows and a lot of ineffective ones," Prescott mused. "Remarkably like the Sylvester business. . . . Anyway, we've got a fight this time."

OFFICER O'MALLEY also knew Toscarello, the man who had been murdered, and had even exchanged greetings with him as he had left his restaurant about 2.15, not fifteen minutes before he was killed. Toscarello, said O'Malley, put himself out to be friendly with the cop on the beat.

It was his habit, O'Malley added, to walk home every night by the same route: up Second to Quarry where he crossed to First, and then up First one block to an apartment on Washington. Suggestive, Prescott thought.

So, too, was the officer's informal estimate of the restaurant: short on brains and long on meanness. The Fates had indeed been ironic if such a man had died by accident!

Prescott decided to go home. It was well after three, and there was the meeting with the Commissioner in the morning. Leaving final instructions with Dugan, he pushed his way through the thinning crowd, and was on the point of stepping into a police car when a taxi squealed to a stop beside it, and Jerry Keenan, the reporter, leapt out and buttonholed him.

"Wait a minute!" he begged. "What's the excitement?"

Prescott sighed. "If you must know, Jerry—we've another murder."

"Like the business at the hospital," Keenan said. "No connection, I suppose?" He paused, while a sly smile grew on his face. "Both men weren't killed by the same person? By—Joseph Parisi, perhaps?"

"Where did you hear that name, Jerry?" "Fellow named Loomis mentioned it. I think you tried to do me out of a piece of news, chief."

Prescott said earnestly, "Perhaps Joseph Parisi didn't kill either of these men!"

Keenan laughed. "I know what's bothering you, chief! Two murders in print while Parisi's still at large means trouble, but —"

"Whatever my reasons," said Prescott with sudden frankness, "how about giving me a break. I won't forget you or the paper—if you do."

Keenan saw the implied threat and said seriously, "I'd like to, but it's a big story. I'll keep it quiet until my paper goes to press, to preserve my exclusive. After that, it's up to my editor. Talk to him. (Night!)"

Big Tony Parisi was typically florid in his greeting. He was a grinning, barrel-like man, a huge mass of flesh degenerated to fat. There were four others present: Angela, the wife, a woman as big as her husband; Isabella, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, a young beauty with lustrous skin and glowing eyes; Antonio, the frail boy who had admitted him; and Stephani.

Prescott looked with more than usual interest at Stephani. He was perhaps twenty-seven, and as beautiful as his sister, with curly black hair, clear, transparent skin of deep olive, and a slim, supple build.

Prescott, who, truth to tell, had made this call out of little more than curiosity, mentioned Joseph, and expressed the hope that the family would help in locating him. He was not surprised to find Big Tony uninterested; it was the hospital's worry. Big Tony shrugged it off with the suggestion that it was not very serious.

"Maybe more serious than you think," Prescott told him. "You son has left two dead men behind him already."

If he had tossed a bomb into the man's lap, he could hardly have produced a more startling effect. The big jaw sagged, the little pig eyes sprang wide. "Two!" he exclaimed, and then quickly, "Two dead men he has left behind him? I do not understand, Captain. What you say once more?"

There had been a movement somewhere in the room, but Prescott had failed to place it. Looking from face to face, he saw that Stephani was, of them all, most shocked. These people, he told himself, had been acting, pretending indifference, and they had been about to pretend surprise. Only their surprise had turned out to be real.

"In escaping from the hospital, he killed a Dr. Sylvester."

Stephani started to say something, but smothered the words. Big Tony said nervously, "Sylvester? The name is strange."

"A research doctor who had been working with Joseph."

"That is too bad!" But Big Tony sounded as though he were thinking of something else. "And the second?"

"A man by the name of Toscarello—"

"Not—not Luigi!" stammered Tony. "Not the man who has a restaurant close to mine!"

And then Big Tony and his family went into their act. Prescott knew it was an act as though he had seen it rehearsed. They pitied poor Toscarello, they called down maledictions upon their son who had done such a thing. They said how horrible it was, and how the hospital should be more careful. They were eloquent.

Prescott's mind raced while they talked.

The Parisis must have known what was to happen that night, and had taken their precautions.

PRESCOTT succeeded in getting to bed about four. His mind was racing, though his body wanted to rest.

What, exactly, could have happened at Hughes Hall?

Facts: At 11.15 Sylvester and Parisi had been in 310. At 11.35 the former was dead, the latter out of the building.

The sequence of events? Prescott was a believer in reducing things to their simplest. There were, fundamentally, only two possibilities: Sylvester had either (a) left 310 with Parisi, or (b) he had not.

(a). If he had left 310 with Parisi, two more generalisations were possible: he had done so either (1) voluntarily, or (2) involuntarily.

(1). Voluntarily meant that Sylvester had deliberately taken Parisi out of the building, a theory supported by his sending Dennis away and dragging him (?) to delay his return.

There was no guessing at motive.

Was it conceivable that Sylvester, knowing how dangerous a man he was handling, aware of the criminal nature of his actions, and pressed for time, had permitted Parisi to get into a locked surgery, then allowed himself to be cornered in the office, and there submitted to being cut to pieces without a struggle? The Captain didn't think

More likely, a third party had seen Sylvester setting Parisi free and had seized the opportunity to kill him.

(2). It was equally possible that Sylvester had taken Parisi from 310 involuntarily. This presupposed a show of force: the possession by the madman of a weapon of some sort. The knife was obvious—though not how or when he could have got it. Richards had scorned the idea of knives in connection with Parisi, but who could be sure? Assuming for the moment that he had one, and had used it to force an escape, he might well have murdered Sylvester to prevent immediate pursuit.

This did not account for the lack of a struggle, nor was it fundamentally sound to believe that Parisi would have forced someone to accompany him downstairs instead of creeping off alone. But the man was insane; there didn't have to be a reason.

(b). Returning to the second of his original alternatives—that Parisi had not left 310 with the doctor—Prescott perceived that there were two further possibilities: that, following the doctor's departure, he had (3) wandered out by himself, or (4) some unidentified person had come for him later on.

(3). By a singular coincidence, Parisi might have walked out of the hospital during that twenty minutes, without a soul seeing him. The third floor was empty, Dennis was gone, and Sylvester, supposedly taking his place, was dead. Coincidence.

If this had happened, the escape and the murder were separate, save that the murderer might have seen Parisi wandering out and had acted accordingly.

(4). The last possibility was the one Prescott had voiced to Richards: that some unknown had killed Sylvester and then set Parisi free to lend color to the theory that a madman was the murderer. It depended upon the same set of coincidental circumstances—the vacancy of the third floor corridor and the absence of Dennis—that made it possible for Parisi to have walked out unseen.

For this theory you had to grant the unknown nerve and luck.

Parisi could only have escaped in one of these four ways, and only one of them—No. 2—left him the murderer. No. 2 was the weakest of the four.

It was odds-on, then, that a third party was the killer.

Because of lack of struggle, it was also odds-on that Parisi had deliberately been framed, though there were two minor charges that would account for the nature of the wounds at least: the excited, angry person whom Dr. Smith had agreed to, or a madman other than Parisi. Neither accounted for the lack of struggle, nor was there evidence so far that another madman had been loose, or that a quarrel bitter enough to arouse anger, excitement and murder had taken place.

Odds-on that Parisi had been framed.

Granting that there were two possibilities: (1) that someone had seen Sylvester freeing Parisi, or had seen Parisi escaping by himself, and had seized that opportunity to settle a grudge, in which case the murder was unpremeditated, or (2) someone had killed the doctor and turned Parisi loose afterwards, which might point to either premeditation or opportunism.

There were some generalities bearing on the question of premeditation. The public nature of the place militated against it. A person, to plan such a crime, would have had to know Sylvester would be at Hughes at that hour, that Johnny Dennis would not be there (unless, of course, Johnny were the murderer), but, granting even these

possibilities, how could he have counted on the movements of the eight to sixteen attendants on the first and third floors, or have figured against some outsider walking in at a critical moment?

It would take a man of nerve, with faith in his luck, to plan against those odds.

It would have been simpler for the murderer to have secured the knife ahead of time than to have gained access to that locked surgery on the spur of the moment; but the apparent haste with which it had been snatched from its case suggested unpremeditation here, too.

A clinching argument occurred to Prescott, but he went back over it carefully, for it was tricky.

Why hadn't the knife been left beside the body?

Coming from the surgery, it pointed to no one. Why had the murderer wasted precious time in washing, wiping, and hiding it?

Had he intended to return it to the surgery, and been interrupted? This, Prescott realised, was the flaw.

Far more reasonably, the knife had been washed because the murderer had to wash it. To remove fingerprints. And if there were fingerprints, it meant the murderer had worn no gloves, and no gloves meant no premeditation.

The argument was weighted with probability.

It could be carried farther: if there had been fingerprints on the knife, and if, as Willie Krutz had said, no attempt had been made to efface prints in the office, one of two things followed: the murderer was sure he had left no prints anywhere but on the weapon, or he knew that his prints could be explained legitimately if found in the office. Those of doctors, or attendants—or of Johnny Dennis—would naturally be there in the course of their work.

That argument was faulty, too, but, such as it was, suggested that someone on the staff—particularly on the Hughes Hall staff—was guilty. This was borne out by the hiding of the knife in the lavatory when an outsider could have disposed of it so much more successfully outside the building, and not strain his chances by lingering there.

From all this, Prescott was inclined to draw some tentative conclusions: that the murder was unpremeditated, the direct result of Parisi's release or escape, and most certainly he had been framed for it; that the murderer was one of the staff, a person with a grudge, an opportunist, nervy, intelligent enough to consider and figure on the question of fingerprints, ruthless enough to lay the blame on a lunatic, heartless enough to hack a dead body.

Who fitted this description?

From the standpoint of motive, there were few suspects. The strongest was Dr. Winkler. He might have much to gain.

The straws of evidence pointed to Johnny Dennis, but Johnny's motive was more subtle than Prescott gave him credit for being.

Vague, too, was Kay Lewis' possible motive, though her love, he supposed, might have turned to hate.

Slum pickings, Sylvester had not been one to provide motives.

And that Prescott thought, was the big difference between the night's murders. Sylvester had few enemies; Toscarello must have bred them. Other than that, the crimes were similar: the public place, the wounds, the suggestion that Joseph was the killer.

Joseph, apparently, had killed the Italian, but the Captain knew that if he had not already known of the escape, he would have suspected premeditated murder at once. The fact that the killer had brought his weapon with him and taken it away again, that it had been Toscarello's habit to walk home every night by the same route, that the particular spot chosen had been distant from the nearest policeman by several blocks—all that looked like premeditation. But it was too much to suppose that Joseph Parisi had been framed for two separate murders in one night.

Separate? Or were they?

At the office, which he reached at ten, there was no news.

Routine detail. The Captain felt he was making no progress at all. It was like sitting on a gunpowder keg, watching the fuse burn down, and making no effort to put it out.

When Dugan had gone, he got to work. It turned out that the third floor women's wing had provided an alibi for itself, and that the first floor men's wing—with the exception of Mat Loomis—seemed to be eliminated.

It was a mess.

Prescott was most interested in the first floor women's wing where Kay Lewis had worked, and here, luckily, movements had been fairly simple. Miss Lewis herself had not been questioned, since she had gone home as soon as her interview with the Captain was over; but her movements had been reconstructed from the testimony of the rest. The Captain, standing at the clock, decided emphatically that she would probably be still asleep, and made a note to call on her later to check the story.

This was the reconstruction, and Prescott read it with interest:

10.25—Mrs. Kelly, corridor; Miss Lewis 102 with Dr. Lownds; Miss James, 104; Miss Stiles, 106.

10.30—Lewis and Dr. Lownds to 104.

10.35—Lewis, Dr. Lownds, and James to corridor. Lewis and the doctor walked towards the foyer.

10.40—Lewis returned alone.

10.50—Kelly to 103 in response to a cry. Patient had fallen and cut herself. Called Lewis and James to help her. Lewis went to surgery for bandages, returning in a minute or two. All three remained with 103 until she was quieted.

If she had visited the surgery a half-hour before the murder, she must have gone to the office for the key and so known that Johnny Dennis wasn't on the job.

More important than that, had she re-locked—or even closed—the surgery door behind her?

Here was a vital question, for if the surgery door had been standing open, it simplified the murder a good deal, eliminating the necessity of going to the office for the key, or even of knowing where the key was kept.

11.5—Lewis left 103.

11.8—James left 103. Found Lewis talking with Dr. Thomas outside the door of 102.

11.15—James observed Lewis enter 102. Dr. Thomas went down the corridor towards the foyer.

Thomas . . .

Thomas! A new figure, precipitated suddenly onto the very scene of the crime just a few minutes before the murder!

Excitement beating in his veins, Prescott reached for the phone.

The doctor, of course, was not in. He would be back later, in the afternoon or

evening. Could he call? Prescott said he could.

11.17—James to 103.

11.20—Stiles, in 106 since 10.25, returned to corridor.

11.25—Kelly, in 103 since 10.50, returned to corridor.

11.27—James says she went from 105 to 107. The others did not notice her.

11.28—Stiles returned to 106.

11.30—Kelly returned to 103.

11.35—Stiles returned to corridor.

11.40—Wiese came with news of the escape. Lewis came out of 102 in time to meet him. James was found in 107, Kelly in 103.

No alibi there for anyone, the Captain thought.

He pushed the sheaf of reports aside and went to look for Willie Krutz, impatient to know if the fingerprinting had turned up a lead.

"Just polishing off," the little man told him. "Sent a man to the hospital for the day staff before breakfast, but we got 'em all now. Every print identified!"

There had been, he explained, forty-three different prints after eliminating duplicates and those too blurred or incomplete for use. These had boiled down to sixteen people, all of the Hughes staff.

"There turned out to be one place in the office that was wiped," Willie interpolated here. "The inner handle of the door. Not the outer—that showed your prints, Dennis', Sylvester's, and Loomis'."

"Loom—Oh, yes!" the Captain corrected himself.

Willie had typed out a list which he now handed the Captain. "There's the works," he said, "in a general way. I just started on another, listing the exact places all the prints were found. Maybe you can make something of it. I can't."

Prescott got the second list eventually, but it told him nothing that the first missed. This, excluding the three men Willie had discussed, read:

Dennis—elevator, surgery, office, and lavatory;

Loomis—surgery, and office door;

Wiese—310 and office;

Lewis—surgery, office, and lavatory;

James—lavatory, and office;

Stiles—lavatory;

Billings—surgery, and office;

Levy—office, and lavatory.

There were so many things to do that morning that Prescott, leaving Willie, found himself standing on the sidewalk in front of headquarters uncertain which to tackle first.

Judge Kell was closest.

He found the judge in his chambers, a grey-haired but youthful old man with smiling eyes, and a kindly, lined face.

"What is it, Louis?" he asked. "I've a jury coming in, but I'll let them wait if it's important."

"I won't take long," Prescott accepted a chair. "We had a couple of murders last night, and I'm doing some checking up."

Well, Prescott thought leaving the chambers, that was that! A perfect alibi for everything that had happened at the hospital. A premeditated alibi for an unpremeditated murder.

There was the matter of Sylvester's relatives to be settled for the undertaker. It could probably be done by going over Sylvester's things which was necessary sooner or later anyway.

Prescott thumbed his notebook for the address, took a street car, and ten minutes later was admitted to a small rooming-house by a grey-haired, dour woman, who regarded him with suspicious eyes and

directed him to the second floor. She remained in the hall while he mounted the stairs and rapped.

A second rap brought a creaking of bed springs, and a sleepy voice said, "Beat it!" Prescott identified himself, and the response was, "Oh." A moment later Johnny Dennis opened the door.

"I have to look over Sylvester's things," Prescott explained. Johnny said, "Oh!" again and sat down on the edge of the bed to watch with drowsy sullenness. "Go right ahead."

The place impressed the Captain with the absurdity of putting Johnny Dennis in the role of a murderer. It was his room, not Sylvester's, and it was the room of a college boy, not yet quite grown up, still getting a whale of a kick out of feminine pictures, still stealing signs. It was absurd!

Prescott started on the dresser. The top right-hand drawer—Sylvester's—revealed a miscellany of toilet articles, medicine, and dress jewellery. At the back was a sheaf of papers bound with a rubber band, which Prescott seized upon.

There was a savings account book with a balance of \$33.56. The deposits were irregular and small.

"Sylvester have a checking account?" Prescott asked. "I see no withdrawals here."

"Paid in cash," Johnny said. "He was tight with money. Never had much, I guess."

Besides the bankbook there was an insurance policy for a thousand dollars made out originally with beneficiary Mrs. A. Wentworth Sylvester, but with the name of Katherine Lewis written on the form at the back.

There were some circulars advertising scientific books, a catalogue of psychological works, and four pamphlets dealing with related subjects. There were no bills, no personal letters.

"Well," Prescott said, after examining everything, "there's little enough here. . . . What can you tell me about Sylvester's movements yesterday?"

"Not much. I didn't even see him until 4.30."

Prescott probed a little but got nothing of importance. Going downstairs, he found the door woman waiting for him suspiciously. Prescott identified himself, mentioned Sylvester, and the woman—a Mrs. Cleebly—immediately softened and became sentimental.

"We're checking up," said Prescott. "Mr. Dennis tells me Sylvester was here at 5.40. I'm wondering if you know when he went out?"

"Yes! I do! I met him in the hall, the poor boy! Just about a quarter past six."

"Do you know where he was going, Mrs. Cleebly?"

"It was a sort of accident, but I do. He was going off without his coat or hat. Of course, it was a hot night, but those are just the kind a body catches cold on, as I told him. He thanked me, and that's more than anyone else in this house would have done, but he said he was just running over to the library for a couple of hours, and guessed he wouldn't need them."

"The University library? Do you know when he returned?"

"Well, yes! Just after nine. I had a telephone message for him."

"Telephone message? From whom?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. The person asked for Dr. Sylvester, and when I said he wasn't here, could I have him call, this man said no, would I give him an important message, and I said of course! Then he says just tell this Sylvester two words, will you? Just say that a party called and said, 'Near eleven!'"

Something had happened very near eleven!

Prescott had seen the movie version of research laboratories, featuring steaming retorts, shimmering fluids and liquid mysteriously pulsating in veins of glass. This ill-prepared him for his visit to the one at the hospital, in the basement of the Administration Building.

It was an over-crowded cubby-hole, more like the shop of a carpenter or electrician than a scientific lab. There was a heavy work-bench against the wall with a cupboard of tools above it, and a pile of material on the braces underneath, ranging from bakelite slabs to lumber and strips of metal. Two storage batteries were charging on a stand; three others were attached to equipment, and a round dozen dry-cells were lined up on a table.

Dr. Winkler, a plump, freckled young man in his early thirties with scant, sandy hair and eyes that were queer behind thick glasses, said with a tentative smile, "We do a little plumbing on the side."

Richards, who had brought Prescott down, retorted testily, "We do our best. We've no provision for laboratory fittings."

Indeed, the three major pieces of equipment were obviously hand-made. Prescott began to appreciate Johnny Dennis' interest in them. They looked pretty complicated.

With youthful curiosity Prescott crossed to the equipment. He located a synchronous motor, a bakelite double-contact key, a light in a pierced box, and a telegraph key for the subject's response, but a type-writer roller on which travelled a pen controlled by a magnet and an endless chain was puzzling. It must be the method of measuring the association test.

Winkler, responding to Richards, was saying, "Bert and I wouldn't know what to do in a high-toned place." He flushed, catching himself. "I keep thinking of Bert as alive. I've been watching the clock all morning, expecting him, and then remembering that he's—not coming. I didn't know him outside the lab. He was one of those queer ducks a person can't figure out."

"Queer?" It was the second time the word had been used to describe Sylvester.

"He was a genius," said Winkler.

"That's no explanation!" Richards said sharply.

"Maybe it was the way the patients liked him. The boys used to say it was because he was as crazy as they—joking, of course."

"Dr. Richards told me about his success with patients," said the Captain, "but I shouldn't call that queer, exactly."

"There were other things. He'd get moody, irritable, ugly sometimes, and recently he'd got to worrying about someone stealing his work before he could get it published—quite irrational considering the nature of the thing. He declared he had his note-book stolen. But it was almost a persecution mania."

"Dennis said he'd been badly depressed, too."

"That's right," said Winkler, his eyes pale behind his spectacles. "It started about two weeks ago—maybe less. He suddenly started to sit around with his head in his hands, doing nothing, and you had to shout to arouse him. It was more than being moody. He seemed almost afraid. Don't ask me of what."

Prescott was thoughtful. "But this depression ended several days ago according to Dennis."

"Three or four. He came into the office one morning in high elation, hummed, worked like a demon, but when he came back from lunch, he was right back where

he'd been, as depressed as some of our patients."

The final phrase caught Prescott's ear. He remembered Richards saying, "All the insane aren't in hospitals." And he had been looking for an explanation of the freeing of Paris.

Winkler was explaining to Richards: "He was high one minute, low the next; a clearly marked cycle of mania and depression."

"Sylvester wasn't insane, was he?" Prescott voiced his thought.

Winkler wrinkled his nose. "I shouldn't have said so."

Richards added, "I'm sure he wasn't. I talked with him daily, and he was quite rational. Edgy, perhaps."

"You'll pardon a formality, Dr. Winkler," Prescott said hastily. "Naturally the police must check on everybody, and—"

"Quite all right," said Winkler with a smile.

"I presume you can account for yourself? You were home?"

"Well, no. As a matter of fact, I must have been here in the lab at the time Sylvester was killed."

"So?" Prescott felt a faint tingling. "Let's have it from the beginning. You spent yesterday here?"

"Yes. Till after five. I had a problem I was stuck on."

"Was Sylvester here?"

"Until two-thirty or three. He was gloomy."

"All right. Now, when you went home—?"

"My wife and I had supper shortly after six—as soon as I got home—and after we had put our little girl to bed, we dropped in on some neighbors for bridge. That was about seven-thirty. We stayed till ten."

"Ten? The game broke up rather early, didn't it?"

"We're no night hawks. Besides—my wife has not been well, and we try to get in early."

"I see. Home at ten," said Prescott. "And then?"

"My wife went upstairs while I went to the corner shop for cigarettes."

"How did you happen to come out here?"

Winkler looked uncertain. "Well," he said, "you know how it is. You work and work on something, and get nowhere, and then you take a rest, and first thing you know, bang! you've got the answer."

"That problem you'd been stuck on?"

"Yes. I got a little excited about it—you know how it is. You want to start working. So I telephoned from the shop and told my wife I was coming here."

"And what time did you get here?"

"Mrs. Vreeland would have it recorded. It was around eleven. I walked out—about two miles—it takes about half an hour."

"You reached the laboratory by eleven?" Prescott repeated.

It took a moment to collect his thoughts. It seemed questionable that Winkler would walk so far on a hot night and excited as he claimed to be, but if he had reached the building by eleven, the point was unimportant. At eleven Sylvester and Paris were in 310.

"Did you leave the laboratory after that, doctor?" he asked.

"Not until 12.25—12.30—something like that."

"I'm going to ask a very frank question. Is it possible to leave this basement without returning to the upper floors—where Mrs. Vreeland would see you?"

Winkler said promptly, "Oh, yes. The janitor's entry is always unlocked, and

there are windows. But I didn't leave the basement."

"Thanks," Prescott wondered why he always suspected ulterior motives in other people's frankness. "Before I finish, I want to know a little about this experiment. I judge you're the only one who knows much about it. It was pretty important, I hear?"

Dr. Winkler stuck out his pudgy lower lip, and let it curl reflectively. "Well," he said, "Dr. Richards seemed enthusiastic, and of course Bert was. Maybe it's wish-fulfilling optimism."

"You're not optimistic?"

"Not as much," said Winkler. "Bert had hold of something, but his handling of patients had a lot to do with his proving it; and how the tests will work when applied by lesser men, I don't know. My guess is, they'll be discredited for practical use."

"The idea is pretty revolutionary," he went on, overriding Richards' attempted protest. "People are going to say first that it's poppycock, second that it isn't practical, and third that the results were faked because no one could get the co-operation of patients to the extent that Bert did."

"Nonsense!" said Richards.

"Sylvester was too young to anticipate the opposition his ideas will arouse. Older scientists won't believe a youngster just out of college capable of sound experimentation in such a novel problem. It steals their thunder. They'll do their darndest to disprove it."

"Nonsense!" Richards repeated.

"The theory has been proved?" Prescott asked.

"To Bert's satisfaction, and to mine," said Winkler. "A reaction test will contribute to the diagnosis of doubtful cases—if you can get your patient to take the test."

"The experiments were complete?"

"Practically."

Prescott said casually, "You intend to complete the job?"

"I'm the only one who can," said the young man, smiling.

"Whatever way the paper is received," said Prescott, "it will make a name for you, won't it? Too bad Dr. Sylvester won't be here to share the rewards."

"And the headaches," said Winkler, easily.

ON his way back to the office, Prescott saw the afternoon papers. Jerry Keenan had bantered his news:

MANIAC KILLER AT LARGE IN CITY
Joseph Parisi, Exeter Patient, Slays Doctor and Flees

Kills Second Time—Italian Restaurateur Victim of Berserk Murderer

At Headquarters the effect was already being felt. The Commissioner had called twice, and was on the phone again before the Captain had a chance to sit down. He was caustic.

Prescott listened in stony-faced silence, but when he hung up he was boiling. It was many a year since he had taken a reprimand like that, and the knowledge that he could have forestalled it by mentioning Parisi that morning helped not at all.

He summoned Dugan and Hallahan, and laid them out in choice and unconsidered language, and it was a good deal of satisfaction, though quite unjustified. There was nothing any of them could do or could have done. And so, when he felt relieved, he said, "Pull up some chairs. Let's go into this!"

The discussion lasted two hours, and out of it came several suggestions that were left to Hallahan to work out.

Dugan managed to end it on a dismaying note:

"We can't fail to pick Parisi up if he shows his face," he said. "But what if he doesn't?"

"You mean he's hiding? He'd have to come out for food—"

"I mean he's being hidden," said Dugan.

Prescott's fist struck the desk. Of course! If Parisi was being framed, it was only a step to guess that he was a prisoner, too, and if so, no amount of routine work was going to find him.

There was a corollary to this proposition that offered a gruesome ray of hope. Prescott voiced it: "Parisi may have learned too much about our murderer—what do you think, Dugan? He may turn up dead. It would be a break for us."

"I'll widen the search," said Hallahan.

"It's a good chance."

But when Hallahan had gone, Dugan said heavily, "That's no good. We gotta find the murderer before we get Parisi."

Prescott nodded. "What about Stephani's alibi?"

"Very neat," said Dugan. "I wrote up some statements for Spiello and his pal to sign. They're there on the desk."

The Captain glanced at the paper headed "Toscarello Case: Voluntary Statement of Daniel Spiello, of—3rd Ave." In the Sergeant's best statement style it read: "On Tuesday, July 18, Albert Luciano and I, Daniel Spiello, were at a movie all evening. After the last show we went to the Club Romano. We got there a little before twelve. Chico Romano, the proprietor, spoke to us several times. A little before one, we started to walk home but decided to stop at Spinucci's pool hall. Stephani Parisi came there, too, at 1.40. He said something about how late it was, which is why I know the time. The three of us played till ten of three. Till Stephani said, 'Look at the time. We better quit.' And we did. Between 1.40 and 2.50 none of us was out of the room."

"Luciano," said Dugan, "says the same thing almost word for word. They were taken separate, of course."

"Just who are these two, Sergeant?"

"Weak sisters," said the Sergeant. "We've nothing against either. Spiello's orphaned, a local boy, clerks in Banion's department store. Luciano's from out of town—been here about a year. Got a half interest in a paper stand."

"How does it strike you, Dugan?"

"Well," said the Sergeant, "Stephani was fixing himself an alibi. You can tell from the pat stories, and his calling attention to the time. So he must have known what was to happen, though it doesn't look like he could have had anything to do with it."

"Maybe not," said Prescott, "but I don't like to have alibis thrown at me. What's Spinucci's lay-out?"

"Two rooms on the second floor. A little bar in the first and a pool-room in back, with a half-door between them."

"How about clocks?"

"Also two, a wall clock in the pool-room and an alarm clock on the back bar out of reach of everyone but Spinucci."

"Could the wall clock have been tampered with?"

"By climbing on the table. All three in the pool-room would know about it."

"And Spinucci would have known about the alarm clock, eh?"

"The devil of it is," Dugan expanded, "that Parisi commented on the clocks in both rooms the minute he came in. 'Damn it, it's that late!' he says, and Spinucci looks around and sees it's twenty of two. Stephani bought a drink and carried it into the back room. Spinucci heard him say, 'I'm

late. Is there time for a game of two?' And one of the others says, 'Sure! It isn't a quarter of two yet,' as though he'd looked at the clock."

"Did Spinucci stay behind the bar?"

"The whole time. And he heard them playing inside. When they came out, Stephani said, jokingly, 'We've kept you up pretty late, Spinucci. Here—it's part of my winnings,' and he tosses a dollar on the bar. Spinucci looked at the clock, saw it was ten minutes of three, and said he was always glad to oblige the young men."

"Whew!" said Prescott with a feeling of discouragement. "How about other exits from the back room?"

"No doors," answered Dugan heavily, "two windows, second story, giving right onto Second Avenue—and both nailed down."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes, sir. I couldn't budge them, and the carpenter I had take the nails out said the nailing wasn't recent."

Prescott said wearily, "That alibi's got to be cracked! And it's your job, Dugan!"

His face heavy, Dugan left the room, and his place was immediately taken by a harried-looking desk sergeant. "The mayor wants you to call, sir. And Dr. Walford, and Mr. Hilton—Aw, I've got a whole list of 'em. It's been hell on the telephone. Like going through the third degree. I'm bushed!"

"Bushed!" said Prescott. "Well—by Heaven."

The desk-sergeant left the office beet-red. Prescott got his supper, and reached Exeter by seven-fifteen.

Mrs. Vreeland, in her office at the Administration Building, made no objection to showing him the register of arrivals and departures for the preceding night, and Prescott was staggered by the appalling number of entries, most of the names unfamiliar. What if they all had to be checked!

The first familiar name in the entry was: "9.21—Dr. Richards."

He asked casually, "Does Richards come in often at night?"

"Oh, that man!" exclaimed Mrs. Vreeland. "He's in and out at all hours. They say he only sleeps five hours a night, and I can well believe it, for he comes in at the queerest times. His wife got a divorce, you know. My husband says—"

The Captain, used to this sort of thing, forgot to listen as he read on down the list. At 10.5 was the entry "Dr. Sylvester."

"Did Sylvester always get here as late as this?"

Mrs. Vreeland looked at the book. "Oh, no! Most of the patients are in bed and asleep by 10.30, and of course it's no use seeing a sleeping patient. He was almost an hour late last night."

At 10.30 Sylvester had left the Administration Building, which agreed reasonably with his arrival at Hughes at 10.25.

At 10.17 there was the entry, "Dr. Thomas," and at 10.30, "Dr. Thomas started on his rounds." He remembered that Thomas was supposed to have called him that afternoon and had not done so.

"Who's Dr. Thomas?" he asked.

"Thomas? Oh, that's our expert on paranoia. He's quite brilliant, but—well—not much to talk to."

"Is he around?"

"Not yet, but—"

"If you see him before I do," said Prescott, "tell him to stay in his office. I'll be back to see him."

"This Dr. Sylvester," said Prescott, turning the record book to face Mrs. Vreeland again. "What's he like?"

"I hardly knew him," Mrs. Vreeland replied, "but I thought he was terribly queer, but then, genius is akin to madness, you know."

Prescott was getting tired of this description, but pressed for details. Mrs. Vreeland floundered. It might have been his looks, she thought, so skeleton-like with his deep-sunk eyes.

"You expected him to fall apart at the joints," she added.

Or it might have been the way he looked at you. "In a crowd he'd sit and shoot the strangest glances at whoever was talking. Why, sometimes he made me feel almost imbecile!"

He was strange, too, in the way he got on with patients, and she resented his irritable disposition, his nervousness, and the way he got excited, sudden, or frightened. "Frightened?" Prescott took up the word sharply.

"Why, he was scared of his own shadow! It was a—a persecution mania, or something. I got so mixed up with these awful terms. He thought he was being followed—that someone was trying to cheat him out of his experiment."

"He actually thought someone was following him?" Prescott urged.

"He tried to point them out to me once. It was on the street car, and he kept glancing over his shoulder. I asked him what was wrong, and he said, 'I wanted to see if those two men were still there.'"

"Well, of course, I asked him what men. He told me the two who had been following him, and I turned around to get a look at them. There were two of them, all right, dark persons, you know, and sinister, as you'd expect—but they weren't looking at us."

"I said, 'Nonsense, doctor, they're not even aware of you. One's reading a newspaper and the other's staring out of a window.'"

"He looked at me out of those deep-set eyes of his and said, 'One of them's always reading a newspaper!'"

"I said, 'Heaven! What a strange remark!' and it was!"

"But he didn't even pause. He was saying, 'They don't look interested, but watch when I get out. They'll get up and follow. They've been doing it for two days now.'"

"But when we got off at the hospital, of course they didn't."

Prescott said, frowning, "Did he ever mention it again?"

"Oh, yes! It was an obsession. It was only about two days later that he said, 'Remember those two men I pointed out? They're still after me. They're closing in!'"

"I said, 'Not like that, pretending astonishment.'"

"They want something," he said. "They follow me wherever I go. They spy on me at the laboratory. They're out to get me!"

Prescott thought for a moment, then, "Miss Lewis had no competition? No rivals?"

"Well," said Mrs. Vreeland, "I've heard there were some who envied her, but I don't know! Mary Lou used to say that James girl was mad about him—"

"The James girl?"

"Leslie James. Did you ever hear such a name for a girl? And then, of course, there was the case of that Rollins girl—or is it Robbins?"

"What was that?"

"Absolutely the silliest thing you ever heard. She's from the University. She had a chance to work with the doctor, and she simply went crazy over him. She fairly clung! You couldn't blame the poor man

when he got rid of her. But now they say she's pitiful! Men don't realise!"

Prescott listened to her for half an hour more before he thanked her and left the building.

Mat was in his alcove, reading. Prescott said, "Got a minute?"

Loomis glanced up. He said, "Yes, if you insist." Prescott liked him no better for the answer. He plunged to the heart of the thing: "Mr. Loomis, you smiled last night when you learned of Dr. Sylvester's death."

"Surprise and relief. You remember, I was worried about Miss Lewis."

"Know Miss Lewis well?"

"Must we? But you're a policeman. One must expect this... What did I do? I offered her flatteries, attentions, an emotional outlet that her fiancé would not—or could not—provide. Naturally, she responded."

Prescott, with sharpened attention, found himself looking at Loomis with speculative eyes.

The young man was proceeding amiably. "I have never been able to understand—even knowing women as I do—what attraction Dr. Sylvester had for Miss Lewis. I presume she imagined he would some day be rich and famous. He had everyone fooled, dangling before them the possibility of basking in his reflected glory. His ideas were ridiculous, of course, the product of a mind not entirely sane."

Prescott brought him back to the point.

"How far did the affair go?"

"No affair," said Loomis, "unfortunately! You'll hardly believe it, Captain: It stopped with the first kiss. She went cold in my arms. But she never trusts herself alone with me now. She knows I should prove dynamite to her emotions."

"And how much do you desire that?"

The man's eyes lighted, but he shrugged.

"How much do you desire it?" Prescott became more explicit: "Enough to put your obstacle—Dr. Sylvester—out of the way?"

Mae Loomis laughed. "But that's ridiculous! After all, a woman is only a woman. Nothing to commit murder for. Naturally a policeman thinks in terms of melodrama, but my dear Captain, disabuse yourself of the notion that I'm the villain pursuing the innocent maiden."

He was very light about it, but murder is not a light matter to one accused of it. Lightness must cover worry. And Prescott was glad the man was worried.

GREGORY, the Sergeant, who had been left in charge of the building, met the Captain as he reached the foyer.

"I got something that looks good, sir," he said. "A man on the third floor, opposite Paris, heard something last night. A patient."

Prescott's first impulse was not to see the man; his second to be thorough. But, following Gregory to room 311, he resolved not to be taken in again.

The patient was a Mr. Gwynd, an elderly little man, with a bald pate, trimmed around with a silky growth of snowy hair. Bernstein, his nurse, was present. Gregory went about his business.

"Good-evening," said Mr. Gwynd. "You're the Captain to whom my friend Sergeant Gregory referred? Do sit down. I'm sorry I can't ask you to—draw up a chair."

Prescott took a seat uncomfortably.

"Your Sergeant," said Mr. Gwynd, "seemed to think you'd be interested in the voices I heard last night."

It was an unfortunate choice of words, but Mr. Gwynd did not seem to notice. He interrupted himself: "I neglected to introduce my attendant, Mr. Bernstein—Mr. Leo Bernstein of Dubuque—who should be practising

law instead of taking care of invalids like myself—"

"I have met Mr. Bernstein," said Prescott. "Was it his voice you heard?"

"I shouldn't have noticed him. I'm sure. One gets used to the nurses' voices. Anyway, it was a woman's voice."

"A woman's?"

"That surprises you? It would. This is a men's ward, and women don't come here very frequently. It surprised me, too. At first I thought it might be the queen of the Porgos, but after I'd listened a moment, I realised it was pitched too low for her Majesty, and besides, I couldn't see her anywhere."

Prescott leaned back, and passed a hand over his eyes. He thought, I might have guessed! Automatically he asked, "Who is the queen of the Porgos?"

"I should have remembered," smiled the little man. "You're no doubt a septic. One cannot see a Porgo without faith."

"And just what is a Porgo?"

"Why, everyone knows that," said Mr. Gwynd. "Most people can see them. They're very small, and they're everywhere. There are two of them on your left shoulder now, Captain Prescott, and they're laughing because you can't see them. All the Porgos in the room are laughing. That high-pitched, happy sound you hear is their laughter. The voices couldn't have belonged to the Porgos. I finally decided it came from the room across the hall—I never can remember the gentleman's name—he never could see the Porgos, either."

"Partial," said Prescott wearing. "What was the woman saying?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know. Is it important? Because if it is, I'll send and find out. Some of the Porgos across the hall would know. If you'd let me ask Rudolph, now, he'd know."

"Who is Rudolph?" Prescott couldn't stop the question.

"Rudolph is the crown prince," said Mr. Gwynd. "He's very young, and quite a devil with the ladies."

"And I suppose," snapped the Captain, "you're the king!" He regretted the remark; he knew it was going to backfire.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Gwynd, reprovingly. "The king is right over there in the purple robe, looking very insulted. I'm only the prime minister."

"I'll have to go," said Prescott, rising.

IN the paper next morning, Prescott read about his own inefficiency and how he was harrying innocent bystanders when he should have been out chasing Paris.

He cast around like a hound looking for a scent, and finally came up with the note, which he had completely forgotten, reminding him to call Kay Lewis.

Her voice, over the telephone, was cool, completely out of emotion, and she answered questions with an impersonal readiness, recalling Dr. Lowndes' visit, the patient's accident, her trip to the servry, and Dr. Thomas' visit.

Prescott said hurriedly, "I want to talk with you about this. Could you meet me at Millar's for a late luncheon. Bring Miss James, if you like. At two."

He wondered if she realised how her carelessness had helped the murderer of her fiancé.

The talk had added little, however, to what he already knew, and it left him with no more to do than he had had before.

It occurred to him that there was one man who had known the dead doctor very well with whom he had not talked: Professor Betram Schlosser of the University's Psychology Department.

With quick decision he left headquarters, and found himself a cab. He had no trouble finding Schlosser, a tall, lean man in his thirties, whose loud, exclamatory, lecture-hall voice became surprising in the confines of an office.

"Promising chap, Sylvester! Very!" he said. "His murder's the most shocking thing I've ever heard of—chiefly because I can't see why it happened—didn't know he had an enemy in the world!"

"You wouldn't consider a motive of jealousy?"

"No! Nonsense!"

"Who is Alice Rollins?" "What had she to do with Sylvester?"

"She heard a lot about him. We boast a little, you know! Heard how brilliant he was. Got the idea of following in his footsteps. Hero-worship. Turned to love when she met him."

"I remember. Mrs. Vreeland mentioned her," said Prescott. "She helped with an experiment, didn't she?"

The professor nodded. "She's another that's got scars from childhood. Plain! No social life. No men! Emotionally repressed. So when she fell in love, she didn't know what to do about it! Threw herself at him, and got kicked out!"

"What did that do to her?"

"Left her abnormal, violent! Still hangs around following him—that kind of thing. Wouldn't go home this summer, I hear. Stayed at her college to be closer to him."

Here was the first temperament that matched seven or eight stab wounds! Prescott took her address.

A flabby, work-roughened woman with straggling grey hair and abundant bosom answered his ring, announcing without preamble, "I've got the wrong place, mister. There ain't nobody here in the summer."

"Miss Alice Rollins?"

"Oh—Rollins? Well, she won't see you if she's like she was yesterday. She has her moods, that girl, and when she's in one of 'em, you couldn't sell her a thing!"

She ushered him into a large room that must have taken three-quarters of the main floor.

A few seconds later Alice Rollins stood before him, and he got to his feet with uneasy haste. "I hope I'm not intruding," he said.

"What do you want?" Her eyes were large, emphasised by a thin, angular face. Of all her features, only the lips were soft, and they seemed ready to tremble at the slightest excuse.

"Won't you sit down?"

Prescott had thought of hers as a temperament that matched seven or eight stab wounds, but seeing her changed his mind. This girl was thin, and physically frail. There was a nervous, twisting movement of her narrow shoulders as she sat.

He said, "I want to ask some questions about Dr. Sylvester."

It was as though he had turned on a tap. The big, dark eyes glinted and filled, and, before the girl buried her head in her arms, Prescott saw them overflow.

He was used to waiting for tears, but he was always afraid of a woman using them as an excuse to escape. The moment the crying lessened he said, "You knew him pretty well?"

She said, "You needn't think you can come in here and insult him! I won't have him ridiculed!"

The voice was soft and fluttering, but it sent a nasty cold shock through Prescott. The look of hatred in her eyes amazed him. He had had his next question ready, but for the life of him he couldn't think of it now.

She added, her tone less stressed: "Of course, I knew him well. I worked with him for four and a half months, though I haven't seen him to speak to since the sixth of June. Why shouldn't I know him well?" She said, as an afterthought, "But I don't know anything about his death. I wasn't out. I wasn't near the place!"

"Of course. I wanted general information. But if you haven't seen him for a month and a half, you probably wouldn't know—"

"I haven't spoken with him since the sixth of June. It's all perfectly clear. We were discussing the effect of temperature on reaction time. It was a beautiful day."

"You were working together?"

"He was very enthusiastic over his progress. Very happy. It made me happy, too."

There was a time when Prescott would simply have given her up as a bad job. It spoke well for his progress in abnormal psychology that he stuck with his task. He was getting used to abnormal people.

He asked, "You thought a lot of Dr. Sylvester, didn't you?"

"Who wouldn't? He was a genius. He was a man who was doing big things. But he was a cold-blooded brute. You wouldn't believe some of the things he tried to do to me!"

Prescott swallowed what was on the tip of his tongue, and asked instead, "What did he try to do?"

"A decent girl couldn't tell you," said Alice Rollins.

Prescott said tentatively, "Naturally you resented that."

"I've always been a decent girl, Mr. — What did you say your name was? I don't think I know you. I won't have strangers insulting Dr. Sylvester! I'll report you. I'll call the police!"

Hastily Prescott introduced himself.

Then he said, "You knew the doctor was engaged to someone else?"

The girl, her knuckles white on the chair-arms, demanded abruptly, "What did she have in common with Bert? What did she know of psychology? . . . Bert needed someone who understood him, someone to work at his side. He couldn't have been satisfied with an inipid, stupid little thing like that Lewis girl!"

"Did the doctor love her?"

Her face flaming, she leapt to her feet. "I'm not going to answer any more questions. I won't have you insulting Bert. You can insult me, but I'm not going to stand your insinuations!"

Prescott tried to interrupt: "When did you meet him?"

It was ineffectual. "If you want to find out anything about him, why don't you talk to Lewis? She doesn't know anything, but she'll tell you what you want."

"I wanted to go to a person who knows," said Prescott with what he considered great tact. "You know more than she. What happened on the sixth of June?"

It was as though he had struck her behind the knees. She sat down, her face twisting. Prescott insisted: "He told you you couldn't work with him any more, didn't he?" She nodded. "Why not?"

She said, after a moment, "He was afraid of himself. An engaged man, I don't think he could trust himself—close to me—any more. So he sent me away." It was sincere, the truth to her.

"Tuesday night," said Prescott, no longer thrown off his stride by digressions, "were you at the hospital?"

"I wasn't outside this house. I told you that before. You're getting insulting again. You're very rude."

"A policeman has to be rude sometimes," Prescott said, "but I wasn't insulting you; I wasn't suspecting you. You were in love with a brilliant man, and he with you."

Anger flamed darkly in her eyes. "Brilliant!" she said sullenly.

She was on her feet. "I didn't kill him," she said, "but I've dreamt him dead, and I've dreamt of killing him, too; dreamt of striking his insulting words dead on his lips! He was a cold-blooded, mechanical animal! Do you hear? I used to beat at him—beat at him—beat—"

Prescott was used to catching blows. He caught the girl's arm in mid-air, closed his fingers on her wrist. He started to say "Take it easy!" but Alice Rollins suddenly screamed, and wrenched free.

She went on screaming. "You take your hands off me! Stay away! You're like all the rest. Don't touch me!"

Her hand fell on the heavy iron bookends on the table behind her, and abruptly her tone changed. "I'll get you for this!" she cried. "You think you can attack a woman and get away with it—"

Prescott thought she was going to throw it, but she didn't. She brought it with her, and the Captain took the blow on his shoulder, falling away so that it glanced off. The weapon rose again, and as Prescott closed with the sobbing, fighting girl, the heavy weight missed his head by an inch. Her arm struck his shoulder, and the shock of it jarred the weapon loose. It fell with a thud.

Prescott felt her hot breath in his face, her raking fingernails on his cheek, and her sharp-toed shoes against his shins, and then he was alone, staring after the retreating, stumbling legs that were vanishing from view up the staircase.

He looked down at the bookend and said, "Whew!"

Then he glanced up and saw the stout figure of the woman who had admitted him standing in the kitchen doorway.

Louis Prescott flushed brick-red.

"Goodness!" said the woman. "It sounded like you was assaultin' her!"

Prescott felt it as well to reveal his badge. "I was asking her a few questions. She seemed to resent them."

"Well, sure an' I thought she'd laid you out with that iron thing!"

"It was close," said Prescott, feeling his shoulder where the blow had struck. "I should apologise. I—I assure you there was—"

"Law!" said the woman with a flap of her hands ceilingwards. "I heard the whole of it. That is to say," she amended, "after the little lady raised her voice."

"Thanks," said Prescott, frankly grateful. "I was afraid you'd just heard . . . you'd misunderstand—"

The woman shook her head. "I'll warrant you're not the first she's embarrassed like that, and for no reason, either. She's always getting into tantrums. I steer clear of her men!"

"She doesn't seem quite normal," said Prescott mildly.

"I've thought that at times, too! She's forever doing strange things, losing her temper without reason. I know what's wrong with her."

"She takes night walks?"

"Sure, and she's been at it for six months, more or less."

"Does she still do it?"

"Every night," nodded the woman. "Leaves at ten, and is back by twelve—which is closing hour during the school year."

"Ten to twelve," said Prescott, repressing excitement. "She told me she wasn't out

Tuesday night. What would you say to that?"

"Law! The girl couldn't tell the truth in a church. Tuesday night? Night before last, that was? Sure, that was the night she came in and ran upstairs like the devil was after her. Generally she'll moon at a window on comin' in, but I heard her herself, and noticed it for that same reason. Ran upstairs, she did, and slammed her door so it shook the house. A murderin' temper I would have said she was in, mister, to guess from the sound."

"I SUPPOSE," said Katherine Lewis, meeting the Captain's eyes coolly, "this is a run to question me?"

"But a thoughtful one, for a policeman," Leslie James put in.

"To be quite frank," said Prescott, "I'm close to a dead end, and you're the natural one to turn to. It's off the record, if you like."

They sat at the table in Millar's. The waiter had just departed, and Prescott was conscious of rising tension as Kay Lewis herself brought up the subject that had been in the minds of all three.

She was quite composed, level-eyed, surrounded and protected by that perfection of appearance and manner that Prescott had noticed at their first meeting. It was an armor that Bert Sylvester as well as the asylum might have had a hand in building.

Beside her, Leslie James seemed ingenuitous. There was an excitement in her eyes that Prescott, hating to believe her sensation-seeking, was at a loss to explain. Her shifts between flippancy and gravity were disconcerting and more difficult to read than the deliberate coyness of the other girl.

Prescott asked, "Do you believe Parisi killed Dr. Sylvester?"

"I'm sure he didn't," said Kay Lewis. "I'm sure Bert had nothing at all to do with the escape."

"And if he had," said Leslie James, "he could have handled Parisi. Bert was splendid with patients. He could control them even in their most violent moods."

"Is that cold fact, or exaggeration?" Prescott asked bluntly.

"Fact. I've good reason to know."

Like an echo, he remembered Mrs. Vreeland gossiping: "Mary Lou says she looks at him with sheep's eyes."

They were served, and when the waiter had gone, Prescott said, "What Miss James says bears out what I've felt. That Parisi was framed."

"Must you assume that?" asked Kay Lewis. "It's so inhuman!"

"There's no other way to explain the facts. You see, there was no struggle. Briefly, he outlined his argument. Ray listened with apparent calm, but put down her fork to conceal the trembling of her hand.

She said, "There might be some other explanation."

And Leslie James said, "What about a quarrel?"

"A quarrel would explain the nature of the wounds, but it emphasises the lack of struggle. Besides, no quarrel was heard. If it were violent enough to end in murder, it would have been. Miss Lewis screamed Tuesday night. Nobody did anything about it, that being the nature of the place, but it was remembered later by Mat Loomis, to mention one. It would have been so with a quarrel."

"What are you looking for then?" asked Leslie James.

"Motive, first."

Both girls were silent. Finally, with an effort, Miss Lewis said, "There was none. I've tried to think. There was no motive."

"There must have been if we rule out Parisi. I'm going to mention four names. I'd like your reactions."

"Good," said Leslie James, "let's see whom we can condemn." Kay's eyes rose in protest, but she said nothing. "Who's first?"

"Dr. Winkler."

Neither girl, it seemed, knew Winkler well enough to speculate.

"What about Johnny Dennis?"

Miss James laughed. "I can't see Johnny as a murderer. He's the last one to have a reason."

"To remove a rival," Prescott suggested.

There was an unexpected and uncomfortable silence. Leslie James looked at Kay, and Kay, the Captain thought, looked faintly flushed. She started to say something, stopped, and finally began again.

"I suppose you'll draw the wrong conclusions if I don't tell you," she said. "Johnny Dennis proposed to me last night."

"And you—?"

"Told him he was in very bad taste . . . However—eventually—I'll probably marry him." She said it defiantly, daring him to disapprove. She added, "If there were anyone else to turn to . . . but I can't stand it alone. Johnny is an old friend. We were both friends of Bert. It seems natural to turn to each other."

When the waiter had gone, Prescott proposed his third name: Mat Loomis.

Leslie James said, "Why Mat? He's nice, amusing. I didn't know he had any connection with Bert."

"And you, Miss Lewis?"

"I knew him, of course."

"Ever got out with him?"

Her chin came up. "I suppose you disapprove of that, too," she said. "Well, Bert knew about it."

"All I want is facts," Prescott was mild. "Mat ever get fresh?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'fresh.' He never did anything I resented, if that answers your question."

"It does, under the circumstances."

She flushed, and let the pause rest until she could reply collectedly. Then she said, "Mat Loomis gave me a very good time, Captain Prescott. But a good time isn't everything. If I could have had it, and Bert, too, that would have been heaven, but I wanted Bert more than anything else. I want you to believe that."

"What was Loomis' attitude towards Sylvester?"

Leslie James said breathlessly, "Contemptuous. He claimed Bert's idea was a dream—an insane dream, he used to call it."

Prescott, aware of an under-surface excitement in her that he could not account for, said, "So he told me. What did he know about it? He isn't a psychologist, is he?"

"He quoted Winkler," said Leslie. "They were cronies, you know, before the doctor got married."

The Captain took a pause on that. If Winkler had expressed such ideas before Sylvester's death, perhaps he was sincere in his estimate of the doctor's theory. If so, it minimised motive.

On the other hand, he might have been very foresighted.

Too, this suggested an alliance between someone inside Hughes, and another outside, a theory which might explain several things.

Prescott mentioned his final name: Alice Rollins.

Miss Lewis said, "Rollins?" in puzzled fashion, and then, "Oh—wasn't that the girl that helped Bert for a while?"

"Low comedy character," said Leslie, with a return of the flippancy that Prescott neither liked nor understood. "She stuck so close, Bert practically carried her pick-a-back."

"She was quite pitiful, if I remember," said Kay seriously. "It was a sort of hero-worship, I think."

"She's no murderer," said Miss James. "Frail, timid—"

Prescott said: "Yes, I've met her . . . Nevertheless, I wonder if either of you ever heard of her making an attack on the doctor?"

Neither had.

Then Prescott, not wishing to discuss possible motives of present company, turned to another question.

"I understand," he said, "that for something like a month Dr. Sylvester hasn't been himself. An unstable, emotional or nervous condition. I wonder how he's seemed to you?"

Leslie James, grave again, waited for her companion to reply. Kay took her time. Presently, "He's been under a strain—you know how it is when the end of a long job is in sight. I've tried to tell him he was overworking. I was worried for fear he might have a breakdown. He was going beyond his strength."

"How, exactly, did he act?"

He heard again the description of the persecution mania, the depression, the final extreme moods.

When the girl had finished, he said: "These men following him, Miss Lewis, did you ever see them?"

"He tried to point them out several times, but I may not have seen the ones he meant. Certainly they never looked twice the same. I'm sure it was his imagination."

Leslie James said, "But perhaps—considering his murder—he didn't imagine them."

Professor Schlower had suggested strain. So had Kay Lewis. But suddenly Prescott knew that he had overlooked another obvious explanation: that the men following Sylvester had been real!

He thought, I'm getting old. I don't see things any more.

It was a possibility that opened a whole new field. It suggested people and motives as yet unconsidered.

He said, "That's possible. It's possible, too, there was good cause for his depression: the loss of an important notebook."

Kay's eyes widened. "Notebook? . . . I do remember his telling me that the men had closed in; he was sure they had taken a notebook. And that was just at the beginning of his depression!"

Prescott nodded. So much for the insanity theory!

Leslie James said: "I've a theory—a rather disturbing one. You see, a brook runs through the grounds not two hundred yards from Hughes. The murderer could have reached it in the darkness, washed at leisure, and hidden the knife permanently. Instead he runs the risk of the lavatory. Why? Unless he dared not leave Hughes? That would mean one of our staff."

"There's more than that to point to the Hughes staff," said Prescott, and told her about the finger-prints.

"Doesn't that rule out outsiders, then?"

"Only in theory. Because the murderer might have intended it to look that way . . . if the murder was planned. And it might have been."

"Then what about the framing of Parisi?"

"That may have been the inspiration of

the moment, rather imperfectly combined with the original plan."

"That's horribly complicated," said Leslie James. "I don't believe it. It was someone in Hughes, and that would mean Kay or I or—"

"Or Johnny Dennis, or Mat Loomis. I've found nobody else even remotely connected with the doctor."

"That leaves me highly uncomfortable," said Leslie James, with a return to flippancy. "It's got a little something on the sword of Damocles, because you don't really know whether you're sitting under it or not!"

She got to her feet suddenly, her frappe only half finished. She said, "Kay, dear, I've had enough. If we stay much longer, the guilty finger points to us. So what do you say? A little shopping?"

And before the Captain could protest, Leslie James had swept her out. Prescott sat back, bewildered. What had he said?

Well, he thought, you never can tell about women!

"No sign of Parisi," said Sergeant Dugan. "We been looking for his body all day, but we can't even find that."

"You will," said Prescott with conviction. "Whoever's got him can't afford to turn him loose."

"Then I wish he'd get it over with. We're in for trouble if he don't."

"Why?"

"The papers are talking about a shake-up. They got a whole page of letters complaining about the police, see? All from a bunch of dopes that wouldn't know a burglar from an arsonist."

"Have those dossiers been worked up?"

"They're being typed now," said Dugan. "I was looking them over. They haven't found any connection."

"So?" said Prescott. "What did they find out?"

"Well, this Toscarello was born August 3, 1891, making him 45. The parents had settled here six or eight months before. Luigi was their first child, and the only one who lived. There was a daughter, born blind, who died before she was five, and there was a third child, stillborn. The mother died in 1916, apparently of the flu, and the father went to Italy early in the war and never came back."

Prescott, feeling that he was close to something important, said, "What about Toscarello himself?"

"Our first record of him was his conviction in 1912. He got out of prison in 1920—"

"Eight years?" said Prescott grimly. "Criminal?"

"It was," said Dugan. "Pretty soon he spent six months more in prison on liquor counts, and went free again in '23. We had him for a hold-up in '27, but couldn't make it stick."

"Any sex crimes?" asked Prescott, an idea hammering at his consciousness.

"Uh-h . . . no proof," said Dugan draggingly. "He was sued by a girl in 1928 for support of a child she claimed was his. And lost. He lived with a Rose Ascullo, a waitress in his restaurant, the last of plenty, I judge; and if the vice boys are to be believed, he owned a house and was a white slaver and Heaven knows what else. But try and prove it."

"Finances?"

"What books he kept show a profit, but not enough to account for the money people say he had."

"And no mention of any of the Parisi?" insisted the Captain.

Dugan shook his head. "The name doesn't show anywhere. None of the

employees ever saw the Parisi or ever heard their name mentioned at the restaurant."

"And nothing showed up from an investigation of the Parisi?"

"No, sir."

"Well, keep the boys at it. I still think they'll find one."

"Want me to get on it myself, sir?"

"No. You concentrate on Stephani, Dugan. We've got to put him on the scene of the crime. Go back to Quarry Street and interview all those witnesses again, with him in mind."

Dugan sighed and said, "Yes, sir."

"There was a negro janitor," added Prescott, "who told about the murderer walking up Quarry from First, meeting Toscarello at the alley entrance, and taking a poke at him."

"Yes," said Dugan.

"Remember why that darky noticed the man?"

"Something about a shirt."

"Um! . . . Well, he noticed that shirt before the murder, before he got excited. And it's a typical thing for a nigger to notice. What was it? Blue and yellow or some such awful combination? The kind of thing Stephani might wear for calling on the Ettis. Check with them, too."

"It's a thought, anyway," nodded Dugan.

"I should have paid more attention at the time," Prescott said, "but I was just trying to put Joseph on the scene, in his blue serge and his plain white shirt. A colored shirt was just cockeyed. Now it's a lead. Look up that darky and check the description. Then hop over to Parisi's and see if you can find it. Probably he's got rid of it, but there's a chance."

When Dugan had gone, Prescott sat telling himself it was foolish trying to connect Stephani with the crime without motive or evidence. And the fact that the alibi might not be sound was another of those facts that were not facts.

Yet he was convinced he was on the right track.

The Captain was on the verge of going to supper when he was summoned to the telephone. It was an echo of Tuesday night when he heard the faintly foreign voice of Richards saying, "Louis?"

Aware of tensing muscles, he said, "Yes, Doctor?"

"I thought it might interest you to know, Louis," the doctor said, "that the notebook Winkler reported missing has been returned."

"Returned?" repeated Prescott. "Who returned it?"

"Mr. Dennis just brought it in."

"Ask him to wait. I'd like to talk to you both."

There was no car available, so the Captain took a taxi. He reached the hospital shortly after seven, told the driver to wait, and joined Dennis and Richards in the latter's office.

The doctor looked tired, with eyes deep-drawn in his head, and an unfamiliar sag about his mouth, and he had developed a nervous tic of the neck muscles.

Prescott remarked about it and was rewarded with a narration of all the doctor's troubles since the murder. The Captain got Johnny Dennis and the notebook into the conversation as soon as possible:

"How did you happen to have this, Dennis?" he asked.

"I found it when I came home this noon. It was lying on the desk, and I don't know how long it's been there."

"What do you mean—you don't know?"

"I mean I'm not certain whether it was there this morning. Or even when you searched the room yesterday."

"It wasn't," said Prescott.

"Then somebody came in and left it yesterday afternoon or this morning."

Disconcertingly it occurred to the Captain that the notebook might never have been missing at all. Perhaps both he and Johnny had missed it in going over Sylvester's things. The eye can skip the most obvious articles.

When Johnny had gone, Prescott wrapped up the notebook.

"I'll have to take it down to be tested for fingerprints," he said, "but I'll get it back right away. Is it all here?"

"Only Winkler could tell, and he hasn't seen it yet. By the way you'll find my prints. I handled it, unthinkingly when Dennis brought it in."

Prescott set off on foot, following the kerb of the drive.

Richards! he thought.

He started recalling the questions the doctor had asked: how long the police were going to stay? how close was the mystery to solution? who was the person concealing information? who were the suspects? was the Hughes staff more likely to be suspected than outsiders?

Probing questions.

What did he really know about the man: that he was a well-to-do, successful psychologist and executive, a philanthropist, a man of many friends and good reputation. Superficial facts, all of them.

The train of thought started, facts marshalled in support. Consider the fingerprints. Richard had accompanied the Captain to every place where his prints had been found. He had been the last to handle the door-knobs and the elevator button. Now Prescott wondered if that had been deliberate.

Then, too, Richards, a stickler for rules, had not made Johnny Dennis return to his office when they met him in the vestibule. And later it had been he who suggested questioning Dennis in a consultation room instead of in the office, though this had left the foyer only under Lynch's guard. In other words, he had twice delayed the discovery of the body. Was that intentional?

It had been he who suggested the surgery when the weapon was mentioned, and blundered down the hall to open both the door and the knife-case.

And he had just admitted that his fingerprints would be found on the notebook.

Add to this that he had been at the hospital Tuesday night from 9.20 on, and it was almost too much of a good thing.

He crossed the bridge over the brook, where the killer might have washed his knife, but hadn't, and started up-grade. The woods opened, and the string of lights marking the Boulevard was comforting. The Captain returned to Richards.

But the first enthusiasm for a new idea had passed.

Questions were, after all, natural. Nor had the doctor gone out of his way to get his fingerprints in the lavatory where the murderer had most certainly been. And what purpose could he have had, if he were the murderer, in delaying the discovery of the body? And there was no motive. In fact, since the murder and the escape must inevitably react upon the hospital, Richards would have killed Sylvester away from the hospital, if he had had to kill him at all.

In short, the suspicion collapsed.

Prescott reached the entrance, feeling rather pleasantly tired in the legs, but hot. Having disposed of his problem, he decided he would ride home if there were a cab available.

THE Captain walked south along the Boulevard, then turned west to thread the streets of the residential district. There was no longer any doubt about the nail in his right shoe. His heel felt raw. When he reached the University, the sudden memory of Alice Rollins was like an inspiration. She had started her night walk at ten. To be sure, now that Bert Sylvester was dead, she probably stayed home, but it would mean a wait—a rest—at only half an hour to verify that. It was almost 9.30.

He detoured the necessary block and a half and sat down on a low wall surrounding the Pri Upillon house, just down the street from the college. A cab drew to the curb at the corner.

There was a light on the second floor. Prescott, relaxing with his back against a pillar, watched it. It was good to sit down. It was better to get his shoes off. The faint breeze was refreshing on his face, and he was abruptly, pleasantly drowsy.

The half hour passed like ten minutes. He was just beginning to feel chilly when the light went off. The Captain hastily got into his shoes. A girl came down the steps, turned in his direction, and passed him on the other side of the street. It was Alice Rollins.

When she reached the corner, he followed. The taxi made a U-turn, and started once more in reluctant pursuit.

Alice Rollins took the route by which Prescott had just come. In momentary panic, he wondered if she were going to the hospital.

His short rest had stiffened his muscles. He felt old. The cab drew up beside him. "Listen, pal," said the driver, reprovingly, "I can't say much for this conduct in a guy your age, but if you must follow the dame, how about doing it sitting down?"

"I mind my own business, see?" continued the cabbie, "but an old guy like you shouldn't wander around the streets at night. It hurts me to see it—here."

"It'll hurt you somewhere else if you don't scram!" snapped Prescott.

"Have a good walk!" said the other. He dropped back to his old position. He seemed difficult to discourage.

The thing became a nightmare. Alice Rollins bore east, and every turn she made convinced Prescott that she was headed for Exeter. He was no longer conscious of his legs from the waist down. There was simply a hot, burning sensation between there and the pavement. When the girl reached the Boulevard and turned north, Prescott paused in weary, incredulous disgust, and the cab drew closer in anticipation of the kill.

But Alice Rollins did not go to the hospital. Six blocks farther on, she turned sharply to her right and disappeared through a gap in a high stone wall that paralleled the sidewalk. Glen Avon Cemetery, where Dr. Herbert Sylvester had been buried that afternoon.

This was anti-climax.

There was no point in following further, but at this moment the cab slid to the curb, and the Captain entered the cemetery.

The girl moved without hesitation through the tree-shaded grounds, while Prescott, warned and led by the sound of her feet on the gravel, followed swiftly on the grass. After a long walk the sounds ceased, and he saw her figure against the starlight, hurrying across the lawn.

Prescott sat down on a tombstone.

He could hear her crying. He waited five minutes, ten minutes. He moved off the tombstone and set his back against it. The sobbing failed to touch him. He was vaguely sorry, but far more concerned about his own aches and pains.

Time dragged. A black spruce stood out against the stars. The cold of the ground worked up, and he shivered. There was a catch deep in his throat, below the base of his tongue, not a soreness or a tickle, but the first infallible sign of a cold. Quite unexpectedly, he coughed.

Alice Rollins gasped.

He said quickly, steadily, "This is Captain Prescott, Miss Rollins. Sorry to startle you."

"Oh!" He could hear her labored breathing. After a moment she said, "Why are you here?"

"I've been watching the grave," he lied.

"You expected—me?"

"Why not?" he asked. "You were in love with him, weren't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

It was scarcely more than a breath, but it held everything that Alice Rollins had thought and felt and dreamed. It told the Captain that she was ready to talk, if he said the right thing.

He spoke without effort, without doubt. Only afterwards did he have a qualm of uncertainty.

"Tell me about it," he said.

She hesitated. Then she said thinly, plaintively, "What is there to tell? I loved him. There wasn't a thing I could do about it."

After a moment she added, "It isn't often we meet our heroes. Maybe it's just as well. . . . I knew him so long before I saw him. . . . I'd heard about him, dreamt about him. I knew what he was doing, and what it meant, and I used to work nights, when the other girls were asleep and the house was quiet, and imagine he was beside me, urging me along, telling me what great things we would do together if I could only catch up with him."

She said, "I couldn't catch up. It was too hard."

"Even when Professor Schlosser told me I could help the doctor with an experiment I didn't meet him. I kept working and working. I don't think I did anything else all that while, and I cut classes until the dean told me I'd have to pay attention to my other work or I couldn't go on with the experiment."

"Sometimes I thought I'd never get it done. I used to think of him waiting for me to finish, and it would drive me nearly crazy."

"And then I did meet him."

"Professor Schlosser told me I could take my paper out to Dr. Sylvester myself. I was afraid, I begged him not to make me, but he insisted."

"Bert was in his laboratory, and he smiled at me when I came in. Honestly, he didn't look like a genius at all. You wouldn't have known he was one if you didn't know all he'd done. I felt he was human, but I knew he wasn't, and that I ought not to be liking him that way."

"When he took my paper I was trembling all over, and I thought I'd fall through the floor before he finished reading it, but I kept thinking how wonderful it would be to work with him, and then I wondered what it would be like if he kissed me."

"Then he looked up and said, 'This is very good. I wonder if you've time to do some other work for me?' and I couldn't say a word. It was as though my heart had jumped up in my throat and was beating there like mad. I just nodded."

"I worked with him four and a half months—four months and twelve days. I went to the laboratory every day, and I'd see him, and he used to work right beside me, and sometimes I dropped things because I trembled so much, and I couldn't think what I was doing just because he was near. I used to touch him sometimes to feel the

thrill, but I had to be careful, because once, when I did that, I dropped a book and broke its binding."

"He never noticed me. He used to work right there, talk to me, hand me things, but he wouldn't notice. It used to drive me crazy sometimes. I was like fire inside, and my hands would get so wet I'd have to dry them. But he never noticed."

"I knew I loved him, and I wanted him to love me. I thought perhaps he was shy, and I used to think of shameless ways to tell him how I felt. But, then, that night it rained, and he offered me a ride home, and I told him I'd elope with him if he wanted and tried to kiss him, and the taxi driver got so interested watching that we skidded and almost turned over, and I knew he wasn't shy. He just didn't care."

"I must have gone out of mind. I told him I loved him, and pleaded with him to take me somewhere, and when we stopped in front of the college and he told me to get out I pounded at his face with both fists, and I hated him! I could have killed him, and I wish I had! And when Professor Schlosser told me that someone else was going to finish the experiment, I'd have killed him then if I could have found a gun."

"But not any more. Love and hate are melted in knowing he's gone. The fire died when I read he'd been killed."

"Read!" Prescott was startled into incredulous speech. He was afraid the spell was broken, but the girl said quietly:

"You think I killed him, don't you? Well, I've thought of it, watching him in his laboratory or following him about the grounds while he visited patients. Sometimes it was very sad and bitter-sweet when I thought what might have been, and sometimes it was horrible and burning when I was angry, and sometimes it was like a beating pulse. And that's gone now, all melted."

"Did you follow him the night he was killed?"

"I lied this morning, didn't I?" said Alice Rollins. "It doesn't seem to matter any more. What you say can't hurt him now. If he did a disgraceful thing, he paid for it."

"What did he do?"

"He turned that madman loose. I saw him. The papers have it all wrong about Paris killing him, because Bert was still alive when Paris left the building."

Prescott said, steadying his voice, "What happened?"

"I was late," she said. "I took a trolley. When I got to the lab, Dr. Winkler was alone. I knew Bert would be visiting patients. I found him by the lights in their rooms, and when I saw Paris's still lit up, I knew where he was. I hid."

"What time was this, Miss Rollins?"

"I don't know. The trolley gets out there at eleven. Maybe it took ten minutes to walk to the lab, and another ten to find Bert. It might have been eleven-twenty. But I don't know."

"Did anyone go in or out of Hughes while you were hidden?"

"There was no one even in the foyer before I heard the elevator running. It was Bert. He stood in the elevator door, looking around. Then he made a motion to someone behind him. He stepped towards the vestibule, pausing to look down the corridors as he crossed the foyer."

"And then someone came out of the elevator. I thought it was a nightmare; it seemed so impossible, seeing Joseph Paris, loose in the foyer, shuffling, bewildered. I'd been present once when Bert tested him. I knew he was dangerous. That was what made it so awful. Bert took him

by the arm, and hurried him outside. I tried to scream. I tried to warn him, but I couldn't make a sound. He gave him a little push, shoved him down the steps, and then he turned and went back inside."

"And then?" Prescott urged.
"I ran away," said Alice Rollins.
"All right," said the Captain. "I guess that's that!"

They came out on the Boulevard together, and the persistent caddy was waiting for them.

Prescott looked and sighed. Then he opened the door and assisted Miss Rollins in.

THE morning papers astonished the Captain. It was not so much the categorical demand for his own resignation and the Commissioner's recall, as the excited, hysterical writing. Generalities had been dropped. Mothers were warned to keep children in the house; women cautioned against opening doors to strangers; shopkeepers advised that Parisi would need food and clothing and might go to any lengths to get them. It was personalised. It carried a message of fear.

And it bothered Prescott more than he liked to admit.

He was on the verge of calling Dugan when the Sergeant called him. "The Commissioner's been trying to get you, sir. He's hot as hades. So's this place. You never seen so many people want protection. The desk Sergeant's nuts and so am I."

"Dugan," said Prescott, "you and I and Hallahan may lose our jobs over this. What are we going to do about it? Learn anything about that shift?"

"No, sir. Stephani hasn't got one that's blue with yellow stripes. Never did have one, according to him! We're still working, but it looks like a washout . . . Say, Captain, I wish you'd come down here."

"Why?"

"Well, there's a crowd collecting. Maybe you can hear 'em shouting. They're hollerin'. 'Where's Parisi?' and 'Get the cops!' and 'Throw 'em out!' and all things like that. Do I disperse 'em?"

"Oh, darn!" said Prescott. "No, we'd better not touch 'em. If anyone got hurt, we'd be in a worse mess than we are now."

He called the Commissioner.

The Commissioner gave him twenty-four hours to find Parisi . . . or else!

The Captain could understand the pressure being brought to bear on the Commissioner, but the threat failed to worry him as it might. He thought he knew who had murdered Toscarello, and if he could prove it, he could force him to reveal Parisi's prison. But bluff wouldn't go all the way. He had to dig up a motive and some evidence.

His first visit was to Mrs. Cleebly, who recognized him at once. "Well, land sakes!" she said. "If you haven't got your name in the papers! Will they fire you?"

"I hope not," returned the Captain, keeping his pleasant tone with difficulty. "I think we'll get our man, particularly if you can give me some help: Wednesday afternoon or yesterday morning someone came and left a package in Mr. Dennis' room. Did you see anyone?"

"Wednesday afternoon or yesterday morning? Well, let me see! There was Mr. Imperowski, the laundry man, and —"

"I meant strangers, Mrs. Cleebly."

"Well, no! I didn't see any strangers. There was that salesman with the vacuum cleaner, but he didn't get inside the door."

"No one at all . . . Did you go out?"

"Yes—Wednesday. But that was a practical joke. Someone called up and said he was a lawyer, Rufus T. Allsucker, in the Tresent Building, and that if I'd call, I'd learn something of great importance. Well, of course, I hurried off, but there wasn't anybody of that name there so I knew one of the boys was having fun with me again. Thank goodness, it don't happen so often in the summer months."

"Do you remember anything about the voice of the person?"

"Well, it was familiar. That's why I thought of the boys right away, though I couldn't tell which it was. He made it very smooth and pleasant, with just a little accent—Goodness!" she said and stopped. Prescott looked inquiring. The little grey woman's eyes had popped wide. "My goodness!" she repeated. "You don't suppose —"

"What, Mrs. Cleebly?"

"Well, it—it might have been the same voice that called up for Dr. Sylvester the evening of the—the murder. You—don't —"

"Could you be sure?"

"Gracious! I don't know! The thing never occurred to me until just now. But I think it was. I'm quite sure it was! Gracious!"

"Thanks," said Prescott. "If this proves as important as I think it is, I'll remember you in the matter of the reward."

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Cleebly, rendered quite speechless.

It took Louis Prescott a little while to realise just how important a piece of information it was. Hashing it over, he began to see.

He had no doubt that Mrs. Cleebly's practical joker had returned the notebook while the woman was away.

Therefore, the owner of the voice had had the notebook.

And the owner of the voice had left the message "near eleven" for Sylvester Tuesday night.

That connected the notebook and the message.

Prescott's mind was leaping far ahead, but he forced it to a pedestrian pace to make sure of his points:

Two things in which Sylvester had been concerned had happened near eleven of Tuesday night: he had, according to Alice Rollins, freed Parisi, and he had been murdered.

The missing notebook must have been connected with one of those two events.

Which and how?

Prescott recalled saying to Richards Tuesday night: "Why should anyone purposely turn a lunatic loose?" and Richards had replied that motive didn't matter. But the motive was clear now.

Sylvester had turned Parisi loose because he had been forced to. The notebook—representing the loss of a year's hard work—had been used as a club.

This brought up the question. Why should anyone want Parisi free?

The answer to that had been obvious for a long while: to frame him for the murder of Toscarello.

Prescott was sure of his reasoning. It accounted for Sylvester's two mysterious shadows: they had, of course, been studying him, figuring out the best way to make him free Parisi. They had concluded, rightly, that his work was paramount in his life, and therefore his weakest point, and they had stuck at it.

It accounted, too, for the doctor's depression; the loss of his notebook.

He got off the trolley he had taken to Quarry Street, went to a shop and called Headquarters.

Dugan was there, which surprised him.

"You can pick up Spiello and Luciano, Sergeant," he said. "I've a hunch we can make 'em talk."

"I beat you to it, sir!" said Dugan, his heavy voice jubilant with relief and pride. "I issued the order fifteen minutes ago, just after we found Stephani's shirt!"

"YOU found the shirt!" Prescott repeated.

"That's broken it, Dugan! Where was it?"

"Well, sir, he slipped up, like they all do! He gave it to the janitor with some rage, telling him to burn 'em. Trying to be casual about it, see? But the janitor looked them over and found the shirt inside. There was a little blood on it, and the fellow figured Stephani'd cut himself shaving and thrown it away. He washed it, and was wearing it himself when I found it."

"Did he wash the stains off?"

"We can bring 'em back!" said Dugan. "The chemist says so. And I've got witnesses who swear it was Stephani's shirt, and the nigger on Quarry Street has identified it and so have the Exia. That was plenty for me. I sent out a call for Luciano and his friend. I figured we'd break the alibi with them, and then haul in Stephani."

"Better take him now," said Prescott. "He may head for the hills! And another thing! Joseph might be at Luciano's or Spiello's. They know where he is, anyway."

"Right!" said Dugan. "I hadn't thought of that."

Prescott, feeling the swell of elation, asked, "Any signs of motive, Dugan?"

"No, sir. And it's a big hole. The D.A. won't like it."

"I've a hunch," said Prescott. "I'm following it up."

Leaving the shop, he walked a block north on First to the apartment of Miss Rose Ascullo. She was in, a hard-faced girl with smoky eyes, heavy lips, and an insolent slouch.

She said: "I been expecting you since Wednesday. What's the matter with you cops, anyway?"

She swept an armful of clothes from a line over the radiator and disappeared with them. She came back, fluffing her dried, wiry hair, and slouched into a seat.

"Bring on your questions," she said, reaching for a cigarette.

"You knew Mr. Toscarello well?"

"Yeah," said Rose Ascullo. "Intimately, as the papers say."

"What can you tell me about him?"

"I could tell you plenty, mister! Enough to raise the hair on your head, if I felt like it."

Prescott said: "So?" Then he asked: "What do you mean, exactly?"

"You don't want to hear about it," she said. "It ain't nice, and besides, what's it got to do with Joseph Parisi?"

"Toscarello wasn't killed by Joseph," said Prescott. "I know who did kill him, and I'm looking for motive."

"Yeah? That shouldn't be hard to find."

"Did you know anything about Toscarello's business?"

"Not a thing, mister. We had other things to talk about."

"Did you know any of his friends?"

"He didn't have any."
"Enquiries, then?"
The girl made a kick with her hanging foot. "I guess there's plenty glad to see him dead—not to say they killed him!"

"Would you make a guess?"
"No," said the girl. "After all, how would I like it if somebody put the finger on me when you didn't know anything about me? Wouldn't that be a dirty trick!" She hoisted herself to her feet. "I got nothing to say," she repeated.

"I don't blame you," said Prescott. "We know Toscarello was a bad egg."

"We're talking about the same guy," said Rose, moving towards the windows with flat, weary movements. "There wasn't much to Lou besides that. Maybe you guessed he wasn't normal about it?" She said: "You wouldn't believe the things that went on here. Well, skip it! . . . Maybe some dame wouldn't put up with all I did."

"There were other women?"

"Yeah, sure!" There was hot sullenness in her eyes. "No one woman for Lou. I know his reputation before he started looking my way, so I didn't mind." She came across the room. "Do you really want to know what Lou was like, mister?"

"I think I know," said Prescott. "From his record, and from what I've seen. But I'm interested in motive. In those other women. Could you give me a lead?"

"I still got nothing to say."

"Will you tell me what you know about a particular person?"

The girl hesitated, then nodded.

"Would the name—Isabella—mean anything to you?"

For an instant the woman looked blank. Then her eyes went hot, and she said: "You cops aren't so dumb! Yes, it means something, and it makes a liar out of me, because I'm not telling you anything about her, after all."

Prescott got to his feet, and said: "Thanks. I still don't blame you."

He returned to the shop on the corner of Quarry, secured a telephone book, and looked up the address of a Dr. Ferencetti whom he had heard Richards mention once.

He went to Ferencetti's office, and was able to see him after a short wait.

Ferencetti was professionally reticent, but the name Prescott had mentioned to Rose Ascullo evidently meant something to him, too.

"You treated her recently, I believe?" Prescott asked.

Ferencetti considered the question. "Not in three or four months."

"What did you treat her for then?"

The doctor said, hesitating again, "Double pneumonia."

"Was that all?"

"Yes," said Ferencetti, "that was all."

The answer, this time, was unhesitating, and Prescott knew it was a deliberate lie.

"Okay," he said, getting to his feet, "save it for the defence."

He left, well satisfied.

PRESOTT came into headquarters the back way because of the crowd, gave Willie Krutz Sylvester's notebook, and ran the gauntlet of reporters to his office. There he rang for Dugan.

The Sergeant was enjoying life again. "Are those newshawks in for a surprise!" he crowed. "When shall we tell 'em?"

"We'll get our confessions first, Sergeant."

It was half an hour before Willie phoned him.

"Richards' and Dennis' prints were on the cover of the notebook," he reported. "Otherwise it was clean. Somebody must have wiped it. Somebody'd wiped the pages, too."

"That would mean someone had looked through the book and was afraid he'd left prints."

"Sure. But there're about 200 pages, and he must have got tired wiping, and begun to give 'em a lick and a promise—which won't take off fingerprints. Sylvester's began showing up, and Winkler's. Along towards the middle there's a thumb print that's a stranger. Interested?"

"Yes," said Prescott. "I'll give you a ring when I'm ready. Come to my office and bring your stuff." He swung from the phone. "Sergeant, bring Spiello and his friend in here!"

Rarely had Prescott seen two boys more frightened.

"You can't prove murder on us!" screamed Spiello. "There hasn't been a murder! It's a fake! Listen, Al," he said, turning abruptly to Luciano, "don't say a word, see! No matter what they do. They think they can frame us! But we know a lawyer, and we'll get to him. Don't say a word, Al!"

"I won't say nothing," said Luciano.

"Speaking of being framed," said Prescott quietly, "what do you think Stephen Parisi's been doing to you?"

Spiello insisted. "Don't say a word, Al! We got a right to a lawyer. He can't make us talk!"

"You're right," admitted Prescott. "But we don't need to. We can prove you killed Luigi Toscarello."

"You're nuts!" screamed Spiello.

"Joseph Parisi killed that guy! I read it in the papers," snapped Luciano.

"What was he doing in your car Tuesday night if you weren't in on it?" asked Prescott, taking a flyer.

Spiello pounced on it. "You see, Al? The guy's nuts! We ain't got a car, mister, and never did have one."

"Sure!" said Prescott, calmly, "but you rented one." There was a surprised silence, and the Captain knew he had hit the mark this time. He said, "That was careless—with murder in view!"

"Listen, mister, we didn't have—" Spiello stopped sharply. Then he finished lamely, "We don't know a thing about murder." It was almost a slip of the tongue.

Prescott said, "What do you know about Dr. Herbert Sylvester?"

"Never heard of him."

"No?" The Captain's voice was level.

"Read about Parisi's escape in the papers, didn't you?"

Spiello said, "I didn't read about anybody but Toscarello."

"Why? Interested in that, particularly?"

Luciano said suddenly, "You might do a little shutting up yourself, Dan. You're going to get tripped up."

"Interested in the Toscarello murder?" repeated Prescott, concentrating on Spiello.

"Wanted to know all about it?"

"I knew him, see? . . . You'd better let us out of here." Spiello added with no great assurance. "We got a right to a lawyer."

"We can't let you out," said Prescott. "You're here for life."

"What!" barked Luciano. "You got nothing on us!"

"No? . . . You took Joseph Parisi in a rented car to a hide-away and held him; that's kidnapping. Then if, as you claim,

Joseph killed Luigi Toscarello, you're accessories before the fact for transporting him to the vicinity of the crime. Further, you stole a notebook of Dr. Sylvester's, which is petty larceny. You used it to force the doctor to free Joseph, and that's extortion. If Joseph killed Dr. Sylvester, you're accessories after the fact for taking him away from the scene. And since you've given him shelter ever since, you've been harboring a criminal."

Spiello was staring with slack mouth, but Luciano said desperately, "You can't prove it!"

"No? Ever heard of a Mrs. Cleoby?" Luciano shot a quick glance at the Captain. "She had a call from a mythical Rufus Allnacker. His voice was one she had heard before—on Tuesday night."

Both boys were shaken. Neither could answer.

Prescott reached for the telephone. "We'll make a test—"

"Wait a minute!" Luciano found his voice. "I ain't talking with nobody without my lawyer. You can't pull a thing like this!"

"You'll need a lawyer," said Prescott. "You see, Mrs. Cleoby wasn't fooled. She thought she was talking to the doctor's murderer, so she went home by the back way, and saw the man who returned the notebook—you, Mr. Luciano, to judge from her description."

"We gotta talk with a lawyer," said Spiello feebly.

"Also, there's a fingerprint in the notebook. I'm going to find out if it's yours." He sent for Willie Krutz.

Spiello started to say something, but thought better of it. Luciano gazed at the floor. There was a long silence, ended by the appearance of the fingerprint expert with the black notebook, an ink pad, white cards, and a reading glass. He spread them out with deliberation.

Spiello said, "You ain't going to take our prints!"

"That's what you think!" said Dugan. "You been booked, so we can, and there ain't no lawyer can stop it!"

"Wait a minute!" said Spiello. "You can't—" He said, "I won't—" And then Dugan picked him up bodily. Spiello struggled, but the thumb went neatly onto pad and card.

"Now, Mr. Luciano," said Prescott. "If you'll—"

"If you find my prints there, it's a fake!" Luciano protested, but inked his thumb and made the impression with trembling hand.

"Yeah," said Spiello, "it's a fake!"

Willie took the cards to the window, opened the notebook to a marked page, and made his comparison. The boys flinched.

Willie said, "It's Mr. Spiello's print."

Spiello jumped to his feet and jabbered.

"You can change the booking," said Prescott. "Accessory to murder."

Spiello bawled. "Wait a minute! Wait, mister! I didn't help kill anybody. Honest! Joseph didn't kill the man. He couldn't have!"

"Ready to talk?"

"Yeah, sure! I'll talk. We didn't kidnap Joseph, see? It was a favor to his folks. And we weren't accessories, either, because Joseph couldn't have killed either of those men, mister, no matter what the papers say. We had Joseph locked in! There's no reason why we should be stuck with it, is there, Al?"

Luciano said, sullenly, "You've admitted everything they want. Go ahead and tell 'em about it!"

"What do you want me to say?" asked Spiello in a small voice.

"Tell what happened—particularly about Stephani."

The boys were too excited to tell a consecutive story, and some details had to be elicited by exhaustive questioning, with the result that the joint voluntary statement finally set before them for signature was only a summary of what they had said. It read:

"About the middle of June, this year, we were approached by Stephani Parisi with the statement that his brother Joseph, who we knew was at Esster Hospital, was being detained there against the wishes of himself and his family. We knew this was true, having visited Joseph several times, observed that he was in no way abnormal, and having heard him express the desire to leave the hospital.

"Stephani further told us that his family had tried every legal means to get him out, but that the hospital officials were experimenting on him, torturing him, and intending to kill him. Stephani wanted us to help him rescue his brother, and we agreed.

"Stephani further said that it must look as though Joseph had escaped, so we must force someone to set him free.

"To find a way to do this, we began following both David Wiese and Dr. Sylvester. We eventually concentrated on the latter. At first we considered holding his fiancée, but Stephani was afraid this might bring the police into it. Then we noticed how important a certain notebook seemed to be to him, and this we stole on July 10.

"We waited until the fourteenth before we telephoned him. During the time we observed he was seriously worried, and we became convinced he would do whatever we wished.

"When we talked with him, he at first protested and then agreed. We told him to make his plans, and we would call him later. This we did on Sunday, the sixteenth, and he told us he was ready whenever we were. Again we said we would let him know.

"On learning this, Stephani told us to rent a room at the Royal Danelli, and a closed car from Stone and Company, both of which we did. We rented them in Stephani's name, not liking to use our own.

"On Stephani's instructions, we then called Dr. Sylvester to fix the hour, leaving the message because he was not home.

"We hereby repudiate statements made by us as to our movements on the night of July 18, such statements having been made on instructions of Stephani, and being in large part false.

"The following is true: we went to a movie, but left the theatre at 10.15. We drove to the hospital in our rented car, parking off the main drive. We hid at one side of the entrance of Hughes Hall, and remained there about three-quarters of an hour. During that time certain people left and entered the building, but we could not see anything that occurred inside, because of the angle of our hiding place with the doorway.

"We saw John Dennis, Sylvester's roommate, leave the building about 10.45. About five minutes after the clocks struck eleven, another man, apparently a doctor, approached and entered. He came out in about ten minutes. Almost immediately thereafter a woman approached, and hid in the bushes opposite the entrance, and two or three minutes later, Dr. Sylvester emerged, and pushed Joseph out of the building. He then hurried back inside.

"We did not see Dr. Sylvester again, alive or dead, nor do we know what he did. We could not see inside Hughes, nor did we enter.

"As soon as Sylvester went inside, the woman who was hidden ran off. We then approached Parisi, led him to our car, and transported him to the Royal Danelli. Joseph could not have killed Dr. Sylvester, for he did not return to Hughes.

"Nor did we observe anyone on the grounds or in the building but those here mentioned, nor have we any knowledge of how or at whose hands Dr. Sylvester died.

"We then went to the Club Romano, arriving there by twelve and remaining until shortly after one, when we went to Spinucci's. We played in his back room until 1.40, when Stephani joined us.

"We informed Stephani of what had happened, and of where Joseph was. We all played until two. Then Stephani asked for the key to the apartment where we had left Joseph, and crept past Spinucci who was sleeping behind his bar. This we had done before and was simple if a person is careful. Stephani was wearing a blue shirt with cream-colored stripes that we have since seen at Police Headquarters and identified.

"We continued to play, according to instructions of Stephani, until he returned at 2.40. He was still wearing the same shirt. He was very pale. He gave us the key and instructed us to feed and care for Joseph. He told us what to say if we were questioned, adding that he did not want to be connected with the escape, and asking, therefore, that we say he was in our company throughout the time we had been at Spinucci's. Spinucci, he said, would do this, too, if we woke him and called his attention to the time as we left.

"We have since taken care of Joseph, and he was this morning still at the apartment. We read how he was accused of double murder, but were afraid to come forward.

"We further swear that in everything we did Tuesday night, July 18, we were acting on the suggestion and instruction of Stephani Parisi, unconscious that we were breaking the law.

"Finally, being afraid the notebook in our possession might betray us, we returned it to Dr. Sylvester's room on the afternoon of July 19, Mr. Dennis being out, and the owner of the house tricked away."

Prescott watched the two silent boys sign with mixed emotions. Above his satisfaction at having guessed right, was a keen disappointment that the story had stopped short of clearing up the Sylvester mystery. The theory that Sylvester had been killed by the kidnapers of Joseph because he had learned their identity was severely shaken. Prescott was sure both Spiello and Luciano had come clean. And Stephani had an alibi.

The necessity of thinking it out prompted him to say, "I'll see Stephani later, Dugan. I need a bit of lunch first."

"Shall we break the story to the papers?" Dugan was eager.

"Not till Hallahan gets back with Joseph, Sergeant."

Which was just as well, for Hallahan found the room at the Royal Danelli unlocked, and Joseph Parisi gone.

PRESCOTT returned from lunch at 1.20, sufficiently fortified to take the news in stolid unconcern. "He's out in the open now," he said. "Or dead. We'll have him soon."

Hallahan had brought back with him the janitor of the Royal Danelli, a roly-poly little man with dreamy eyes and a shy, timid grin, whose name, according to the Sergeant, was Mike Angelo, "believe it or not!"

Mike grinned tentatively at the Captain and said, "Very pleased I meet you, signor! What you wanta know?"

"My men just visited an apartment in your building. You know the one I mean? Who rented it?"

"Stephani Parisi so he say."

"Would you know him if you saw him?"

"I see him, signor. Now, downstairs, in thees building."

"Spiello," said Dugan. "It's a formal identification."

"Good. Now, Mike, this man calling himself Stephani Parisi, didn't live in that apartment, did he?"

"It's right!" It's right, signor! It's another man. Thees Parisi visit him two, three times. Bring food, perhaps."

"When?"

"Tuesday night, late—midnight."

"You saw him?"

"I heard him, signor. We have a room below the stairs, my Lucia and I. We hear who comes or goes all night."

"How did you know—just by the sound—it was your new tenant?"

"They go to the new room. Three pairs of feet, they climb the stairs, go into the apartment I have rented to Mr. Parisi."

"Did you see the man who occupied the room, later?"

"I saw him—Wednesday, early. From the basement, I hear he has visitors, so I go up, and I find it is not the one I rent to. Thees Stephani Parisi, he is there, too, with a friend, and they have brought my tenant things to eat. They rush me out quick, and say I should not bother their friend, as he gets mad easy."

"Did you see him again?"

"Thees morning, yes, signor."

"This morning?"

"I hear someone come in fast, and it is strange footsteps, so I come quick upstairs, in time I see my tenant coming down from his room ahead of someone I do not know. They run across the hall and out of the door. That was all."

"Would you recognise that second man if you saw him?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, please! He's beeg. Got funny head—beeg jaw, slanting face—Mike's gestures bettered his words."

"Big Tony!" said Dugan.

"Tell me, Mike," Prescott went on, "did your tenant have any other visitors besides the man calling himself Stephani Parisi and his friend, and this fellow that went out with him this morning?"

"Yes! One more. Same night he come—late. Very late. After two, I heard the steps going to thees apartment, and they were light, like a woman's, and I thought, 'Aha!' and wondered should I stop such things, but before I decide, the steps come back and down the stairs. So I get up and peek out, and I see it is no woman, but a man."

"Would you recognise him again?"

Mike Angelo shook his head slowly. "I not see his face."

This should have been Stephani, Prescott thought, come for the button from Joseph's coat. There should be some way to prove it.

"Mike," he said, "do you remember how he was dressed?"

Mike Angelo looked blank. "I cannot remember much," he averred, "but I tell you this, he had a very beautiful shirt."

Dugan exhibited a shirt. Mike Angelo took a single look at it, and became excited. "That is it! That is the shirt I saw. Very beautiful, eh?"

Prescott agreed with a smile. "Have him make the identifications. Dugan, and keep in touch with him until we've got Joseph. He'll have to identify him, too."

It was a solemn-faced Stephani who was led into Prescott's office a little later. There were lines about his eyes and mouth that had not been there the night of the murder. He looked sullen, but Prescott soon decided he was scared.

Nor was Big Tony the jovial, grinning man he had been. He was frightened too, but now that the grin was gone, his face was that of a fighter.

"I cannot understand what is the reason of this! Why has my son been arrested and brought to the police place?"

Prescott said, "I'm placing you both under formal arrest, and warning you that anything you say may be used in evidence. . . . Won't you sit down, Mr. Parisi?"

Stephani quavered, "What are you arresting us for?"

"You, Stephani, for the murder of Luigi Toscarello—"

Stephani's protest was too quick: "But I didn't do it! What possible reason—? Surely this is a joke!"

"It's no joke," said Prescott. "As for the reason, we'll come back to that. I'm arresting your father as an accessory both before and after the crime."

He took his time, went back and forth over the same ground, reading from the statement, adding descriptive, accusative comments of his own, and listening with provokingly apparent disbelief to the denials that followed. He was in no hurry.

When the strain began to tell, he struck his second blow, revealing his knowledge of the room at the Royal Danelli.

Stephani denied that he knew it, but he was beginning to act like a trapped animal and time and again Prescott caught him in slips of the tongue, contradictions, and inconsistencies.

The time had come, Prescott decided, for the coup de grace. From the drawer of his desk he took the famous cream-and-blue shirt that Mike Angelo had identified.

He thought Stephani was going to faint.

"How about it?" Prescott barked.

Stephani said, "I killed him! What of it?"

Prescott was sure he knew why Luigi Toscarello had died, but motives were tricky. He wanted to put no ideas into the Parisi's heads before he heard what they had to say. But there had been no need to hesitate. His reading of Toscarello had been right.

Stephani said, "He'd destroyed my sister."

"There are processes of law," said Prescott.

"Law? . . . You think so?" Stephani drew a shuddering breath. "If you had seen her!"

Prescott said quickly, "When was this?"

"January."

"January! Seven months—"

"Yes, seven months," Stephani snapped.

"Seven months of hell, but worth it! Worth every hour of it!"

He stopped, his face twisting.

"Why the delay?"

"We had no choice. She came home in a winter storm, freezing, soaked—I found her on the stairs, out of her mind, and by morning she was in a fever with pneumonia. Ferretti could tell us all that had been done to her, but she alone could say who had done it, and we prayed on our knees she might live long enough to tell us."

The emotion was draining out of him, leaving him bone-tired and white. His eyes were tortured. "What more do you want?"

"All the rest," said Prescott. "She lived, of course?"

"Yes." The word was apathetic, but feeling flared again as he repeated, "Yes, she lived; and she told us—what she remembered. . . . And I wish to Heaven we'd killed him in the street that day as we wanted. It would have been better."

"Why didn't you?"

"Cowards," he said dully. "We were darned cowards. Afraid. What good, we asked ourselves, was vendetta if the law set us on in return? We waited. We planned. It took us—a long time. . . ."

"What was your plan?"

"Freeing Joseph. He was crazy—who would be surprised at his killing someone? And we knew the law could not touch him; it could only send him back to the asylum. We thought it was a good plan. We arranged his escape."

When the Parisi, father and son, had been taken away, the Captain sat fumbling with a paper-cutter, tired, but elated.

He said to Dugan, "Joseph's still loose, but I think I'll break the story to the papers anyway. It'll draw their sting."

"Gwell," said Dugan. "I been looking forward to it! You got a visitor, though. She's been waiting an hour, and maybe you want to see her first."

"Visitor?" said Prescott. "Who?"

"It's that James girl," said Dugan.

LESLIE JAMES said, "I hope you don't mind my calling. Am I wasting your time?" She looked disconcertingly lovely in that dingy office, but Prescott, puzzled by the visit, was wary.

"Not at all," he said.

"I picked up the afternoon papers, and noticed you've made some arrests in the Parisi case. Solved it?"

"Yes." When she remained silent, he added, "It'll be in the morning papers."

"You've given the story out?" Sharply.

Surprised, Prescott said, "I was just going to."

The tension passed. She said, "If all the world's to know, can you tell me now?"

Conscious of suspicion, and hating it, Prescott wondered what she was getting at. He told her what there was to tell.

She said, "I knew something like that had happened. Do you realise what this story may do if it's published?"

"Do?" said Prescott. "It'll get me out of a tough spot."

"It'll cause another death! Bert's murderer will kill again."

Prescott gasped. Then he leaned back in his chair, his mind racing. But Bert Sylvester's murderer striking again on learning of Stephani's story fitted with no conception of the case that he had had.

"You sound," he said, "as though you knew the murderer."

"I do," said Leslie James. "At least, I'm morally certain."

"Who is it?"

Leslie James shook her head, and she was very grave. "I'm not saying. Captain Prescott, because I might be wrong. I wouldn't want to put unjustified ideas into your head."

Unconsciously Prescott played with the paper-cutter, while he tried to keep pace with events that seemed suddenly to be spinning along far ahead of him.

"I could hold you as a material witness, Miss James," he said. "You'd better tell me what you know."

"Holding me won't prevent another death," she said crisply. "Besides, you couldn't. I've seen or heard nothing that you haven't—probably not as much. All I've done is form an opinion."

"You're hardly justified in keeping it to yourself if there's another murder in prospect."

"I've given that considerable thought last night and to-day. A person shouldn't play God, Captain Prescott. But if I were silent, it seemed I condemned someone to death; and if I informed, I also condemned someone to death. I can't do either. I have to compromise, and trying to get this story suppressed is the compromise."

"Who will the next victim be?" asked Prescott.

"I can't even tell you that. Protection would do no good if I'm right, and any statement I might make would mislead you." She smiled ruefully. "I'm sorry. I'm quite wrong from your point of view. But believe me! If I were positive—if I had proof—I'd tell you. Won't you keep that story out of the papers?"

"I can't, on the basis of what you've told me, Miss James."

Prescott was not yet sure if he had the reason for Leslie James' visit. He felt that the girl's story covered something pretty subtle.

"It would come out at Parisi's trial, anyway," he added.

"The situation may alter by then. You won't?"

"No."

"I'll make you a sporting proposition, then. You've all of five hours to make the morning papers. I'm going to ask you to sit down and think the case over in the light of what you've told me about Stephani."

"What do you expect of that?"

"I don't know. I'm passing the buck to a Higher Court, I suppose. You might solve the case."

"I might solve it?"

"Why not? I knew probably less than you, and I did. It's logical."

"You're playing God after all."

"Not at all. It's police business to do that, nasty business that I won't do for them. If you solve the murder, I'll believe it was intended to happen that way; if the papers go to press with the story, I'll believe that was intended, too. At all events, I've done what I can. Good-night!"

"Wait a minute!" protested the Captain. "You're being very neatly fatalistic about this, but it puts me up the creek without a paddle."

"Just where I've been for twenty-four hours," said Leslie James with a mocking smile. "Sorry I have to rush!"

Prescott returned to his desk bewildered. Dugan stuck his head in the door. "Ready for the reporters?"

"No!" said Prescott explosively. "I'm holding up the story for a while. Tell 'em I'll give 'em an interview later—nine o'clock, ten—somewhere in there."

Louis Prescott was embarrassingly aware that he was playing directly into Leslie James' hands. It was embarrassing because he couldn't figure what her game was.

Nevertheless, he settled down to consider the Sylvester murder in the light of Stephanie's story, as he had tacitly promised to do.

Something was hammering at Prescott's brain, and a queer feeling of excitement began to mount within him.

The knife had been in the surgery. If Alice Rollins had wanted to get it—The door was unlocked, of course. Kay Lewis had left it so when she had gone for bandages, though she had closed it behind her. She had closed it! That meant that Alice Rollins would have had to—

Prescott sat enjoying the thrill. It wasn't foolproof logic, for an accident might have happened, but it pointed a flaw in a conclusion that a moment before had seemed sound.

He had been cockeyed from the start! There was no opportunist murderer! No framing of—

"Paris!" yelled Dugan, sticking his head in the door. "We know where he is! Do you want to be there when we take him?"

"Yes!" said Prescott. "Because, when he's captured, we can write 'Finds' to the case!"

THREE squad cars slid out of the alley behind Police Headquarters, each with six policemen armed with rifles and tommy-guns.

It took half an hour to thread the city, but a burst of speed when they reached the paved highway brought them quickly to the dirt road down which they had instructions to turn. There was no mistaking the house. A group of ten or a dozen awe-struck people stood behind a barbed-wire fence, staring across a hundred feet or so of pasture-lawn towards a rectangular, slovenly, dirty-white farmhouse that stood beneath two great elms. There was nothing to see at all.

The attention of the group shifted to the weapons of the uniformed figures pouring from the automobiles.

Prescott said, "Who's head of the house?"

A tall boy of nineteen or twenty shuffled forward and said, "Me, I guess. Paw's gone to the capital about some cows."

"You the one that called us?"

"Naw!" said the young man. He chewed a minute at a piece of grass, and then decided to add, "That was my brother Caleb."

"Is our man still in the house?"

"I ain't seen him come out," said the boy.

A driveway that was no more than a couple of muddy ruts led across the front yard where two cows grazed peacefully. Behind the house, on rising ground, there were four farm buildings: a series of stalls, a red barn, a smaller stone building whose character was not apparent, and a root cellar, set into the slope of the hill with an entrance not far from the back door of the farmhouse.

Prescott called Dugan and Hallahan, instructed the rest to stay where they were, and started towards the house along the rutted drive. If he and the sergeants couldn't handle Joseph Paris alone, there was something wrong.

Sharply, in the stillness of the evening, there was the crack of a rifle. Prescott heard the bullet whine, and saw the figure in an upper window. Someone else saw it, too, for a police revolver spat, and chips flew from the casement.

Prescott and the sergeants went in three different directions.

"Take cover!" yelled the Captain.

It was an unnecessary admonition. The police were behind their automobiles, and the farmer's family had headed for other places. Prescott yelled for the boy he had talked with, and the young fellow, with wary glances towards the house, joined him in the slight shelter of the ditch at the side of the road. Prescott could not remember how he had come through the barbed wire fence.

"Where did he get that gun?" he snapped.

"We got a couple o' shot guns," the boy said apprehensively. "Crows." He was fascinated by the malevolent appearance of his home.

"That wasn't a shotgun," said Prescott.

"That was a rifle!"

"Yeah," said the boy. "We got a deer-rifle, too."

"Oh, you've got a deer-rifle, too!" said Prescott. "Maybe you've got a twenty-two, and an elephant gun!"

"We got a twenty-two," said the boy. "No elephant gun."

"How much ammunition for the deer-rifle?"

"Ain't so much," said the boy. "Couple boxes, maybe."

"Only enough to blow us to oblivion."

"Not if he wastes 'em like that, mister! He musta been shootin' for your heads and forgot to allow for down-hill. He shouldn't never a missed at that range!"

"I don't suppose you would!"

"No, sir," said the boy. "I'd a got you all right!"

The Captain gathered his courage, got to his feet, and joined the Sergeants. There was a three-cornered tear in Dugan's uniform.

"Hallahan," Prescott ordered, "get one of those kids to take you to a telephone, and get us about thirty more men. Have 'em bring tear gas, and some flares. We'll need both."

"Dugan," said Prescott, "issue orders to take the man alive if possible. He's a witness. No one's going to get fired for shooting in self-defence, of course, but he's no use to anyone dead."

"Yes, sir," said Dugan. "What's the plan?"

"It's going to be dark before long," said Prescott, looking at the big orange partially squashed on the western horizon. "We have to get a foothold in the houses before then. If we wait too long, he might get away, because we can't make a tight cordon with this number of men."

"He can't defend four sides of the house at once," said Dugan. "Let's see! We've got four men to a side. Suppose I swing 'em around. Then, we'll advance until he starts shooting. The men on his side will take cover and return his fire while the rest try to get into the ground floor. We'd just about have him, if we did that."

"Let's try it," said Prescott. "Give me two whistles when you're ready, and leave orders to advance on that signal."

A few moments later Dugan had two lines moving off, one circling to the west, the other following the line of a fence to the east. There was no shelter other than the two big trees by the house and the fence.

Dugan was opposite the house on the east when the back door opened suddenly, and Joseph Paris, appearing on the threshold, fled like a rabbit across the back yard. He had two shotguns and a rifle under his arm, and Prescott, even at the distance, could see his shirt and pockets

bulging with the family's supply of ammunition.

Dugan drew his gun and fired three times. At each shot Joseph ducked, but he kept running. Little spots of dust marked where the bullets struck, and Prescott saw that the Sergeant was trying to shoot the man's flying feet from under him. Joseph gained the root cellar entrance and threw himself into it.

Dugan, leading the men forward at a run, circled the root cellar, gaining shelter behind it and through the adjoining farm buildings. Prescott waved the four men on the west to converge on the house and met them at the door. Two he stationed east of the house in the shelter of the elms where they overlooked the cellar entrance. The other two he put on the west, overlooking the barnyard. He himself went through the house to the back door which was less than thirty feet from the cellar, but not in a direct line with its entrance.

The door gave onto a stoop, two steps off the ground, on which was standing a sloop and a rag mop. The kitchen into which it opened was littered with pots and pans and dirty dishes.

The one-entranced root cellar was a perfect spot to withstand attack. Nothing but tear gas could get Joseph out while his ammunition lasted. Of the seventeen men surrounding him, nine were sheltered in the farm buildings or behind the heaped roof of the cellar; two had found rather imaginary cover along the fence to the east, and there were the four Prescott had just placed. These last and the Captain himself were the only ones directly commanding the cellar entrance.

Dugan circled the house and joined the Captain in the kitchen. "We got more men in the barnyard than we need," he said. "How about pulling four of 'em out, and throwing them across the gap there between the fence and the tree, right in front of the entrance. That's the alley he'll make for, if he breaks."

"Wait till it's dark."

The daylight was fading rapidly.

A movement caught his eye by the entrance of the cellar. The shadows were suddenly split by a tongue of flame.

Somebody said, "Damn!"

And Dugan's voice: "You two get him into the house!"

Prescott called, "Hurt bad?"

"Where he sits down. Serves him right for leaving it out."

Prescott heard the clump of feet as two men carried their wounded fellow into the front room, and there was a creak of wood and springs as they set him down. The man swore miserably, and Prescott was unfeeling enough to yell, "Shut up!" His eyes were on the dark entry way.

He could make out Joseph's silent shape, watched it for several seconds. Then he said, sharply, "Here he comes! Look out!"

The night was suddenly full of sharp, stabbing roars, and flaming sparks leapt bright. The police, aiming low, peppered bullets at the man's feet with the sound of summer rain. For an instant he stood his ground. Then, abruptly, he turned and disappeared.

Somebody said, "A fine bunch of marksmen!"

The madman laughed suddenly, a high-pitched, uncertain laugh that wasn't funny. Everything was silent, then, except for the groaning of the man in the front room, and the noise of startled animals moving and stamping.

Joseph Parisi tried no further break. He lay in the cellar, and sometimes his gun boomed, and they caught the flash of it through the doorway. There were no sounds from the cordon.

Then the Captain heard the noise of motors on the road, and called to Dugan to bring the reserves to the house. Presently the thud of uncertain feet on the rutted drive told him that the tear gas and the end were almost come.

And then, before the gas could have reached him, Joseph Parisi came out.

He came out whooping, carrying three guns. He fired a double-barrelled shotgun first, directly in front of him. He dropped that and whirled around, spraying the root cellar roof with the second. And when that was empty, he cocked the repeating rifle. The police hung to the ground.

Joseph Parisi stood outside the cellar, and looked like the statue of a challenging soldier. Then he turned and started to run. But he did not run towards the broad opening where Prescott had been sure he would go.

Jerry Keenan gasped, "Good Heavens! He's coming here!"

Someone took a shot at the loping figure as it came towards the stoop, and Prescott heard the bullet hit wood, and remembered it distinctly afterwards, as he did the cold feel of the revolver in his hand. He couldn't remember getting it from his pocket, but there it was.

The screen door banged open. Joseph Parisi's bulk filled the narrow doorway, gigantic against the pink flare. Prescott looked down the black hole of the rifle, and thought how small it was.

The redness of the flare came through the kitchen windows, and Prescott knew its light must shine directly on him, revealing him to Joseph Parisi.

How long they stood there Prescott did not know. Long enough for him to remember queer things, fleetingly: Kay Lewis saying, "The thought of his being dead isn't as terrible as the memory of that night!" and Alice Rollins screaming at him.

But that didn't take very long.

Then he found himself moving. His legs were driving him towards the man in the doorway. He saw the rifle tense, shift. Still he drove on, knowing that he couldn't reach his goal—the point of Parisi's chin—before the gun went off.

Joseph's finger tightened on the trigger. The light of the flare, coming through the screen door, spot-lighted it, and the screen. Prescott was to remember, made a queer shaded pattern on the hand. But it did not hide the tightening of the finger.

The gun spat, and Prescott felt himself halted by a blow like a heavy fist on his shoulder. It brought his driving legs to a standstill, and his leaning body upright, and it spun him around sideways, so that when the gun spoke again the bullet missed.

Then it was his turn. He will tell you that he was never surer in his life of what he wanted to do. He wanted to disable Joseph's gun arm, no more. But he pressed the trigger and held it down while the gun kicked four times.

And then, because his knees seemed to have no strength, he sat down, and it was providential that a chair was behind him or he should have sprawled ignominiously on the floor.

CAPTAIN PRESCOTT sat looking at the figure of Joseph Parisi huddled in the doorway.

The screen door banged, and it was Dugan. There were others behind him.

"Find out if he's dead," snapped Prescott.

The sergeant's examination was brief. He said, "You might bring him back alive if we can get a doctor quick enough."

"I shot for his arm!" said Prescott.

"You got his arm," said Dugan. "Only you kept on shooting, and it sprayed him like a machine-gun."

Prescott felt little like talking, so he watched them while they stood around waiting for the doctor. The doctor got there after a while, and he looked over Joseph first, though Dugan kept insisting that Joseph didn't count. The doctor made Joseph as easy as he could, and then ripped Prescott's coat and shirt off his shoulder, swabbed the hole with something that made it feel worse, and tied it up. He gave the Captain a shot in the arm with a syringe, and told him he'd be all right, and then he went off to find the other man.

Prescott insisted on walking out to the ambulance, but he felt a little sick after he had done it, and the jiggling ride back to town, while he sat looking at the silent body of the man who had shot him and whom he had shot, was interminable. His shoulder felt like a knife was sticking it at every jolt of the ambulance.

But he walked into the hospital when they got there, and kept insisting to white-gowned doctors and nurses that they attend to Joseph first, because Joseph had to live. Joseph was the only one who could prove his theory about the Sylvester murder. And he told them how he had intended to shoot Joseph in the arm, and got quite angry when they insisted on dressing his wound again, and it was Dugan's big hands that held him into a chair. Dugan was still there when they took his clothes off and put him into a nightgown that was too short for him—too short for anyone as he told them—and it was Dugan who sat beside him in the dark until he finally let his mind slow down like a phonograph in need of winding, and went to sleep.

He awoke clear-headed, looked around, saw where he was, and thought, "I'll have a devil of a time getting out of here!"

There was no one around, so he sat up gingerly, wincing, but surprised to find his shoulder bothering him as little as it did. Presently he slid to the floor and tried out his knees. They were watery, and his head spun as he crossed to the bathroom, but he felt better on the trip back, and his determination to get out grew.

He had pulled on a clean shirt that someone had provided and had climbed into his pants before they caught him. It was his tie that held him up.

The nurse gasped and said, "Oh, Captain! You can't do that!"

"I'll say I can't!" said the Captain. "Tie it, will you?"

"I mean you shouldn't be up! You lost a lot of blood last night, and you're not strong enough!"

"Help me with the tie before I bust the wound open!"

The nurse tied it, protesting.

Dugan arrived, and a grin of sheer joy broke over his face. "So they can't keep you down!" he crowed. "Well, say! And here the morning papers all have you badly wounded!"

The sergeant had a couple of papers under his arm, and he tossed them on the bed. The black headlines announced the capture of Parisi. There was a picture of the madman, and of Louis B. Prescott, too, and the caption said something about a hero.

The story was imaginative, and the drama of the meeting between the madman and his nemesis was not neglected. The gun

fight sounded like something Billy the Kid might have shrunk from.

Prescott read and scowled and grinned. He appreciated the irony of the papers idolising him this morning when they had bawled for his resignation yesterday, but the stories did him good. He read everything, snorting all the way, and he was looking for more when he noticed the lead story on the other side of the front page under the heading, "Police Get Confession in Tascarello Murder."

Sharply, he said, "Who gave this out?"

Dugan, looking blank at the tone, said, "I did. You said you'd give the boys their interview later in the evening. When you couldn't, I did. Was I wrong?"

Prescott said, "It's all right. Apparently, it wasn't up to either Miss James or me to play God. The role was assigned to you, Sergeant . . . Skip it!" he added, as the Sergeant seemed startled. "And get that! Move fast!"

The instructions left Dugan gaping. "Good Lord—what for?"

"For murder! Dr. Sylvester's. And hurry—you may be too late!"

Dugan departed on the run, bewildered, but admiring.

The doctor came in just as Prescott was downing the last of his coffee. He looked disapproving, took his patient's pulse and temperature without a word, and finally asked, "Dizzy?"

"At first. Not now."

The doctor started to say something, gave a little sigh instead, and then remarked, a little bitterly, "You're a remarkably young man for your age, Captain! The life you lead, I suppose."

Prescott decided he was feeling pretty good that morning in spite of his wound. Remarkably young! he thought. To the devil with that taxi-driver! I'm going to find him and give him a ticket.

Aloud he said, "How about Parisi?"

"He'll recover," said the doctor. "Is he conscious? Can I talk with him?"

The doctor shook his head gravely. "It wouldn't be wise. More to the point, you'd get nothing from him. He's quite out of his head."

It made no difference, Prescott thought. Since Dugan gave the story to the papers, it made no difference. Events were out of his hands.

It was about twenty minutes before he was summoned to the telephone, and he knew what it was before he answered. He thought, the telephone is going to end it, as it began it! And he was sure he knew what the end would be.

Dugan's voice was heavy over the wire. "We got a confession, chief," he said. "How did you guess?"

Prescott said, "Then you were in time?"

But Dugan said, "Well, no! But she left a letter about six pages long, telling all about it."

"And she?"

"Miss Lewis is dead," said Dugan. "She stabbed herself. It couldn't have been but a few minutes before we got here."

"To what," asked Lealie James, "am I indebted?"

"Curiosity," grinned Louis Prescott. "I had to know how you outguessed me by twenty-four hours. Or was it more?"

"So a ghost dines with us," she said.

The Captain was embarrassed. "I always lunch here," he said. "I didn't think."

"It's all right. I've wanted to hash things over, and this is as good a place as any . . . Well, what finally gave you the answer, Captain?"

"After your highly disturbing visit set me thinking," said Prescott, "I started to reconstruct the sequence events must have taken if Alice Rollins had been the murderer. Among others, there was the question of the weapon: would she have known about the knives in the surgery and the key in the office? I figured she would, having worked at the hospital. Of course the surgery door was unlocked, and Miss Lewis had the key, but Alice Rollins, or anyone else, wouldn't have known that. The door was shut. She—or, again, anyone else—would have assumed it was locked, hurried to the office for the key, and spent an ungodly time searching for something that wasn't there!

"Well, the logic wasn't fool-proof, because someone might have run directly to the surgery in a blind passion, forgetting the key, but the fact that Miss Lewis was the only one who knew the door was unlocked made me think of her as a real possibility for the first time, and that led me to realise that there might be an explanation other than the framing of Parisi for the lack of struggle."

"Frankly," said Leslie James, "I don't see how you overlooked that."

"I hadn't been able to conceive of Bert Sylvester's being stabbed to death without a struggle, but there was one person he mightn't have raised a hand against—the woman he loved. I'd gotten into my head—to make an excuse—that he didn't love her, but he did—as a sister or a mother, at least. Schlosser told me one day that for Sylvester Miss Lewis was untouchable, and that was true in more ways than Schlosser meant it, I think."

"Anyway, it was an alternative to the framing theory, and once I saw it, I began to see other things that fitted in."

"I knew that an excited, angry person might have made the wounds, but I hadn't had any excited person till then."

"There had been no evidence of a quarrel which might have led to murder, but I had been looking for one in the foyer when all the time it had taken place in 310. The gentleman across the hall had heard it, but I hadn't known whether to believe him or not. Miss Lewis caught the doctor turning Parisi loose, and not understanding that he was forced to do it, had tried to stop him."

"I saw, too, that my deductions about the fingerprints and the disposal of the knife, pointing to the Hughes staff, had been quite sound, though I had hesitated to believe them."

"And finally, there was the motive which had been under my nose all the time. The whole fitted into a pattern too neat to be doubted."

"And now suppose you talk for a change. I imagine you guessed the answer Tuesday night—looking back I see I could have. As a matter of fact, I came so close it wasn't funny. The very first thing that struck me wrong was Miss Lewis' fainting. I don't know yet whether it was real or not, but it struck my police instincts as phony. Only I didn't follow it up."

"I really did suspect that first night," said Leslie James. "I saw the alternative to the framing theory right away, knowing Bert and Kay as well as I did, but I hated to believe it. Then, during her interview with you, some of the things she said made me wonder. I began to realise what her reason might have been."

"But it wasn't until that luncheon we had that I was sure. Your explanation of the fingerprints and the disposal of the knife were the clinching arguments. On top of

that, Kay practically told us why she had done it, but you missed that."

"When we left, I asked her a few questions—they brought out about the surgery key for one thing—and that settled it."

The Captain said, "It was her apparent lack of motive that kept me from taking her as a serious suspect."

"She almost told you, twice. During that first interview, remember what she said about finding Bert on the campus one night—gibbering? She said, 'The thought of his being dead isn't as terrible as the memory of that night.' And during the luncheon, she capped that with, 'I was worried for fear he might have a breakdown. He was going beyond his strength.' She thought Bert had gone insane. Jumping to conclusions, of course. She was no psychologist."

"The funny thing," said Prescott, "is that I thought he was crazy, too. I heard about all the things that she observed—the persecution mania, the depression, the manic-depressive cycles—and I thought I had the explanation of his turning Parisi loose just as she did. I followed her reasoning all the way through."

"Things at the hospital hurt her so," said Leslie. "Remember what she said: 'He kept talking about the terrible things that happen out here, and about the shameless, filthy creature that he wanted to "cure".' Sometimes I thought I couldn't stand it any longer. Sometimes I thought—what didn't I think? . . . I hated the hospital! It was doing things to him—"

Prescott said, "I realised almost from the first how sensitive she was to what she saw here. A person as sensitive as Miss Lewis couldn't live and work there and look on the world normally."

"I suppose," said Leslie James, "it affects some that way. It isn't like that when you understand, when you know the 'why.' Kay never did. It's no worse than a gangrenous wound, or some other physical mutilation."

"I suppose not," said Prescott.

But he doubted it. Remembering 312, he could understand what Kay Lewis had meant when she wrote in her letter of confession:

"I thought Bert had gone insane, and I thought of what that meant—of what I had seen in my work at the hospital. I thought of the horrible, naked beastliness of it, the debased desires, the filthy habits, the shameless disintegration. I had cared for those who had delusions of persecution, and for cases of melancholia, and for manic-depressives. I knew what it meant. I knew what they were like."

"And I couldn't bear to think of Bert's being like that. I had thought a hundred times that I'd rather see him dead."

"Before that Tuesday night it had been in my mind for two weeks."

"And then, when I went to the foyer with Dr. Lownds, I saw Bert when he went up to the second floor, and I knew something was desperately wrong. I can't describe how he looked, except that it frightened me. Back in my corridor, I kept thinking about it."

"Then the patient in 103 had her accident, and I went for bandages, and found Johnny Dennis wasn't in his office. And then I knew something horrible was going to happen, something involving Bert. I don't know how I knew, but I did."

"I hurried with 103, but when I finally could leave, I found Dr. Thomas in the hall, and he insisted on talking interminably. Finally I said 102 was waking, and that got rid of him. I went into 102 for a minute to give him a chance to leave the

building. Then I hurried to the foyer. Johnny Dennis was still missing."

"Bert had been so long in the building that he must have reached the third floor. I ran up, and looked into the first room I came to—Parisi's. Parisi was dressed, ready to go out. I asked Bert what he intended to do. He told me."

"And then I knew he was insane. I had been sure for weeks what had been happening, but his freeing of Parisi seemed to prove that the break had come at last."

"I argued, or tried to. After a minute, he pulled me away from the door, and with a roughness he had never used, pushed me so that I fell. I was stunned, shocked. It took me a minute to pull myself together. Then I raced after him, ran down the stairs."

"I was too late. Bert was returning to the foyer, alone."

"I knew I had to make him bring Parisi back. If the hospital found out what he had done, they would know he was mad."

"I got a knife from the surgery, and told him if he didn't go after Parisi, I'd kill him. He must have been afraid of our being heard, for he drew me into the office and closed the door. He tried to explain, but I kept thinking of Parisi getting farther and farther away, and I wouldn't listen. I begged and threatened and begged, but I was careful to keep my voice low because no one must know of the escape until Parisi was back. But Bert wouldn't listen."

"Then I knew how hopeless it was, and I must have gone mad myself. I saw them finding out what he had done, putting him in one of those horrible bolted-down rooms. I saw him going to pieces, as I had seen so many others go."

"I remembered the hurt, bewildered look on his face. I remember his sliding to the floor, and drawing up his knees like a hurt child."

"He was dead. I had killed him, and it was like a shock of cold water. I thought of going to Richards at once. Then I remembered he'd ask why, and I couldn't tell him that Bert had gone insane and freed a lunatic. That would have been doing to Bert what I had killed him to prevent. I couldn't brand him insane, now that he was dead. Let him live in memory as a genius."

"I thought of fingerprints, of the bloody knife, of my soiled hands. I used my handkerchief to open the door, wiping the handle as I did so. I knew other prints wouldn't matter. I went to the lavatory, washed my hands and the knife, tore my handkerchief and flushed it down the toilet, and hid the knife. Then I waited in the foyer until I could get back to 102 unseen."

"It was during a luncheon with Captain Prescott that I began to realise what I had done. This morning, reading the paper, I knew the true explanation of Bert's actions, and that he had been as sane—or saner—than I. I had leapt to conclusions, thinking I knew all there was to know about symptoms and psychoses."

"What I am about to do now is the only thing left."

"If I'd had the sense to talk it out with Bert! We'd talked out a hundred things before. Why should it have been this time that I was afraid to ask?"

"It was all so futile! It was all so mad . . . insane . . ."

She signed her name in full, the neat, slanting script of her writing trembling for the first time.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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